The Saturday Evening
POST
October 6, 1956 — 15¢

OCT 2 '56

The Case for The Democrats

By Speaker SAM RAYBURN

Next Week: The Case for the Republicans
By Minority Leader Joe Martin

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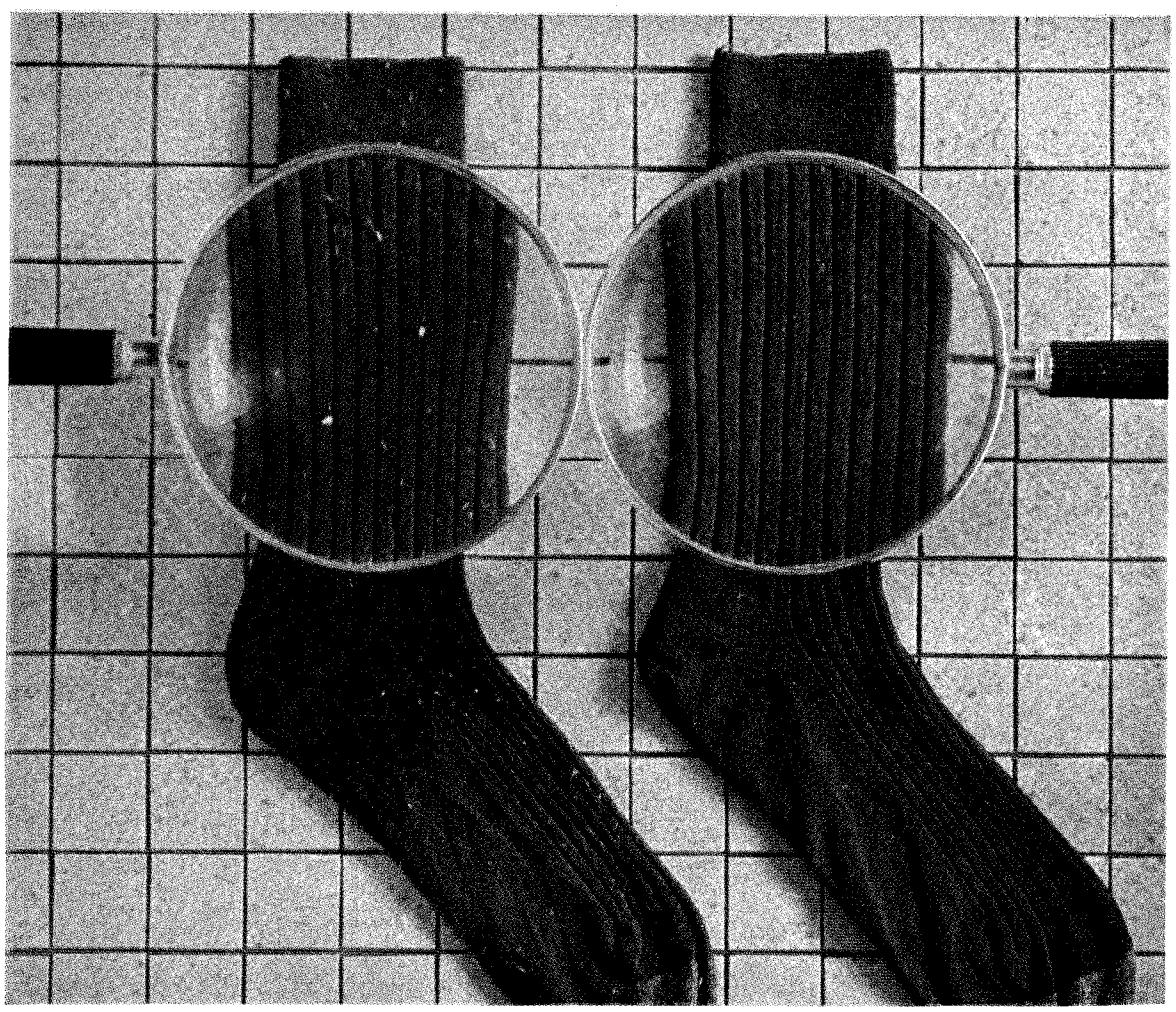
NO LINT FUZZ ON CLOTHES!



Not the "linty water" way . . . This sock looked like this—dulled and discolored by lint fuzz after seven washings in an ordinary washer. Unsightly lint is hard to brush off dark clothes.

But the "clean water" way . . . This identical sock looked like this after seven washings the G-E Filter-Flo way in an identical washload. *Practically no lint!* Colors come out sparkling bright!

1957 G-E Filter-Flo® Washer cleans and recleans wash water to give you cleaner clothes

Lint is caught in the filter—not on your socks, linens and cottons. Sand and soap scum are removed automatically.

As you wash, the marvelous G-E Filter-Flo® Washing System circulates and filters the wash water at the rate of 6 gallons a minute. Before lint can settle on clothes, it is caught in the filter which lets cleansed sudsy water flow back into the washbasket.

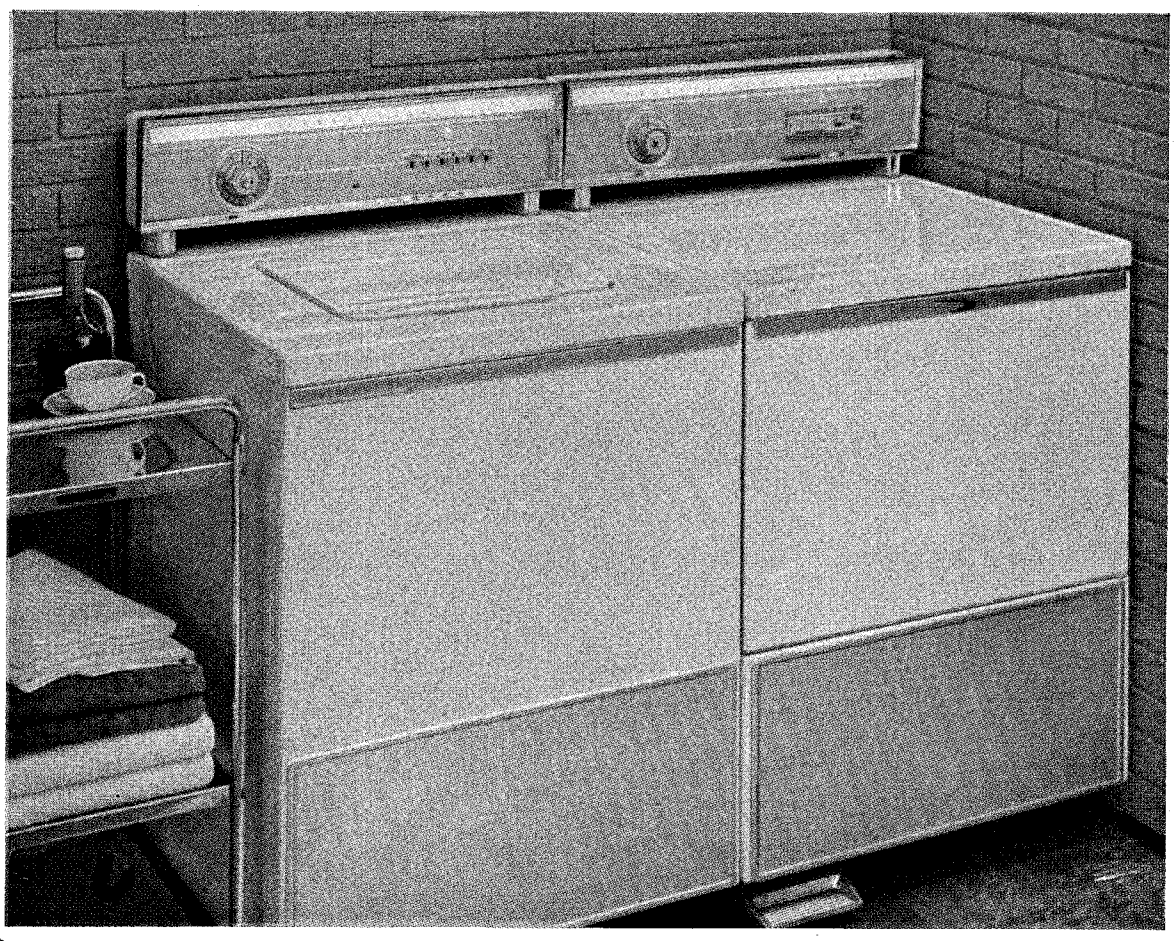
Your family wash comes out wonderfully clean and bright! You'll marvel at the results!

Removable filter—easy to clean. Fits into place after clothes are placed in washer; slips out after wash is over for easy cleaning. Also dispenses detergent evenly dissolved throughout the wash.

2 wash speeds . . . 2 spin speeds — You can select either Normal or Slow Activator® Washing Speeds . . . with Normal or Slow Spin Speeds . . . to suit all types of fabrics. Flexible settings let you wash everything "just right." Nylon without setting wrinkles. "Fragiles" without frayings. Blankets without "felting." Saves you hand washing.

3-Way Water Saving—Water Saver Control saves over 20 gallons on small loads. Choice of Warm or Cold Water Rinses. And G.E.'s new optional Automatic Suds Return System lets you set aside hot sudsy *filtered* water for a second wash, if you wish. General Electric, Appliance Park, Louisville 1, Ky.

**After small down payment. See your dealer for his prices and terms. Most models available in Canada.*



Striking new design. Fingertip Selectors for wash speeds, temperature, water. Over 50% more clothes capacity than in many automatics. Five-year written warranty on transmission. New G-E Filter-Flo Washer, about $3.35* weekly. Models with Suds Return System slightly higher. Matching G-E Automatic Dryer about $2.70 weekly. Buy pair, take 36 months to pay. 5 G-E Mix-or-Match colors or white.

Progress Is Our Most Important Product

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B-19

AN IMPORTANT MESSAGE TO COMMON COLD SUFFERERS!

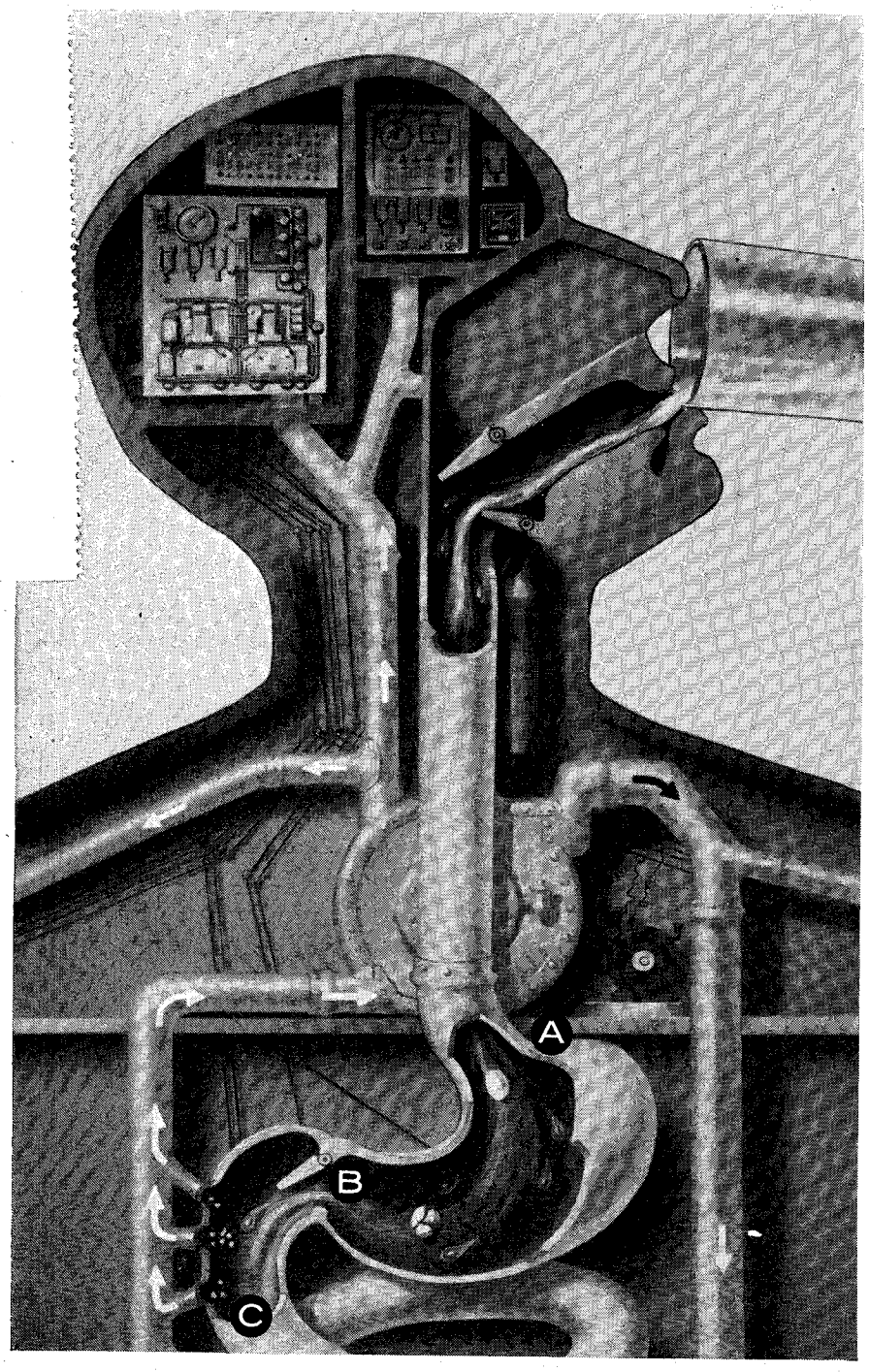
Bufferin® relieves cold miseries twice as fast as aspirin —and doesn't upset your stomach as aspirin often does!

The headaches, neuralgia and discomforts that accompany the common cold can now be relieved with Bufferin in *less time* than with aspirin alone.

Laboratory tests comparing Bufferin and aspirin show that Bufferin's pain relieving agent gets into the blood stream twice as fast as aspirin.

This means Bufferin acts *twice as fast* to make a cold sufferer feel better.

Clinical tests reveal that stomach upsets often follow the taking of aspirin. But you can keep taking Bufferin—with a clear conscience—until you feel better. Even in *continuous* doses, Bufferin will not upset your stomach.

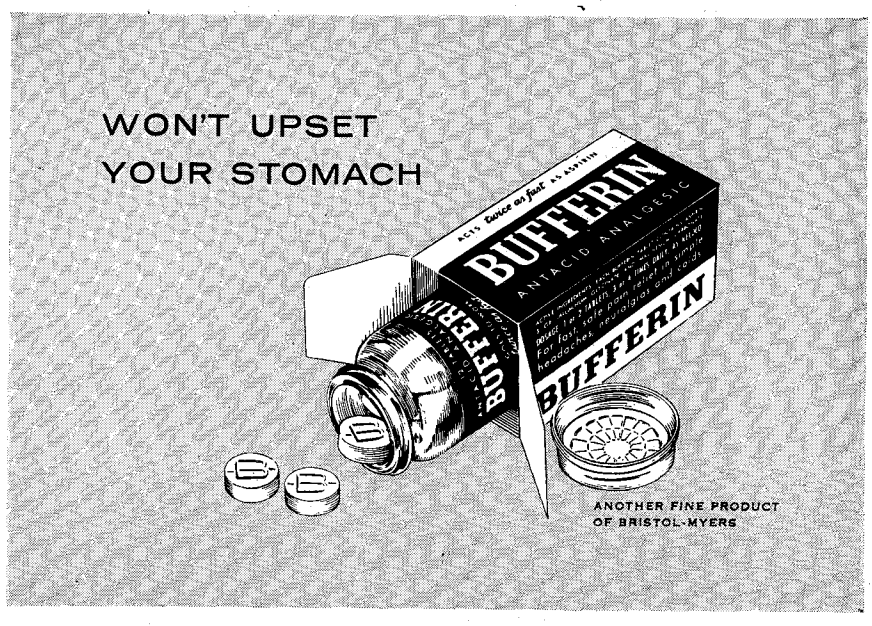


Amount of pain reliever in blood stream shows how Bufferin acts faster to relieve pain

Ⓐ Medical science has proved that any known pain reliever must pass through the stomach and into the blood stream to relieve pain.

Ⓑ Bufferin combines aspirin with two antacid ingredients. These speed the pain reliever out of the stomach and into the blood stream *twice as fast* as aspirin. That's why . . .

Ⓒ Bufferin acts *twice as fast* as aspirin to relieve pain. And hospital tests show Bufferin won't upset your stomach as aspirin often does.



IF YOU SUFFER FROM PAIN OF ARTHRITIS OR RHEUMATISM, ASK YOUR PHYSICIAN ABOUT BUFFERIN

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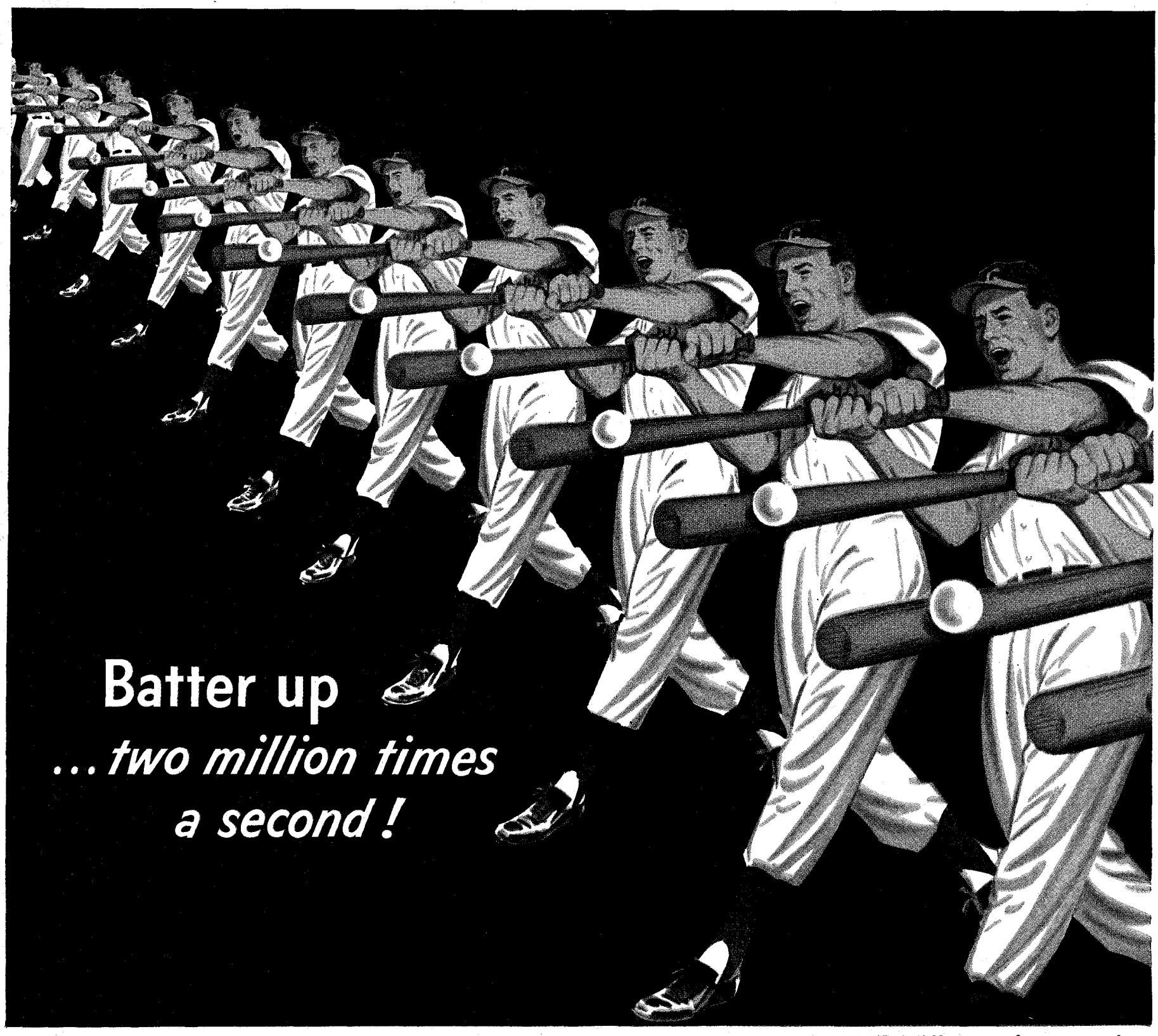

THE BEVATRON, newest of our atom-smashers, gets its name from the *initials* of *b*illion *e*lectron *v*olts. A product of Shell Research keeps it running.

TOSS AN ATOM into the big new Bevatron, just built at a western university, then *duck!* The Bevatron's 4000-ton magnet "bats" it 2 million times a second until it approaches the speed of light. When your atom collides with others at this pace, something smashes.

The key link in powering the new atom smasher is a huge motor generator. To insure "built-in" protection, especially with respect to lubrication, the designers put in a call for oil engineers.

After analyzing the designs, Shell Turbo Oil was specified to protect the big generator. This is the same oil that has proved itself in the world's largest and most powerful turbines. Under thousands of pounds pressure, Shell Turbo Oil provides a tough, protective film on the gears and bearings—always ready during critical start-ups.

Whether you want to lubricate a Bevatron or your power lawn mower, you can be sure that Shell Research provides the proper lubricant. Such research leads to better value in all products bearing the Shell name and trademark.

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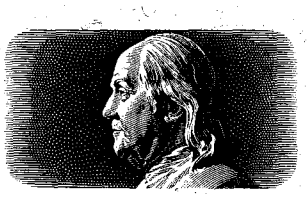
THE SATURDAY EVENING POST



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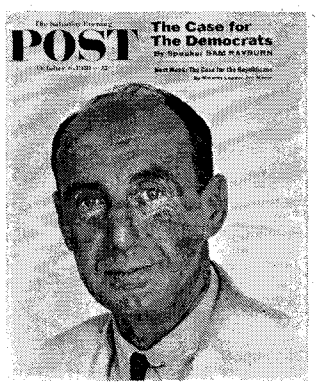

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The LION'S ROAR

Published here monthly... Column No. 214

The greatest star of the screen!

Opposites attract, but *no* opposites attract like the attractive men and women of M-G-M's hilarious composite of laughter and music, "The Opposite Sex"!

★ ★ ★ ★

Here's an eye-opening look inside the glamorous boudoirs of ladies who have nothing to do but are never idle as long as there's a calorie to be counted, a tidbit of gossip to be traded, or somebody else's male to be vamped.

★ ★ ★ ★

It's a silk and satin jungle prowled by cuddling, clawing sophisticats whose law is the survival of the tightest-fitted.

★ ★ ★ ★

The native habitat of these minxes-in-sables runs from Park Avenue to Reno, and they stop at nothing in between.

★ ★ ★ ★

Sound rough? It is! But it's all also very revealing.

Especially when June Allyson, perfect wife, learns from all her best friends, and a passing manicurist, just who's been keeping imperfect husband Leslie Nielsen so late "at the office."

★ ★ ★ ★

Before she decides to fight mire with mire, we meet a round dozen of especially adroit glamor-gal characterizations.

★ ★ ★ ★

The Siren (Joan Collins) is a sexposé all by herself.

★ ★ ★ ★

The Gossip (Dolores Gray) will do anything, or do *in* anybody.

★ ★ ★ ★

The Smart Career Woman (Ann Sheridan) slanders her own sex.

★ ★ ★ ★

The Chorus Girl (Ann Miller) is a-whirl with rhythm.

★ ★ ★ ★

And Jeff Richards, as a dude ranch romeo consoling disenchanted juliets, enhances the romances hilariously.

★ ★ ★ ★

Racily told in CinemaScope and the new Metrocolor, this big, talent-rich picture appropriately co-stars Agnes Moorehead, Charlotte Greenwood, Joan Blondell and Sam Levene with Bill Goodwin.

★ ★ ★ ★

It also guest-stars Harry James and his Band, Dick Shawn, Art Mooney and Jim Backus.

★ ★ ★ ★

Seven eye-filling song-and-dance interludes to tunes by Academy Award team Sammy Cahn and Nicholas Brodszky underscore the Fay and Michael Kanin screenplay distilled from Clare Boothe's famous original.

★ ★ ★ ★

Famed producer Joe Pasternak and director David Miller have most elegantly caught Cafe Society with its elegance down and its war-paint on.

★ ★ ★ ★

All's fair in love and war and in "The Opposite Sex", a riotous battle of the sexes you'll enjoy to the last hair-pull!

—*Leo*

mgm

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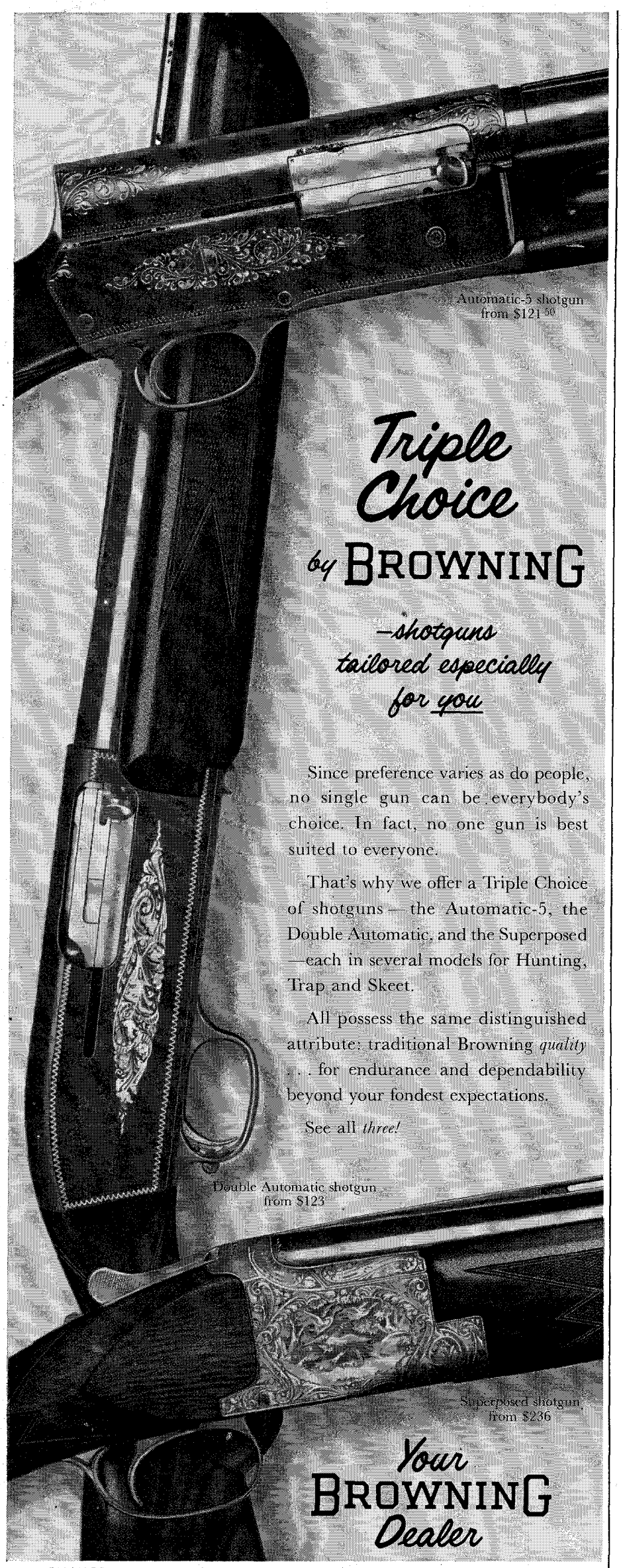
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Since preference varies as do people, no single gun can be everybody's choice. In fact, no one gun is best suited to everyone.
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Letters

Ike's Interrogators

Dear Sirs:

It has been a very long time since I have seen an editorial so apt and opportune as your editorial, How Much Press Quizzing Should the President Endure?, Sept. 1. It is a gem.

Many of us have been wondering just how execrable and damnable some of our newsmen can get. . . .

And we have never seen such tolerance and patience as shown by Eisenhower and Hagerty in these cases of extreme provocation.

H. H. HUSTED, O.D.
Evansville, Ind.

Dear Sirs:

. . . How about invoking a fifth freedom—"Freedom *From* the Press?"

MRS. MARIAN T. GREEN
Ilion, New York

Dear Sirs:

Your editorial . . . makes the statement that President Roosevelt was "foisted" on the country in 1944. Either I don't know the meaning of the word "foist," or we've all been sadly deceived. I thought he'd been elected by a majority of the people in this country.

It seems you always take at least one snide poke at either *a* Democrat or *the* Democrats, or their policies, past and present.

MRS. F. L. MORRIS
Grand Junction, Colo.

Dear Sirs:

For a long time the efforts of the press and broadcasting systems, in the guise of public information, have been little less than a disgrace to decency. . . .

In my opinion, the greatest blessing which could be conferred upon the President, and the American public as well, would be the incarceration of all the newshounds for a period of not less than six months in some nonescapable bastille. We would all thrive on a little vacation from their impertinence.

MARVIN L. CLAPP
Ashby, Mass.

● *We deplore impertinence at the President's press conferences, but we are irrevocably committed to freedom of the press, reader Clapp to the contrary notwithstanding.—ED.*

Possessive Parents

Dear Sirs:

This possibly pedantic comment is directed at Kurt Vonnegut, Jr. because of his story This Son of Mine in the August 18th issue of the Post. I boiled with indignation at the complacent conclusion that a father and son are one and the same, and that it is right and proper for a parent to rob his child of its individual free claim by impressing his child into his own chosen mold. That is condoning the theft of another's soul. . . .

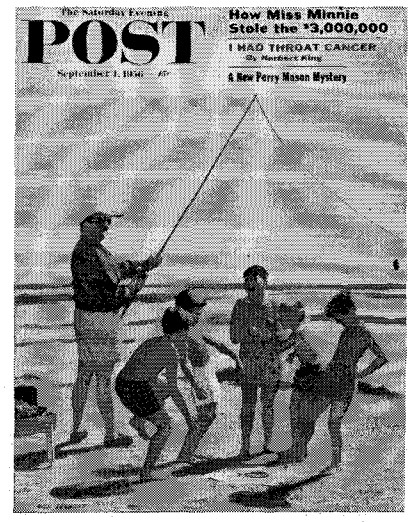
It seems to me that possessive parents who assume ownership of their children devour their young; as did the parents of the two fine boys in Kurt Vonnegut's harmful story. The only reward a good altruistic parent should expect is the knowledge and satisfaction of a "job well done." That's real love. If children return that love and cherish their parents, that is pure velvet and true happiness.

MRS. CLARA PEROT D'AMBLY
Philadelphia, Pa.

Ignominious Catch

Dear Sirs:

Mr. Rodney Fischer on your September 1st cover [by Dick Sargent] has all my sympathy. How many times have I been in the same situation, only my "audience" catch is usually sea robins or sand sharks. Why is there never anyone



there when I catch the big blue? Incidentally, after suffering too many Charley horses in my arm from throwing them back (I am the daughter of a sportsman who believes firmly that what you can't use you don't destroy, and I have been well trained) we decided, upon the advice of fishing friends, to try them. Skinned, filleted and baked in a cheese sauce, they are delicious—similar to blowfish, the "sea squab" of the fish market.

MRS. J. W. BARNETT
Glen Ridge, N.J.

Dear Sirs:

Dick Sargent has depicted a scene repeated many times on Cape Cod. We, who live here year round, may not outwardly show what the boys' faces express, but it's there in the twinkle of the eyes.

As long as our visitors enjoy catching the small fish and can go home bragging about the big ones that got away, we will be very happy to catch those "big ones" ourselves.

PHYLLIS J. CROWELL
Yarmouth Port, Mass.

Canoe Marathon

Dear Sirs:

I was delighted to read the account of the canoe race down the Au Sable River (Ordeal by Canoe, by Bill Wolf, September 1). I can't help wondering a bit, however, about the estimated distance covered—240 miles. Many years ago a friend and myself took the same trip—taking time out to make camp, sleep nights, cook meals, take photos, etc., and we made it in three days. If 240 miles is the correct distance, we made 80 miles a day. I can't believe we were that good. I would guess we (Continued on Page 6)

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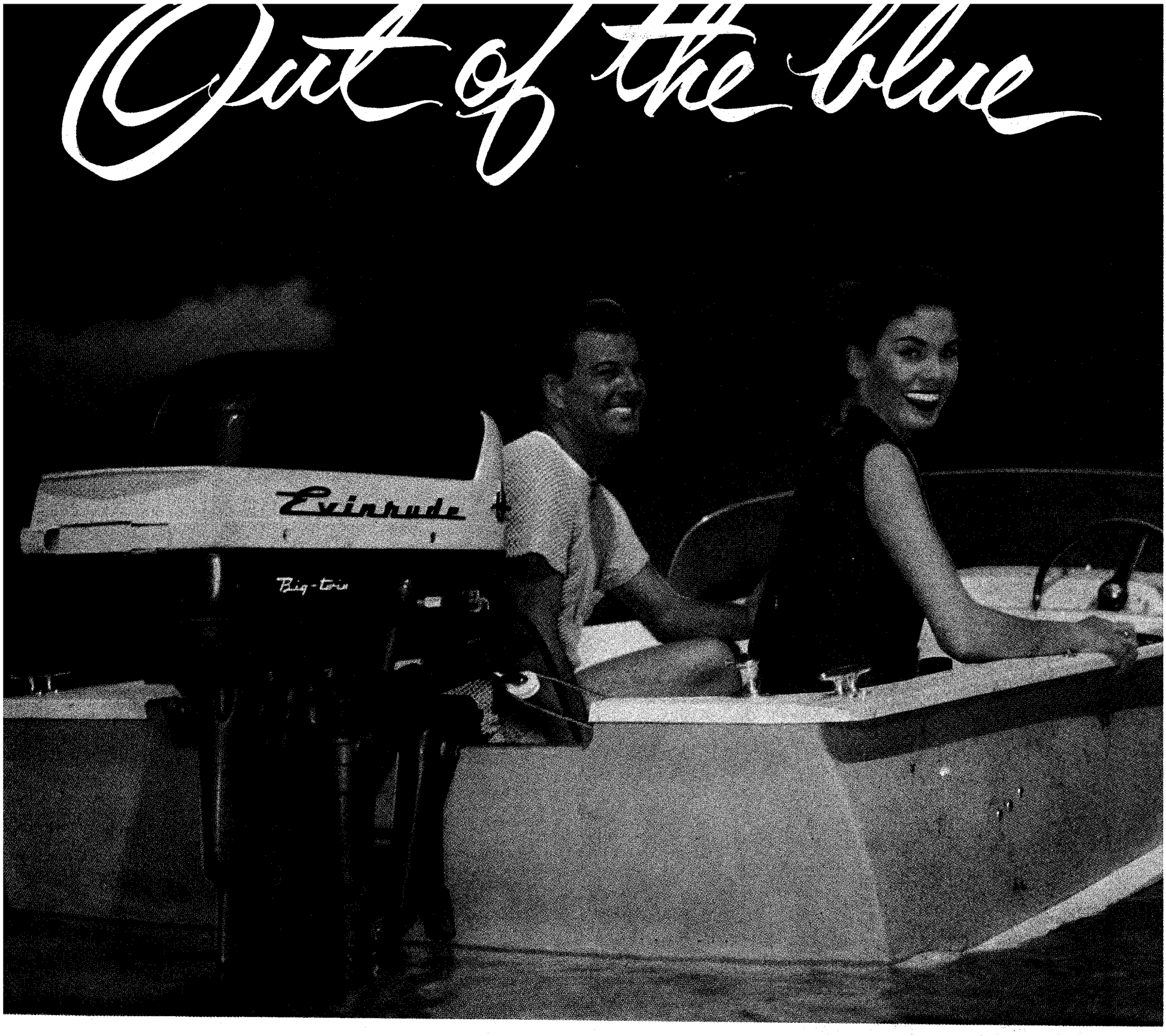
Out of the blue



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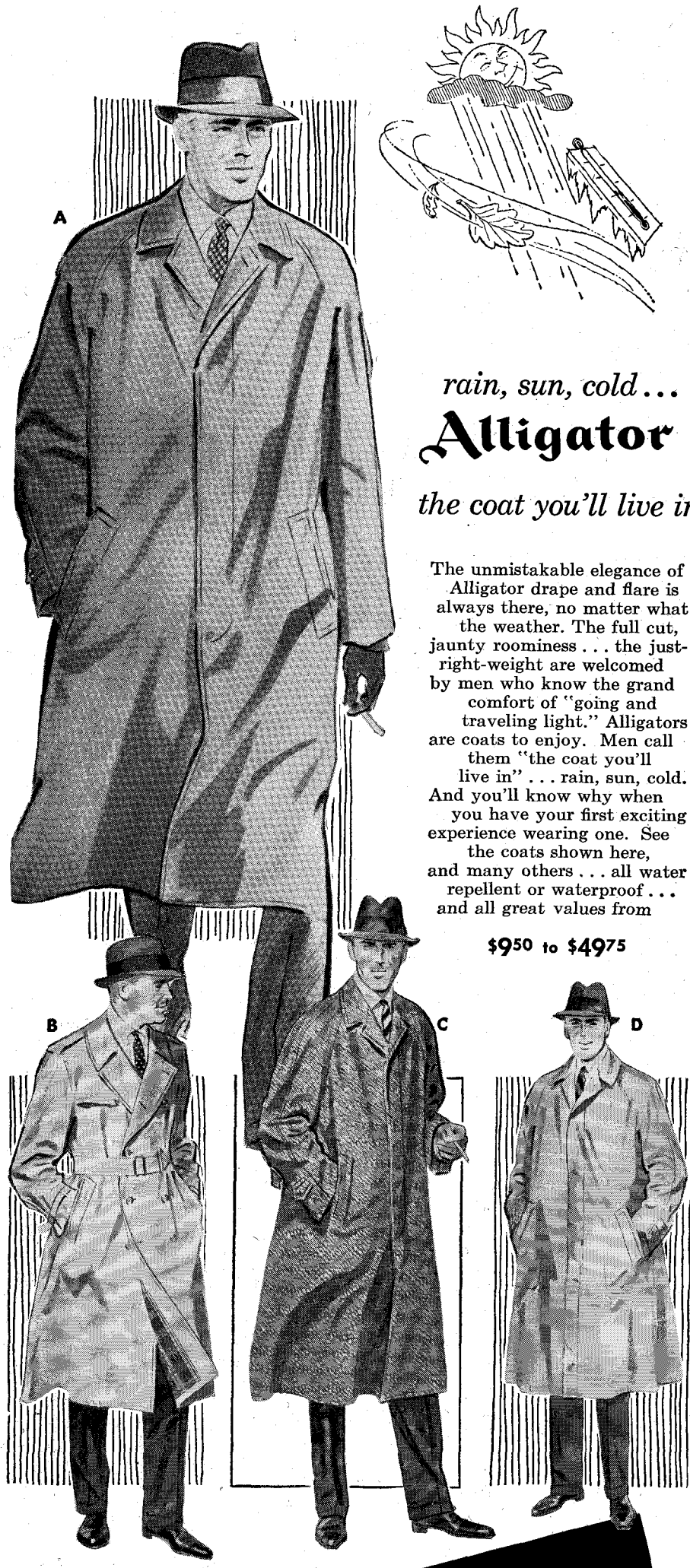

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Letters (Continued from Page 4)

didn't do over 60 miles, which matches up with other trips in other places.

Regardless of all that, however, those boys who did the racing are certainly tough and strong, and my hat is off to them. They surely earned their prize money.

JOHN N. STALKER
St. Petersburg, Fla.

● *The article said that estimates of the marathon's length ranged from 180 to 240 miles.—ED.*

Miss Minnie's Mischief

Dear Sirs:

Rowland T. Moriarty's account of MISS MINNIE'S STOLEN MILLIONS [Sept. 1] underlines the fact that embezzlement is still the easiest and, in terms of punishment, safest crime to commit.

But I cannot understand the moral position Minnie's church has taken. Does her church consider Minnie "earned" any of her salary through the years when she was using her position to steal from her company? And is it now claiming a tithe on these dishonest wages?

Her church could set a better example by not only returning her $8800 contribution, but by raising a like sum to reduce the existing shortage.

Minnie may still be unrepentant beyond "a single tear," but such a move by her church might bring others to a clearer vision.

MRS. S. J. HANAS
Corning, N.Y.

Dear Sirs:

The article was interesting and informative, but from an accounting and financial angle I believe several comments are in order.

It would be quite a trick to steal "untouchable reserves." Reserves are not only "untouchable" but also "intangible." Reserves in business are the difference between the dollar value of the assets and the dollar amount of the liabilities.

In other words, reserves are balancing figures. Only when assets are overvalued or liabilities undervalued, are the reserves overstated.

Miss Minnie stole the cash and other assets of the institution. Thus, the book value of the assets was overstated and the reserves did not exist.

WILLIAM J. MC KEEVER
President,
Public Federal Savings and Loan Assn.
Philadelphia, Pa.

Dear Sirs:

People seem to be very good at rationalizing when it concerns keeping things that are not rightfully theirs. Those who received gifts from Miss Minnie must surely realize that even though she had a very good and legitimate income, she had many financial responsibilities, which included running a home, caring for her mother and a blind sister. Therefore, the many gifts which she fanned around were a direct result of her embezzlements.

WESLEY S. SINEATH
Bishopville, S.C.

Dear Sirs:

What happened to Mrs. Esther Cannon, the real heroine of the story, who was fired by Minnie for turning the spotlight on her? Leaving her dangling somehow makes the story incomplete.

DAN PATCH
Boston, Mass.

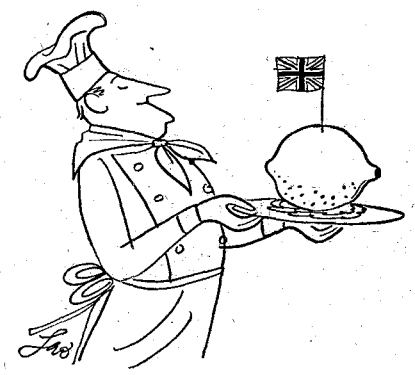
● *Mrs. Cannon was rehired, continued at her job when the Home Federal Savings and Loan Assn. absorbed the Commonwealth bank. She quit to have a baby—a boy, born in August.—ED.*

Wonderful Lemons

Dear Sirs:

As a lover of good cooking, may I register a vigorous protest against a comment made by Andrew Hamilton in his CALIFORNIA'S YELLOW GOLD [Sept. 1].

"Dubious items," Mr. Hamilton says, referring to recipes for spare ribs, spinach and English lemon cheese—dubious, indeed! Why, there's hardly a dish that isn't improved by lemon, particularly anything as fatty as spare ribs. As for spinach, what would it be without lemon? And lemon cheese—well, just try some, Mr. Hamilton. There are a few things the English cooks do well, and lemon cheese is one of them.



EVA JAMES TUTHILL
Freeport, N.Y.

Modern Indian

Dear Sirs:

May I express my appreciation for the short story by Walter Craig Williams, THE EDGE OF DEATH [Aug. 25].

This is the first story in my remembrance that is so very typical of the American Indian. It proves, also, that the Indian is not so dumb as most writers make him.

If more stories were written from the Indian's viewpoint . . . we might begin to . . . give the Indian a break.

MOYA-A-GREENLEAF
El Paso, Texas

Post Picture Credits

Reading across pages, then down:

23, 24, 25–Larry Keighley. • 26, 27–George Hughes. • 28–George Lazarnick. • 29–Hans Knopf. • 30–Robert Meyers. • 31–Sid Avery. • 32–Ollie Atkins. • 33–International, Wide World. • 34, 35–Gus Pasquarella. • 36–United Press, Harry Saltzman. • 37–Bruce Bomberger. • 38–Sid Avery, three from Phil Burchman. • 39–Columbia Pictures, two from Phil Burchman; United Press, Phil Burchman. • 40, 41–Ernest Chiriaka. • 42–Larry Keighley, Wide World, United Press. • 43–Three from United Press; Wide World. 44, 45–Al Muenchen. • 49–James R. Bingham. • 126–United Press. • 136–Laurence Critchell, Associated Press, Arthur Siegel, Ollie Atkins.

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while you discover wonderful new PREAM

If you like it "with"... you'll love it with PREAM!

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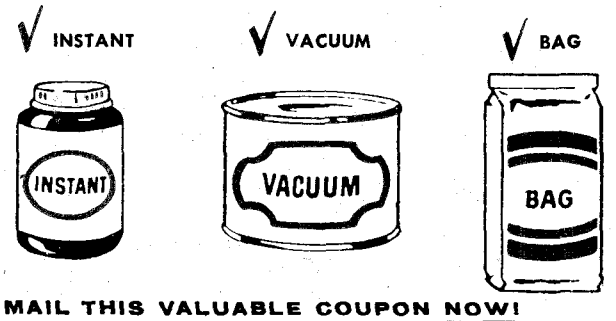
Fill out coupon below. Mail coupon and one PREAM label *plus:* one label from *any* instant coffee, *or* one inch of metal winding strip from *any* coffee can, *or* the front half of *any* coffee bag. Mail to PREAM at address below.

We'll send you 20¢

Yes, we'll send you 20¢! But hurry to take advantage of this offer—it expires October 31, 1956. Allow about 2 weeks for delivery.

OFFER good on your favorite coffee —whatever it is!



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Address_____

City_____

Zone____ State_____

LIMIT: 1 offer per family. Special offer expires October 31, 1956! Use this coupon or pick one up at your favorite food store. Offer good in United States and Canada.

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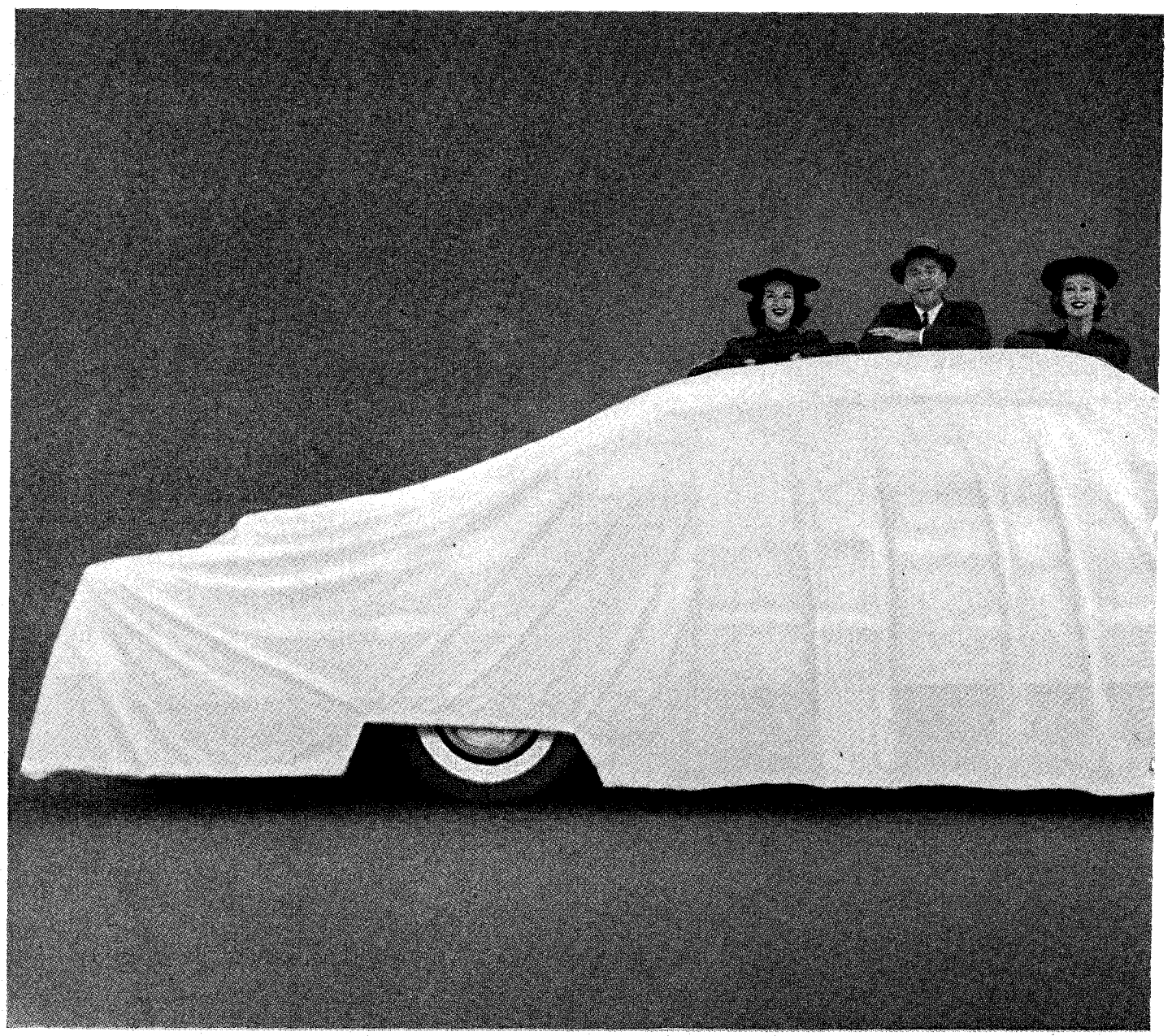
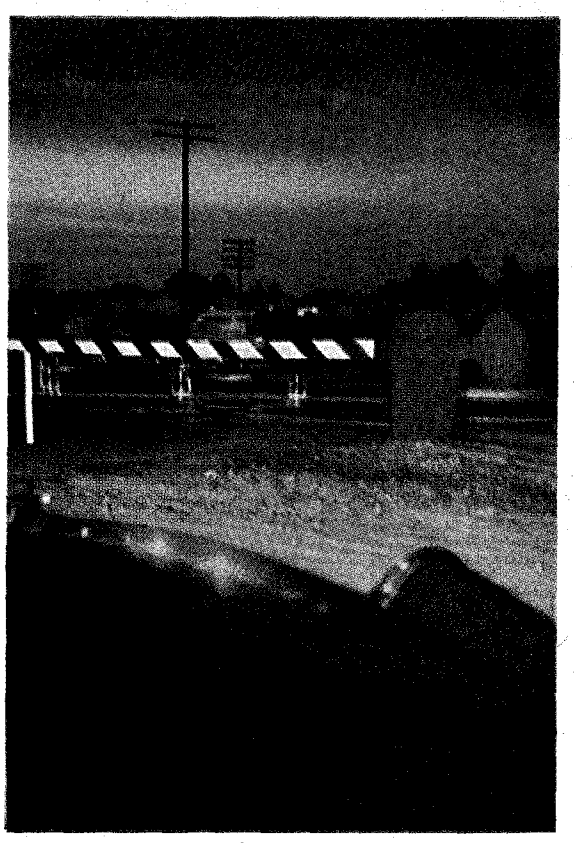


Now you can really look the 57's . . . over!

A new, smaller 14-inch rim gives the new cars a lower, lovelier silhouette. A lower center of gravity, too, for new stability on turns.

And next to the road where safety begins—new Custom Tubeless Super-Soft-Cushions by Goodyear.



A new grip for every trip!

A new Twin-Grip tread design—with 8640 biting edges—grips road surfaces with new sureness . . . even in wet weather. Tops in stops, *the Custom Ride is a safer ride.*

Watch "The Goodyear Playhouse" on TV Sundays—9 to 10 p.m., EDST

NEW TIRES LOSE AN INCH CARS GAIN A NEW KIND

Soft . . . safe . . . silent—that's the new Custom Ride by Goodyear. It's made possible by the Custom Super-Soft-Cushion—the new Goodyear tire that's mated to a lower rim on many of America's newest cars to float you along with *more* air volume at *less* air pressure.

Here—from Goodyear—is a new tire that improves a car's appearance and performance like no other tire before it.

A lower 14-inch rim gives the new cars a low-to-the-ground look that's sure to catch your fancy—and the soft, comfortable ride you get from the new Custom Tubeless Super-Soft-Cushion is sure to hold it.

There's never been a tire like it—and you don't have to go farther than here to see why.

And here's more good news from Goodyear! Motorists who won't buy a new car this year can get the same durable triple-tempered 3-T Cord surefooted tread and smart design in the new Custom Tubeless Super-Cushion that will fit the 15-inch rims on the wheels of their present cars—and it costs no more than a standard tubeless tire.

Goodyear, Akron 16, Ohio.

MORE PEOPLE RIDE ON GOODYEAR TIRES THAN ON ANY OTHER KIND

NEW CUSTOM TUBELESS SUPER-Soft CUSHION

Look for this nearby Goodyear dealer sign for better tire values . . . better tire care . . .

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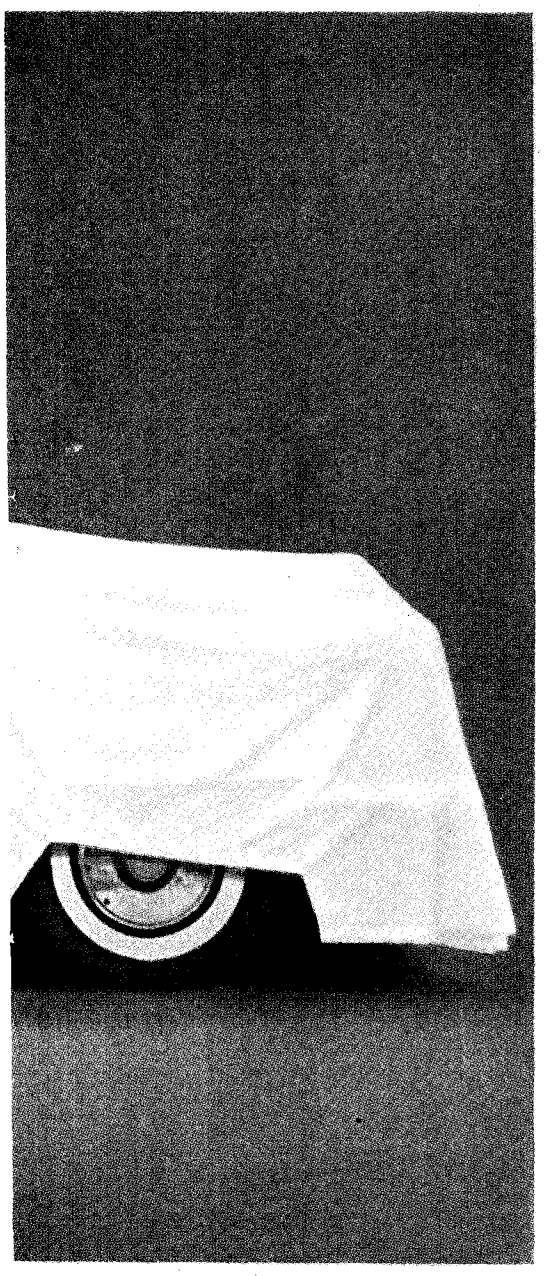


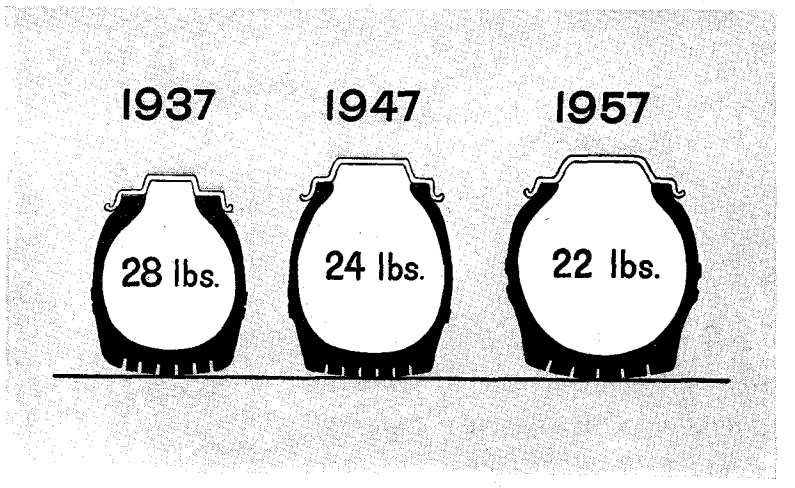
Take a tip from this goldfish!

We put him in a fish bowl fastened to a fender, took him for a ride over a stretch of highway that included several railroad crossings. When we stopped, he still had plenty of water to swim in.

Resilient 3-T Cord not only protects you against dangerous blowouts, but soaks up the jolts and jars of the roughest roads. *The Custom Ride is a soft ride.*

You never had it so soft!

Goodyear has led the way in the development of wider, softer, smoother-riding tires. And now you ride on *more* air at less pressure. Result: a new kind of softness that gives you a luxurious ride.

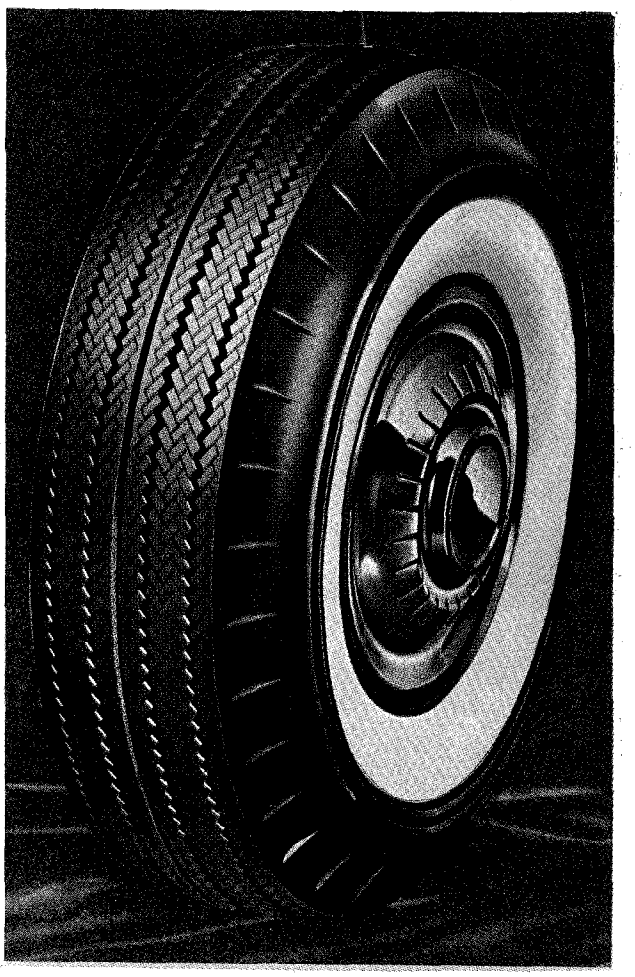


AND NEW OF RIDE!

Its good looks go a long way!

In either satin black or gleaming white sidewall, the new Custom Tubeless Super-Soft-Cushion is styled to complement the beauty of today's fine new cars.

And it's a lasting kind of beauty—for in the Goodyear tradition, you'll get long, long miles of extra wear.



Not a murmur in a mile!

This new Goodyear tire keeps in close touch with the road, but you don't hear about it. There's no whine on the straightaway, and squeal on turns has been reduced almost to the vanishing point.

Every restful mile you drive tells you *the Custom Ride is a silent ride.*

GOODYEAR

ıvenient credit terms.

Super-Cushion, T. M., The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company, Akron, Ohio

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Editorials

To Get Rave Reviews, Write an Anti-U.S.A. Novel!

It is a paradox of American life that one of the best-selling books this year should be an obvious piece of Hate-America propaganda. This bitter tirade is presented as a novel, The Quiet American (Viking Press) by an English author, Graham Greene.

Of course, the Communist Party is cheering it ardently, but more noteworthy is the fact that this propaganda tract has won top place in a poll of leading newspaper reviewers. Many of them spend so much time reading fiction that they do not know some elementary facts about their own country.

Graham Greene is an opium smoker, and some readers may wonder whether the preposterous statements in his book came to him in a pipe dream. Besides, he was a communist for a short time in his youth and on that account has had friction with our immigration authorities a couple of times when attempting to visit American territory. He did finally make it, however, and in 1952 visited Hollywood. According to The New York Times of February 20 of that year, "Mr. Greene said flatly that he found the city of Los Angeles under a 'reign of terror.'"

In later years he has made several visits to Vietnam, writing anti-American articles for an English newspaper. He violently attacked the United States, which was rushing food and other supplies into Vietnam for the refugees.

The Quiet American, which does present an effective picture of the miseries of jungle warfare, implies that the communists love the Asian peasants and that America shouldn't help anti-communists like President Diem of South Vietnam, even if the Reds conquer all Asia.

Greene's mouthpiece in the book is an English reporter named Fowler, who repeatedly quotes almost word for word from Greene's newspaper articles. Fowler is an opium smoker. When not hitting the pipe, Fowler is saying such wise things as that Americans are only trying to make a lot of money in Asia, while letting others do their dying for them. Did he ever hear of Korea?

The chief American in the book is an unbelievable caricature, a Simple Simon whom the author presents as a high-ranking American secret agent. In the end, the opium-smoking Fowler arranges with the communists to murder the American on account of the latter's part in plotting a bomb explosion designed to kill French military personnel!

No wonder the Communist Party praises Greene as "essentially a political novelist," and declares that his book is "one of the most important novels of the postwar era," one in which "the British correspondent, who symbolizes the 'neutral man' . . . in the end . . . must abandon his neutrality and find for the communists." Naturally the Communist Party wishes that "people in government . . . leadership . . . might read this book." One naïve newspaper reviewer even outdoes the Reds, by declaring that the book "should be on the required reading list of every United States State Department employee."

It seems that some American reviewers don't need any opium.

County Seats Languish as County Farm Population Succumbs to Machine Age

A Kansas county-seat town recently took stock and found that the number of farm families in its trade area had decreased 25 per cent since 1945. It is typical of a trend that is changing the shape of things in rural America. An estimated 80 per cent of the nation's towns and cities of less than 5000 population are mainly dependent on agriculture. The increase in the size of farms, with consequently fewer people engaged in farming, is depriving them of customers. Virtually all parts of the country have felt the impact. Farm population in Illinois dropped 20 per cent in the 1940's and has continued downward at an even more rapid pace since. In many counties of the Middle West the loss has been higher than 40 per cent since the off-the-farm movement began.

Although the bigger farmers may have more money to spend, the local grocery and hardware stores need volume to keep going. Commonly accepted statistics indicate that twenty farm families are needed to maintain one business enterprise in the rural town or small city. When a county loses several hundred farmers and their families, the results are certain to be keenly felt all up and down Main Street.

A countermovement has relieved the situation somewhat in some areas. Many workers in local industrial plants have moved out to the villages and towns in the rural areas because of lower living costs and better conditions for bringing up children. Some have bought small farms or have rented the houses on farms that have been combined with larger ones. The movement to the rural areas has been so marked in states like Ohio and Illinois that a new word, "rurban," has been coined to describe these new nonfarming country dwellers.

But the great majority of rural towns and smaller cities, outside the orbit of industrial centers, are faced with the problem of finding replacements for their lost customers on the farms. Usually the first thought is to attract an industry. However, many communities are handicapped by a lack of an adequate water supply, an essential requirement for almost all industries. This has made things difficult even in a state so well endowed with water as Ohio, where a program to develop the state's water resources has been adopted.

There is no Federal Government program to help Main Street with its problem nor is there likely to be. But there is nothing to prevent the states from doing something about it for themselves. Reduced to lowest terms, it's their tax sources that are at stake.

Before Adam and Eve There Were the Blues!

Satchmo Armstrong, dean of the school of jazz, jive, blues and related musical cultures, spent the fore part of this year in foreign lands, carrying to them the essence of what is supposed to be "typical modern American music."

Everything seemed to be in the groove until he reached Accra, on the African Gold Coast, and there he gave an interview which might set a lot of jitterbugs back on their heels for good.

According to news agencies, he said, "I've heard it all down here. Every time I listened to these cats beat it out on them tribal drums, I kept saying to myself, 'Satch, you hearing the real stuff.' I've wrote a few blues myself, but I got to confess that I heard the real gut-bucket stuff down here."

Corroborating Satch are some phonograph records which reproduce the most primitive "music" from African jungles. They are in the collection of Dr. Oscar Jacobson, of the University of Oklahoma, who has made a hobby of collecting recordings of primitive themes. The jungle rhythm, with its screeching, caterwauling discord and generally frenzied uproar, could be played in a "modern" jitterbug contest and be hailed as authentic.

So it seems that Satchmo, ambassador of "typical American music," has simply succeeded in carrying coals to an incredibly ancient Newcastle.

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Take a look at yourself every business day!

It's a man's day-by-day record that adds up to praises, raises, and even a Vice Presidency. And the way you dress can have a lot to do with it. Your Hart Schaffner & Marx suits, with their fine fabrics, styling and tailoring, are among the most valuable investments you can make. You get a big dividend, too...your feeling of well-being at being well dressed every business day.

TAKE A LOOK AT YOURSELF IN A SCOTLEIGH TWEED. The fabric, softer and lighter than most tweeds, is an exclusive, new Scottish triumph, woven especially for Hart Schaffner & Marx. Traditionally rich in tone and appearance, this casual and informal tweed suit is seen in even the toniest offices around town. Note the 3-button, center-vent Trend styling. Let its trim, slim lines be your guide this season.

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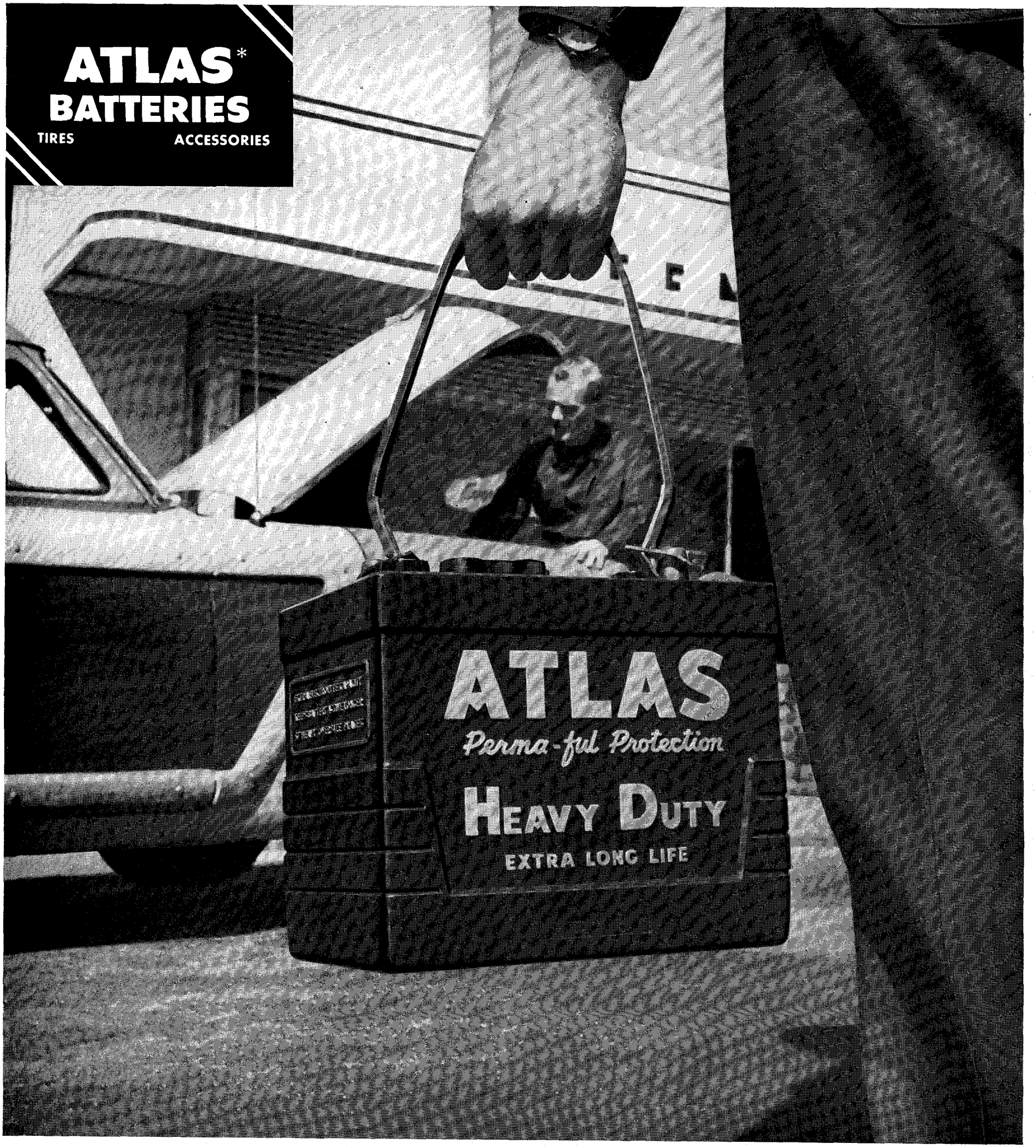

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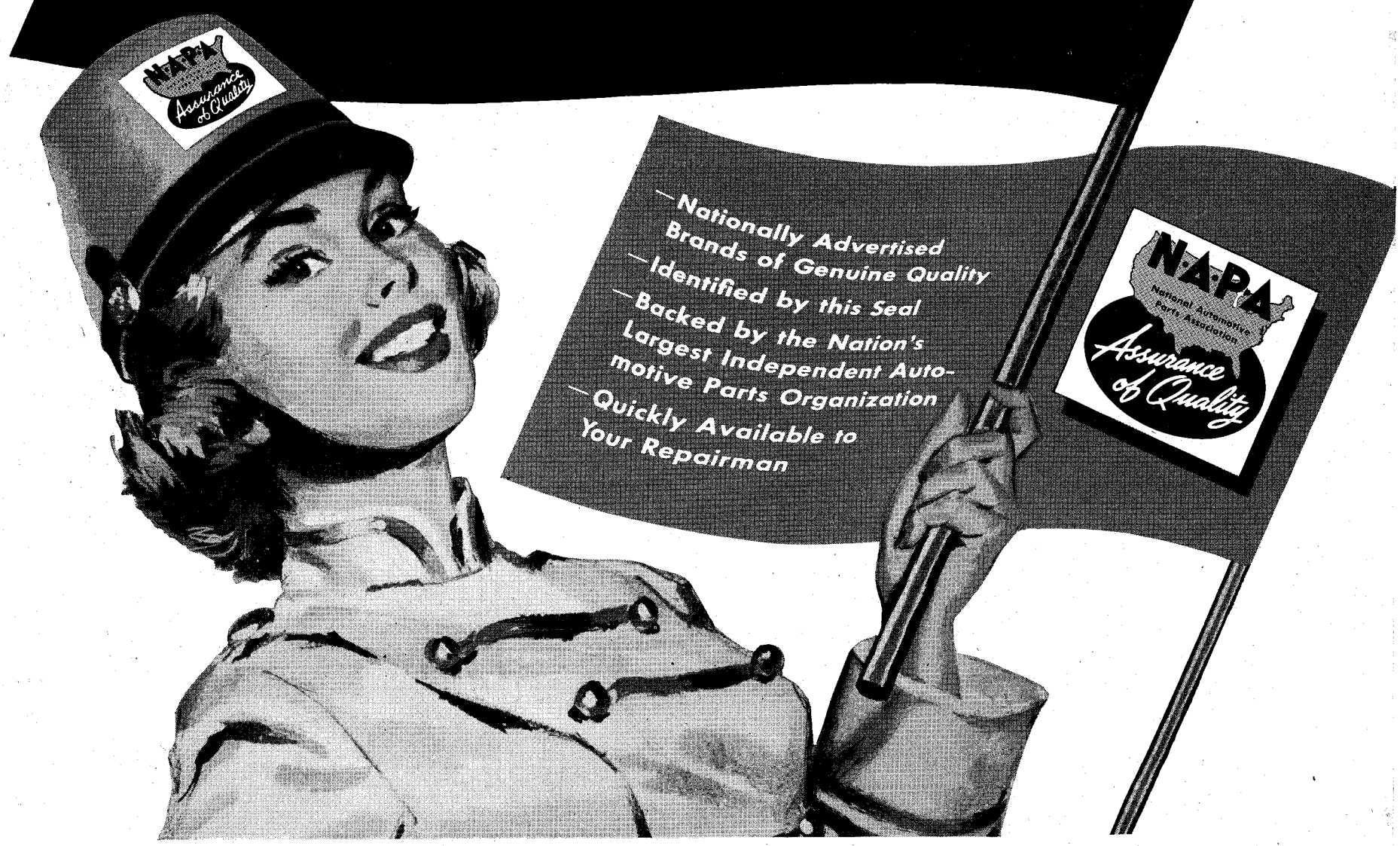
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Assurance of Quality

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Good Ignition...

makes your car perform better, your engine last longer...

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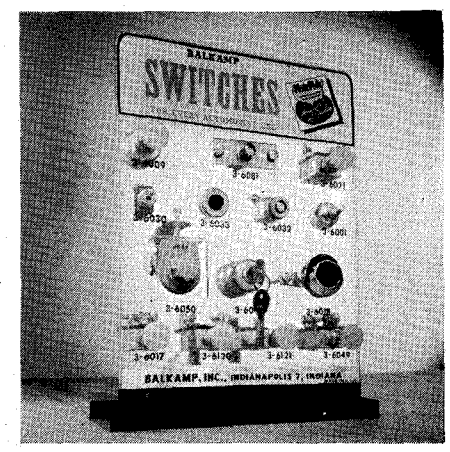

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Switches wear out—but you're apt to forget about them when you're not using them. This Balkamp display of fine switches may serve as a reminder. It includes the most popular switches of these types: Heater, Toggle, Ignition, Push-Pull, Door and Horn-Button. Quality is assured.

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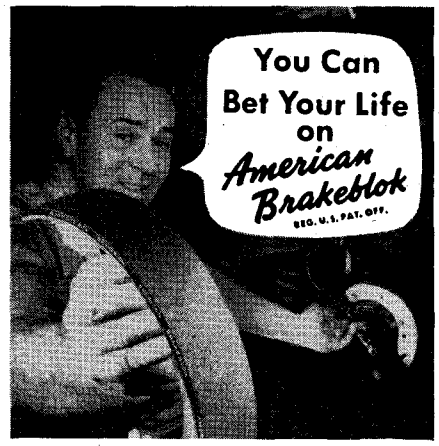

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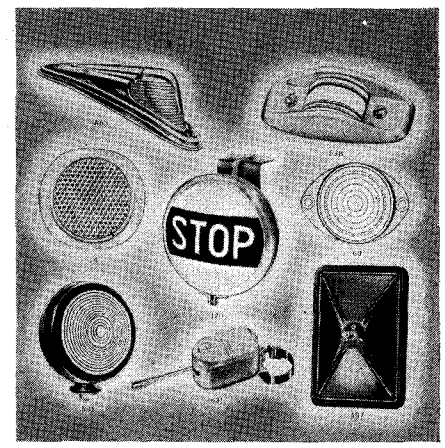

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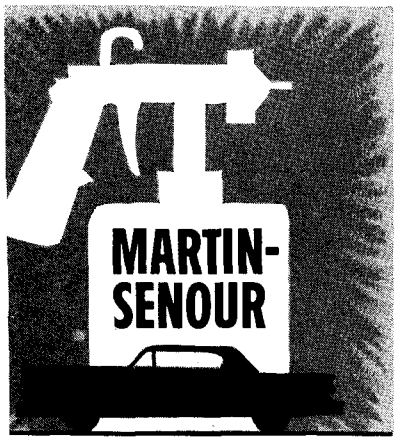

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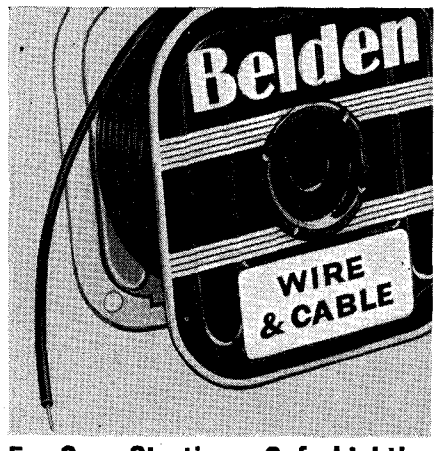

For Sure Starting—Safe Lighting

Don't Stall! Don't Waste Gas! Don't Drive Blind! Have your service man check your wiring. Most dependable service stations have complete stocks of Belden cables—the line engineered for modern service. Watch for the name—BELDEN.

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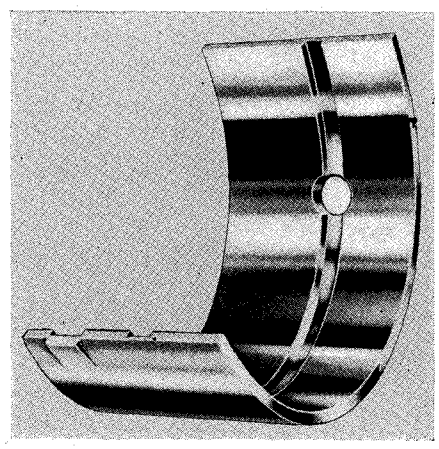

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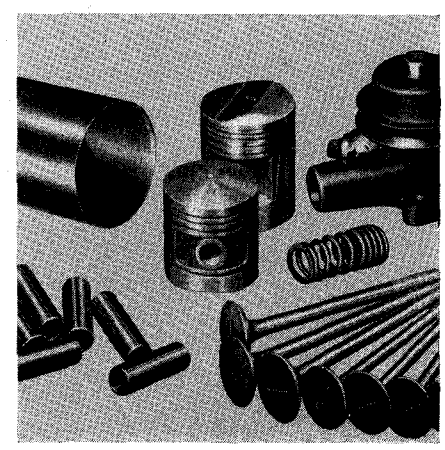

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When your motor needs new parts—pistons, pins, valves, valve springs, or water pump, you can depend on *Allied!* Every Allied product is made by a specialist in its own field, with engineering resources, manufacturing facilities and production capacity unsurpassed in this industry.

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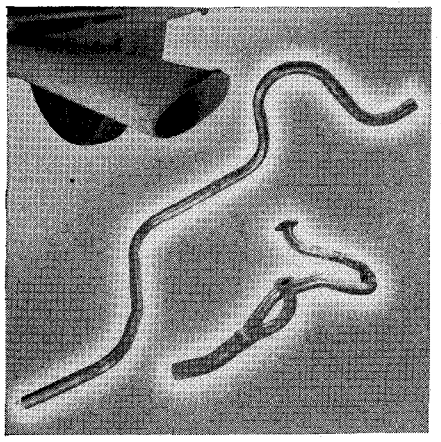

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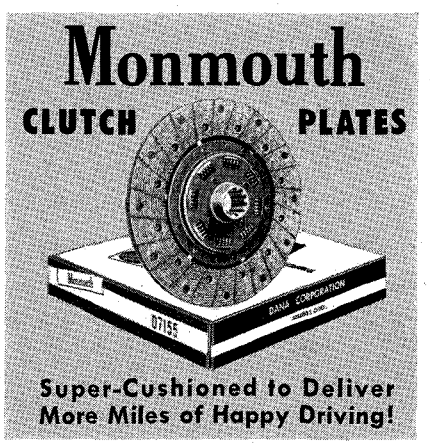
For safety's sake, have your entire exhaust system checked before winter sets in—including exhaust and tail pipes. Leaks, rust, fractures, and loose connections *anywhere* in the system can expose you and your loved ones to the dangers of deadly "C. O." Replace worn units with *Soundmaster* — built to fit.

DeKOVEN MANUFACTURING CO. • RACINE, WIS.



Monmouth Clutch Plates

Monmouth Clutch Plates have long been famous in the automotive industry for their patented super-cushion action . . . their precision manufacture . . . and their excellent performance record. They are typical in quality and engineered performance of the complete line of DANA products.

DANA CORPORATION • TOLEDO 1, OHIO

Fit Better—Wear Longer

Prospect *Contoured* Floor Mats *fit better, wear longer*, because the exact shape of the car floor is permanently built in; because they are constructed of the same materials supplied to car makers. *Easier to install* because holes for pedals, etc. are *accurately prepunched*, for old cars and new.

PROSPECT RUBBER COMPANY • CLEVELAND, O.

Bridgeport COLD-HOT Replacement Val

Bridgeport "Cold-Hot" Replacement Val can be applied either cold or hot for fast, s replacements. Cost no more than ordin valves. Another "first" from Bridgepo *complete line of tire valves and accesso* See your N • A • P • A Jobber today.

BRIDGEPORT BRASS COMPANY
BRIDGEPORT 2, CONNECTICUT

Job-Proved TALENT Tools

Quality Talent Tools are the result of over 30 years of electric tool experience. Each model is power-packed, compact and easy-to-handle. Disc Sanders, Polishers, Valve Seat Grinders, Valve Refacers and Drills (¼″ to 1″) . . . all built to meet the most exacting demands of automotive mechanics.

SKIL CORPORATION • CHICAGO 30, ILLINOIS

Dittmer Transmission Gears & Shafts

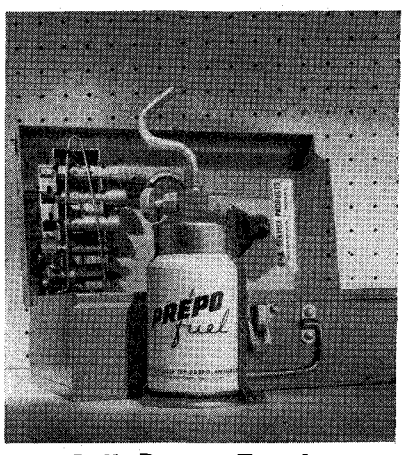
Since 1919 Dittmer Transmission Gears have kept automobiles and trucks operating all over the world. DITTMER products are recognized everywhere as top quality. They are truly "Second to None" in mathematical accuracy and metallurgical treatment.

DITTMER GEAR & MFG. CORP. • LOCKPORT, N.Y.

GO POWER . . .

From today's super powered engines must be transmitted smoothly for peak performance. That's why numerous vehicle manufacturers have selected Detroit Universal Joints for original equipment. Genuine Detroit Repair Kits are available from your NAPA Jobber.

DETROIT UNIVERSAL DIV. • DEARBORN, MICH.



B★K Prepo Torches

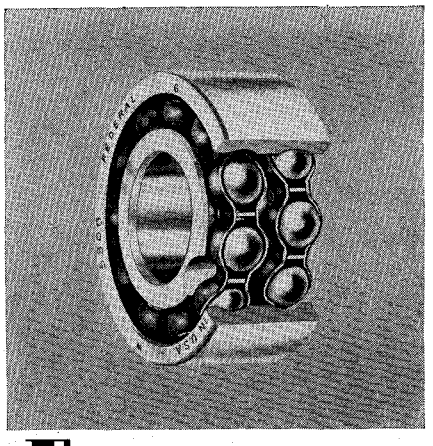
Light-weight and versatile, this torch adapted to a variety of uses in shop or ho Utility Burner for general use; Heavy-D Burner for big jobs, and Pin Point Burner fine soldering: plus Diamond and Chisel Po Solder Tips, and Paint Remover Tip. Pac in all-metal fitted case, complete with f

B★K SERVICE PRODUCTS • INDIANAPOLIS, I

Wiper Blades

Off goes the rain! Off goes the grimy film! No more blur, no more smear when you snap these new TRICO hollow-cut Wiper Blades on your windshield—Rainbow for curved, Triple-Action for flat. They *flex* and *hug the glass* for the cleanest wipe ever. They'll fit *your* car . . . regardless of make or model.

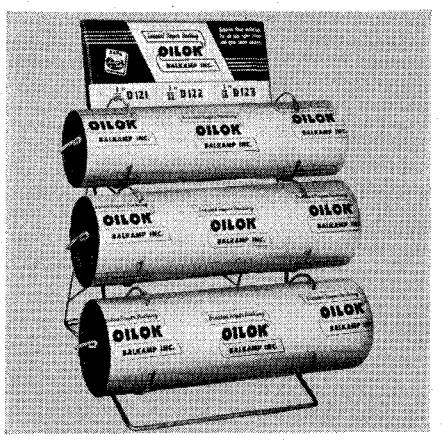
TRICO PRODUCTS CORP. • BUFFALO 3, N. Y.



Federal Ball Bearings

The safety, efficiency and smooth performance of the car you drive depends on *reliable* ball bearings! That's why millions of cars, trucks and tractors are factory-equipped with Federal Ball Bearings—why so many service shops keep 'em running with Federals.

THE FEDERAL BEARINGS CO., INC.
POUGHKEEPSIE, NEW YORK



OILOK Treated Paper Packing

OILOK fiber sheet packing is impervious to water, gasoline, oil. Made in 3 thicknesses: 1/64″, 1/32″, 1/16″—in 18″ and 36″ width rolls, on handy wire rack. Ideal for sealing oil pan, gear cover, valve cover, etc., when ready-cut gaskets are not available.

MANUFACTURED BY VICTOR MFG. & GASKET CO.
FOR BALKAMP, INC. • INDIANAPOLIS

DYTHOL Automotive Finish

Newest, most revolutionary automotive pa Has all the advantages of both lacquer enamel! Dries in only 30 minutes . . . ass quicker delivery of your car when left re-finishing! In any of 26 beautiful color leaves a brilliant, extra-hard, glossy fi that outlasts all other paints! Insist on Mar Senour DYTHOL Automotive Finish.

MARTIN-SENOUR, 2500 SOUTH SENOUR AVE CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

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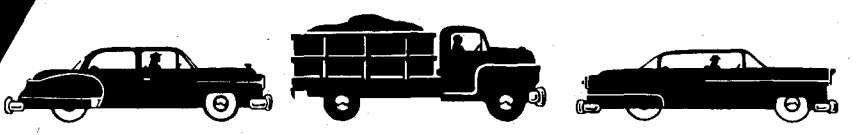
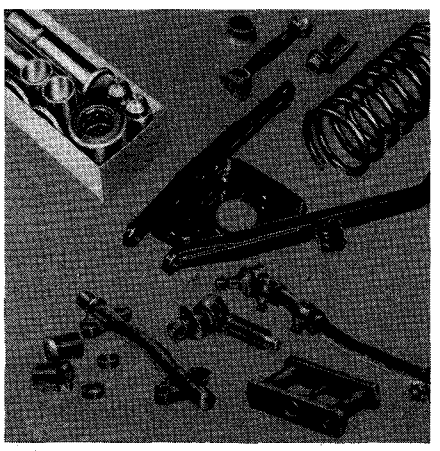
# of Parts"



***nationally advertised brands for* CARS, TRUCKS, TRACTORS • ALL MAKES • ALL AGES!**

is brand on heavy-duty lining means
)RE STOPS PER DOLLAR
st on *American Brakeblok* Heavy Duty Lining

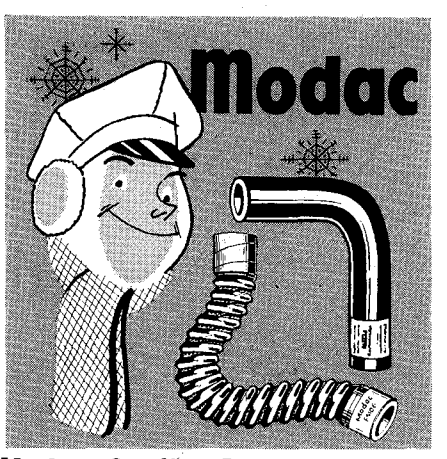
MERICAN BRAKEBLOK DIVISION
DETROIT 9, MICHIGAN



Allied-Monmouth Chassis Parts

Tire wear, riding ease, and safe steering depend on "chassis parts." You and your family are safe with Allied-Monmouth Wheel Suspension and Steering Parts, Coil Springs, King Bolt Sets and Shackles—all engineered and built to original equipment standards.

ALLIED MOTOR PARTS CO. • DETROIT, MICH.

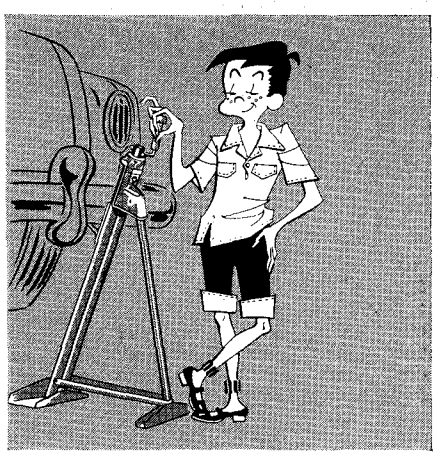


Modac Quality Radiator Hose

. . . Takes the Worry Out of Winter Driving

For safe driving this winter, have your radiator hose checked when you add your anti-freeze. If it's cracked, mushy or swollen, replace it with MODAC Easy-Flex Curved Hose. Designed to fit every car, MODAC gives faultless, sturdy service. For the finest radiator hose . . . Make yours MODAC!

HAYWOOD INDUSTRIES • WAYNESVILLE, N. C.



Fleet Bumper Jacks

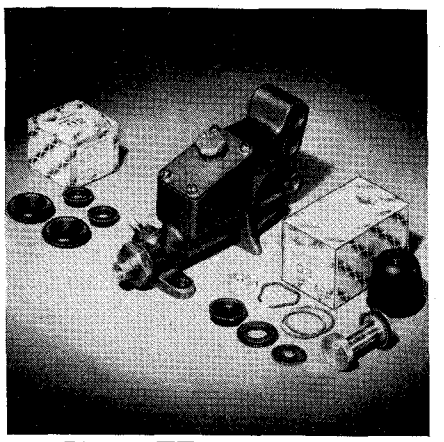
You can send a boy to do a man's job when you change tires with a FLEET bipod bumper jack. There are no parts to assemble or get lost . . . just set it up and go to work. When you're through, fold it up, neat as an umbrella.

EDGEWATER AUTOMOTIVE DIVISION
ST. JOSEPH, MICHIGAN

Standard Grease Seals

safe, smooth driving, get your car's front
els repacked with fresh grease yearly, and
ure old, unsafe grease seals are replaced
new Standard Seals. Seals keep grease in,
and water out, lengthen bearing, brake
Perfect fit—same as your car's original
.

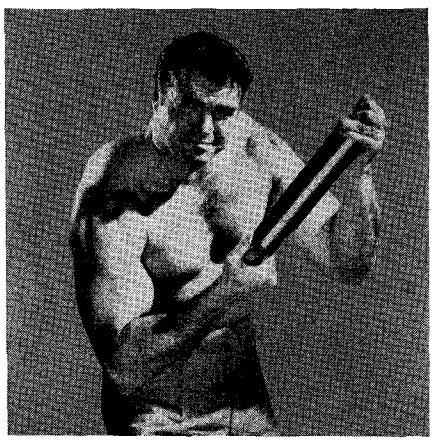
NDARD SEAL CO. • VAN WERT, OHIO



UNITED for Safety

UNITED Hydraulic Brake Parts are replacement engineered for not one car, but all cars. Millions are in use rendering dependable stopping service. Remember, you bet your life on your brakes. Specify UNITED brake parts, available from NAPA Jobbers everywhere.

UNITED PARTS MFG. CO. • CHICAGO, ILLINOIS



Briggs "Hydro-Muscle"® Ride Control

It really takes "muscle" to keep your car riding like new! New Briggs Shock Absorbers provide that muscle—for the life of your car. Restore stability, eliminate bucking and sidesway, reduce tire wear. If shocks are "flabby," ask for Briggs "Hydro-Muscles!"

THE BRIGGS SHOCK ABSORBER CO.
CLEVELAND, OHIO

Puritan Brake Fluid

Good braking action depends largely on the brake fluid you use. Has yours been checked recently? Make sure your next refill is made with the *best*—safe, dependable Puritan Super 60 Brake Fluid—with a 400° F. boiling point! Meets and exceeds SAE Specification 70R1.

OLIN MATHIESON CHEMICAL CORPORATION
BALTIMORE 3, MARYLAND

Other NAPA Lines

CELORON® Timing Gears and Chain Sprockets
Continental Fibre Division, Cleveland, Ohio

CLEVELAND Universal Joints
Cleveland Steel Products Corporation, Cleveland, Ohio

DUCKWORTH Timing Chains
Chain Belt Company, Springfield, Massachusetts

HAARTZ-MASON Friction Tape
Haartz-Mason, Inc., Watertown, Massachusetts

K. O. LEE Valve Seat Inserts
K. O. Lee Company, Aberdeen, South Dakota

MICROTEST Automatic Transmission Parts and Kits for All Cars
MicroTest Gear Company, Indianapolis, Indiana

MICROTEST Axle Shafts
MicroTest Gear Company, Pottstown, Pennsylvania

MICROTEST Drive and Pinion Gears • Flywheel Gears
Balkamp, Inc., Indianapolis, Indiana

MODAC Auto Mats
Wooster Rubber Company, Wooster, Ohio

MODAC Service Hose and Splash Guards
B. F. Goodrich Company, Akron, Ohio

RARITAN Roller Bearings
Raritan Bearing Corporation, Trenton, New Jersey

ROCKFORD Fasteners, Screws, Bolts and Nuts
Rockford Screw Products Company, Rockford, Illinois

ZOLLNER Heavy-Duty Pistons
Zollner Machine Works, Fort Wayne, Indiana

National Automotive Parts Association, Detroit, in behalf of the thousands of independent

N·A·P·A JOBBERS

who supply the automotive repair trade from coast-to-coast with these—and many other—nationally advertised brands of quality automotive parts and supplies.

NAPA National Automotive Parts Association — Assurance of Quality

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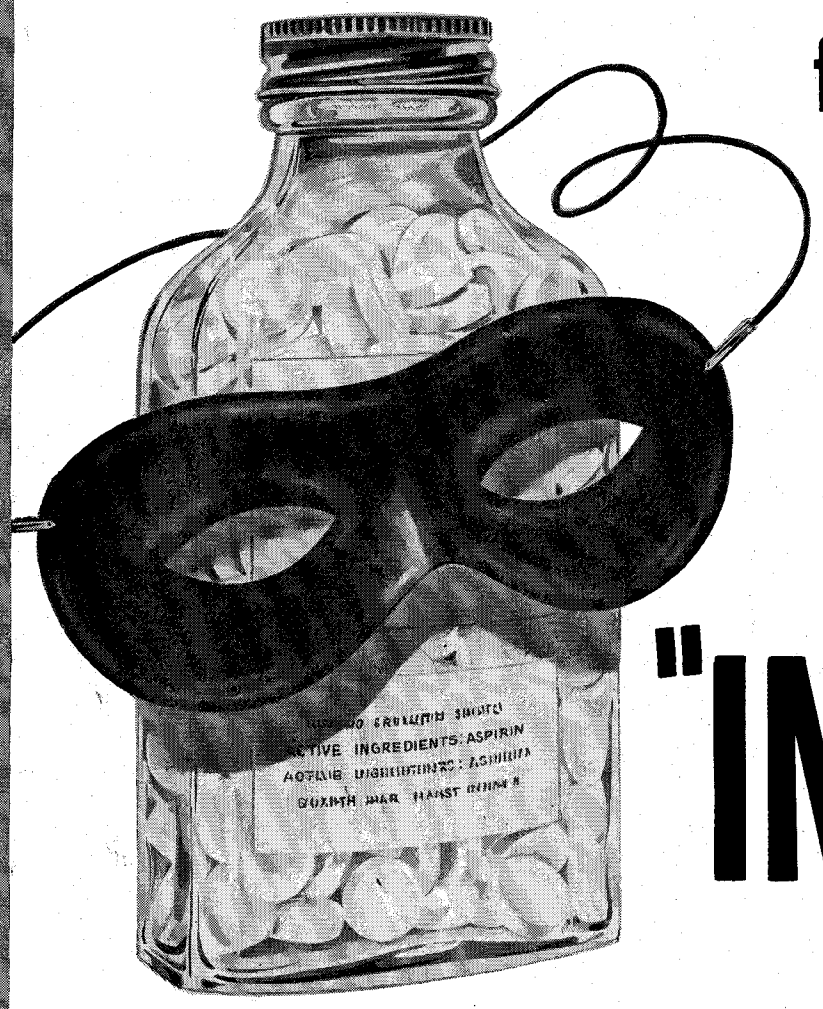
Are you paying twice the price of Bayer Aspirin...



for pain relievers that are nothing more than

ASPIRIN "IN DISGUISE"?

Such pain relievers—which attempt to belittle straight aspirin—give you an assortment of added ingredients for your extra money ...ingredients which do not relieve pain, like aluminum compounds, magnesium carbonate and baking soda!

Before you pay twice the price for a pain reliever, it will pay you to look at the label.

By looking at the label on any pain-relieving product you purchase, you can see precisely what you're paying for.

And it's our guess that doing this will give you quite a surprise.

For you'll find that the *only* product which is *all* pain reliever—100%—is aspirin.

Others, that attempt to belittle straight aspirin, are simply aspirin "in disguise."

They combine aspirin with ingredients utterly incapable of relieving pain—ingredients like aluminum compounds (aluminum glycinate), magnesium carbonate or that old cooking standby, baking soda (sodium bicarbonate).

Yet these products—*not* 100% pain relievers—cost you *twice the price* of Bayer Aspirin!

Yes, *twice* the price! And this in spite of the fact that medical science has never discovered a safer and more effective pain-relieving agent than straight aspirin.

So buy wisely. Buy a product that's all pain reliever—*Bayer* Aspirin. It's the *best* aspirin the world has ever known—and one thing most people can take any time... WITHOUT STOMACH UPSET!

To Feel Better Fast...

BUY THE BEST—BUY BAYER® ASPIRIN

It's All Pain Reliever!

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They think you're lovely
at the door . . .
But what will they think
when they see the floor?

FOR FLOORS THAT REFLECT A SMART, WELL-GROOMED YOU

REGINA TWIN-BRUSH

POLISHER and SCRUBBER

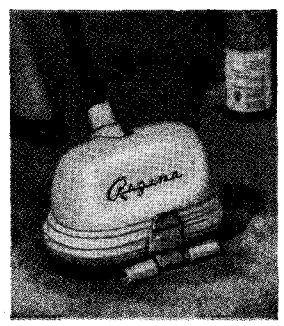
This is the polisher that gives your floors a lustrous, professionally-cared-for look . . . *without hard work!* At the touch of your fingertips, the Regina scrubs, waxes, polishes—protects and beautifies *all* your floors. And, with Regina, frequent re-waxing is a thing of the past! In-between-buffings *maintain* the brilliant, satin-smooth finish . . . even when you use self-polishing waxes! Ask for a Regina demonstration at your favorite store—and enjoy floors that *keep* their new, jewel-bright look *through the years.*

Does your scrubbing, waxing, polishing, buffing . . . all around the house!

Super-smooth polishing! Twin Tampico polishing brushes give you smooth, ring-free finish. Full 12" brush-width does large areas *faster.* Won't mar baseboards.

Super-clean scrubbing! Regina's twin scrubbing brushes work suds in opposite directions—scrub linoleum, asphalt tile and other hard floors gently, quickly, efficiently.

Super-bright buffing! Regina's twin buffing pads revolve 600 times a minute—bring out the lustre of floors, furniture tops, kitchen counters as no other buffing can!



Many-purpose optional equipment! Attachment for easy rug-cleaning at home. Gives professional results! Also optional 25-piece reconditioning kit for sanding, refinishing.

- ★ *America's most widely-used polisher!*
- ★ *Many still giving trouble-free service after 25 years in use!*
- ★ *Worm-gear drive—full 1/4 h.p. motor!*
- ★ *Get the best—you pay no more!*

$64.50 plus excise tax

Ask your dealer for a demonstration

Send today for FREE informative folder!

The Regina Corporation, Rahway 30, N. J.

Please send free "Bulletin 44—Care of Floors," and name of nearest dealer.

NAME_____

ADDRESS_____

CITY_____ ZONE_____ STATE_____

In Canada: Switson Industries, Ltd., Welland, Ontario

By makers of Regina Electrikbroom—lightweight vacuum for daily use.

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BETTER TV PICTURES

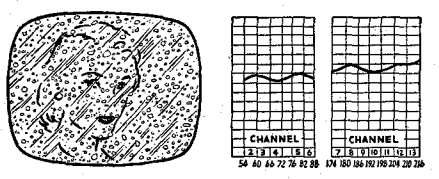
Two completely new antennas developed by Channel Master

FACTS YOU SHOULD KNOW ABOUT TV ANTENNAS AND PICTURE QUALITY

by Harold Harris, V. P., *Engineering and Research, Channel Master Corporation*

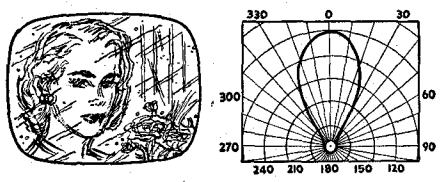
Engineers have known for years that the most elaborate TV set with a poor antenna will not perform as well as an inexpensive set with a good antenna. Here are ways a modern, scientifically designed antenna improves picture performance:

"SNOW" and antenna power



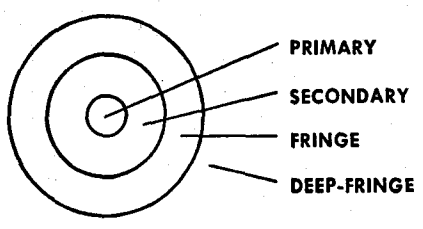
"Snow" is caused by the electronic "noise" in every TV set, and appears only when the signal is received weakly. The more powerful the antenna, the more effectively it will reduce snow, simply because it strengthens the signal. For best reception, it is important that the antenna be powerful on *every* channel, not just on one or two.

"GHOSTS" and antenna directivity

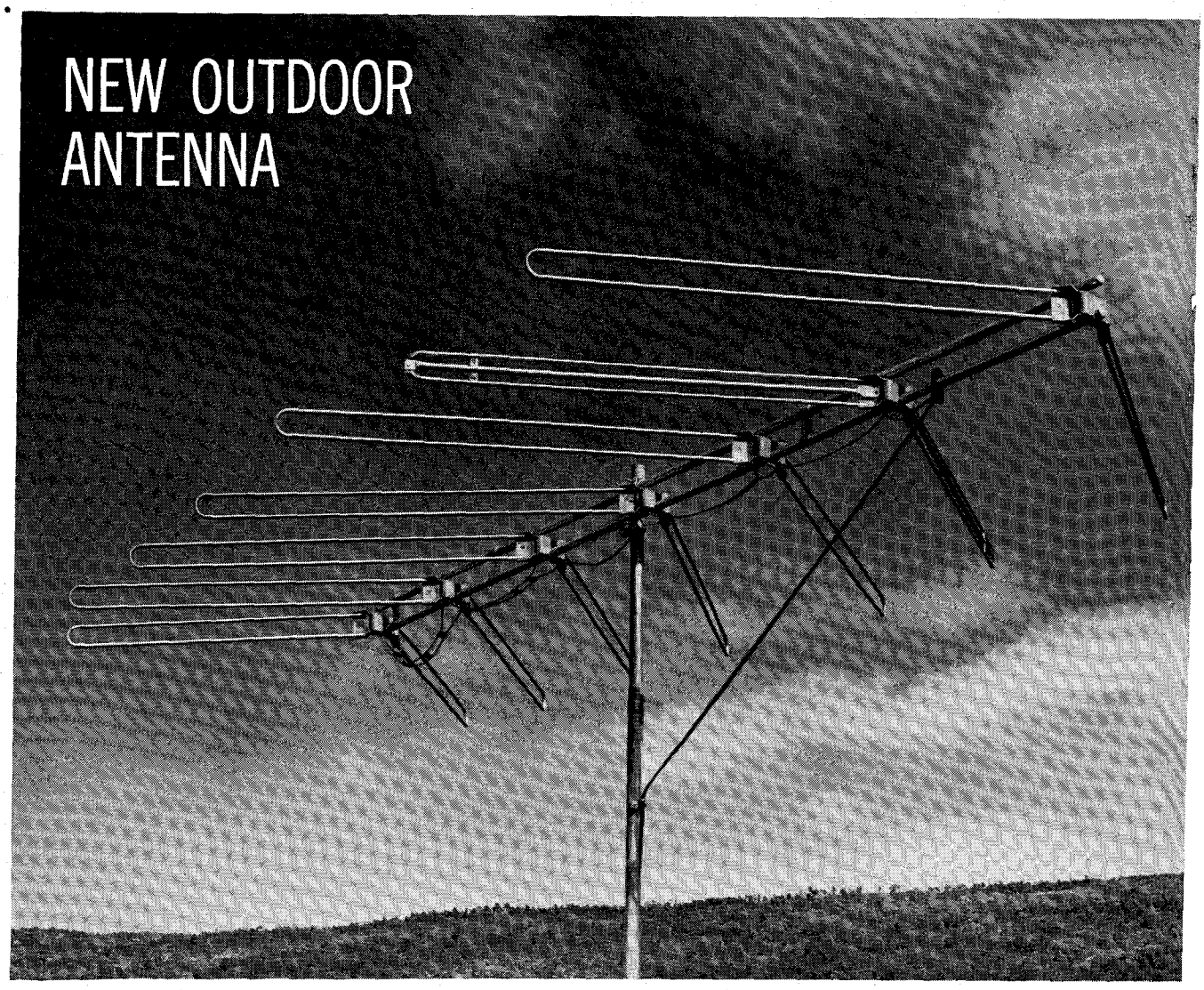


Your antenna picks up one signal directly from the transmitter. A split second later, it may pick up the same signal reflected off buildings or hills. This puts two or more signals on your screen, causing "ghosts." To reduce these reflections, you need an antenna that is highly "directive"—picking up one direct signal very strongly, and rejecting unwanted signals from side or back.

What's your reception area?



The proper antenna for you depends on where you are with respect to the TV transmitter. Your service man will tell you how powerful an antenna you need for best pictures in your area. If you'd like to find out more about antenna design and how it relates to the quality of your pictures, write for free, informative booklet, "Better Pictures on Your TV Set." Address: Channel Master Corp., Ellenville, New York.



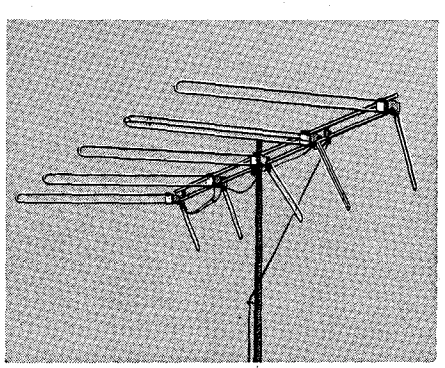
Powerful CHANNEL MASTER T-W *with exclusive "Traveling Wave" design improves reception on all channels in all area*

If you're not getting clear, sharp pictures on *every* channel (2 to 13), there's a completely new kind of antenna scientifically designed to solve your problems. The Channel Master T-W is the first antenna to make practical use of the "Traveling Wave" principle, which electronically reinforces the signal on *all* channels—not just on one or two. No other antenna works so powerfully to eliminate "snow" on the entire TV band. It reaches out to bring in stations beyond the range of present antennas.

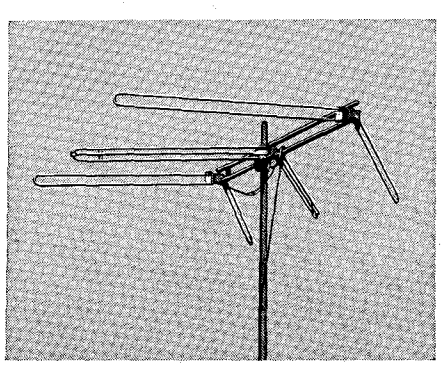
This new design also *rejects unwanted signals*, like reflections or interference from other TV stations. It cuts down on "ghosts" and "venetian blinds"... pulls in at full power the channel you're tuned to. Perfect for color reception, too.

The Channel Master T-W offers exceptional resistance to wind and ice loading. It's all aluminum . . . can never rust. Double-strength "truss" construction throughout makes it the strongest, sturdiest antenna ever designed . . . means long years of trouble-free reception.

The 7-element T-W provides maximum power for deepest fringe areas. Other models are engineered for near-fringe and suburban areas.



5-ELEMENT T-W is ideal when maximum power is not required. Element for element, any T-W antenna outpulls other antenna designs.



3-ELEMENT T-W, for use in suburban areas, offers the same high directivity and the same durable construction as other T-W models.

ASK YOUR TV SERVICE MAN about the Channel Master T-W. He'll tell you model is best for *your* reception needs.

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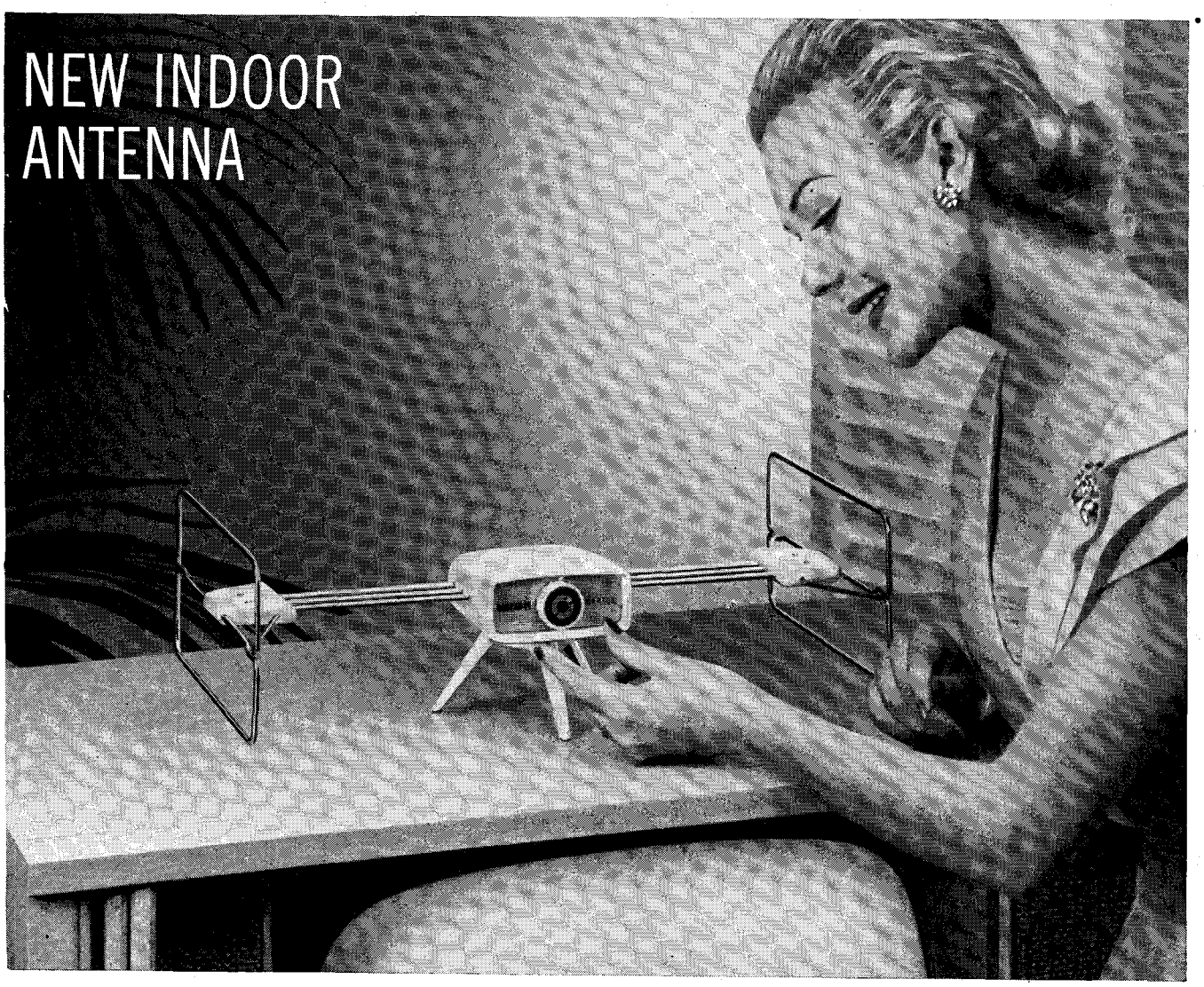
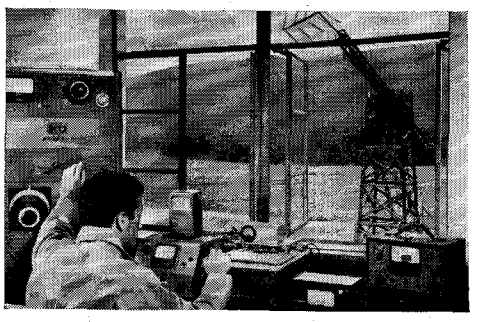
FOR ALMOST EVERYONE

electronic research for color or black & white reception

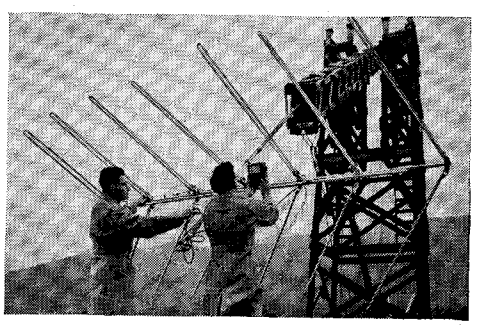


2 YEARS IN DEVELOPMENT AT WORLD'S LARGEST ANTENNA RESEARCH LABORATORY

Both the Channel Master T-W and the Channel Master *Showman* are the result of two years of intensive electronic research in the Channel Master Antenna Development Laboratory—the world's largest experimental and testing laboratory of its kind. In this unusual research center, a large staff of electronic engineers has pioneered advanced methods of antenna development.



From this laboratory have come a brilliant series of "firsts" in antenna design—like the first broad-band Yagi and the first triple-power dipole—which have extended the boundaries of TV reception. Now the scientists of Channel Master announce two revolutionary technical break-throughs—the highly efficient "Traveling Wave" principle as applied to antenna design, and "Metro-Dyne" tuning, a new impedance-matching system which permits the design of more compact indoor antennas.



These scientific advances in power, directivity and impedance matching mean just one thing to you—*better TV pictures*, whether you live in a far-away fringe area or can use an indoor antenna. Whatever antenna you are now using, chances are that these modern developments can bring you a new world of TV viewing pleasure.

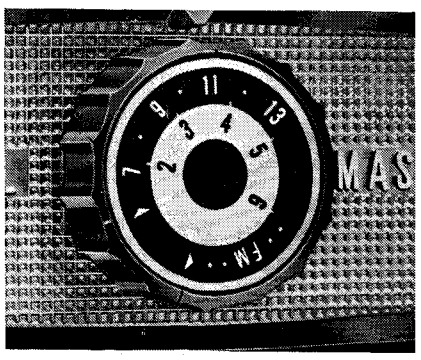
Beautiful **CHANNEL MASTER** *Showman with exclusive "Metro-Dyne" tuning eliminates unsightly, awkward "rabbit ears"*

Now, an indoor antenna that *belongs* in your home —gracefully styled, in colors to blend with décor of any room. The new Channel Master *Showman* puts an end to ugly and dangerous rods that catch in drapes or stick out into the room. There's no frantic jiggling and guesswork when you switch channels! The new "Metro-Dyne" tuning control works like the channel selector on your TV set—instantly switches the antenna for maximum signal power on any channel . . . brings in clearer, brighter pictures than any old-fashioned indoor antenna.

Don't confuse the "Metro-Dyne" control with the switches found on some "rabbit ears," which merely connect up different parts of the antenna. The "Metro-Dyne" control electronically tunes, or "resonates," the antenna to the selected channel. It sharply reduces the "ghosts" and interference from electrical equipment that spoil your picture.

More powerful than any other indoor antenna, the new Channel Master *Showman* is guaranteed to bring you matchless indoor reception in color and black and white. Choose from three decorator colors—ebony, mahogany, blond. At better stores everywhere.

$17.95
SLIGHTLY HIGHER IN CANADA



IES LIKE YOUR TV SET—simply turn the "etro-Dyne" control to the channel number . switch the picture in, interference out.

For the best picture on any TV set . . .

CHANNEL MASTER

WORLD'S LARGEST MAKER OF TV ANTENNAS

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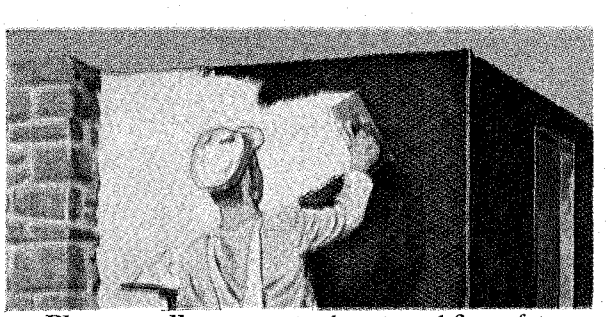
While Dad empties a Wheeling Basket into an Ash or Garbage Can, Billy hauls a load in the Wheeling Pail. Mom likes the tip-less design of the Oval Pail and the Wheeling Refuse Burner is in reserve. And those Wheeling Gutters and Downspouts will give years of trouble-free service.

How many thrifty Wheeling "helpers" can you use?

Lucky family, to have so many able helpers . . . the Wheeling galvanized ones, that is. They're just about the handiest things around any house. Thrifty, too. Because Wheeling makes galvanized products to *last*. But then you'd *expect* the best in galvanized ware from Wheeling. After all, they're one of the pioneers in making good-looking, long-lasting galvanized products. How many "helpers" can *you* use? See your Wheeling dealer. Wheeling Corrugating Company, Wheeling, West Virginia.

MADE TO LAST BY WHEELING

Wheeling



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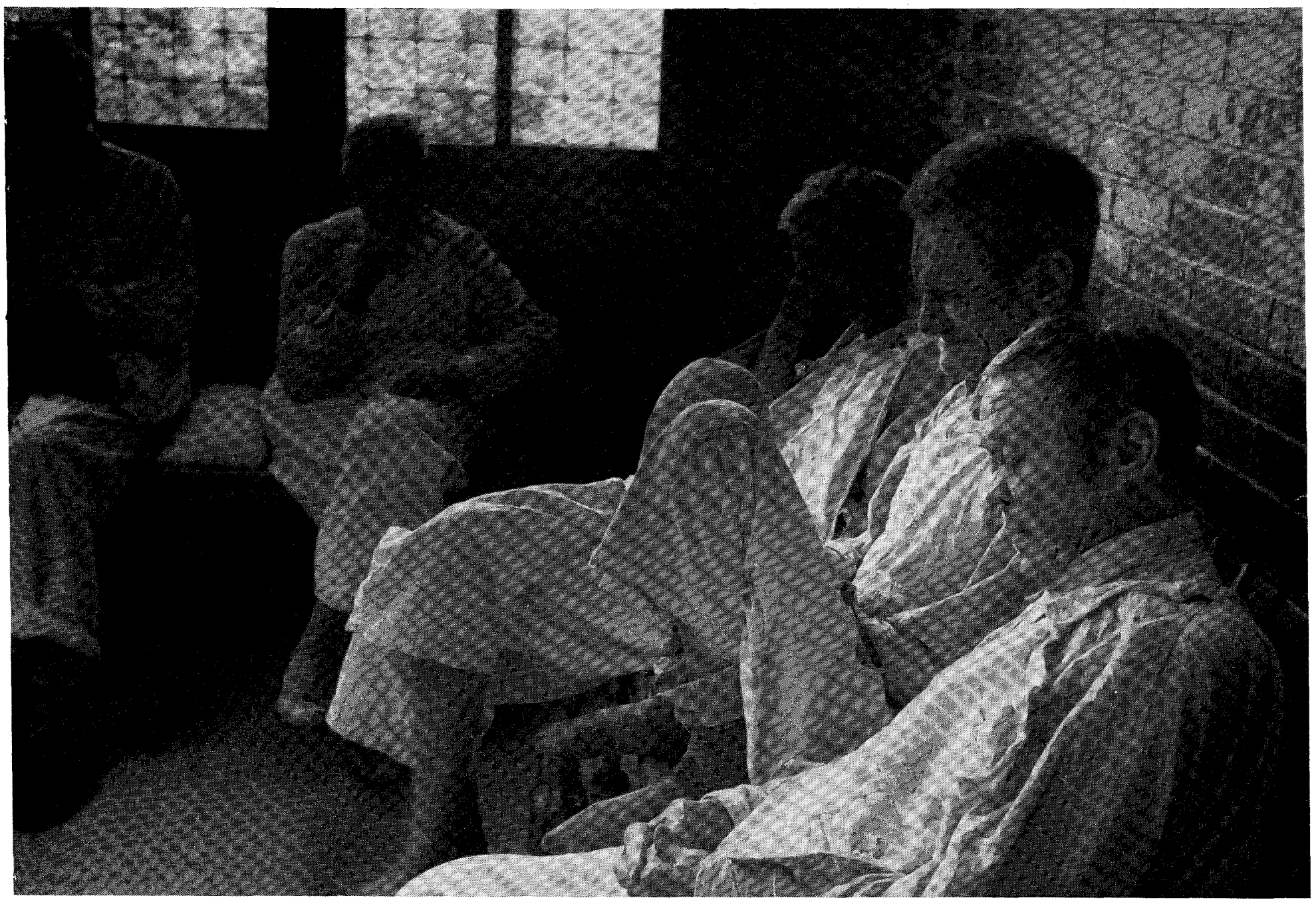
The Saturday Evening POST
FOUNDED IN 1728 BY Benj. Franklin

It is tragic but true that every third American family will send one of its members to a mental hospital. What are these institutions like? Here a great American reporter gives an absorbing clinical report from

Inside the Asylum

By John Bartlow Martin



Among the 2700 mental patients at Columbus (Ohio) State Hospital are many like these men who simply sit and wait all day.

PART ONE

The way you go out to Columbus State Hospital in Columbus, Ohio, is on the West Broad Street trolley bus, westward from the statehouse and downhill across the Scioto River. Broad Street was once the National Road, the main wagon road leading west, and the Central Ohio Lunatic Asylum, as the present hospital was called, was the first state hospital built for the care of the insane "west of the mountains."

The bus passes a cornfield where men in blue denim are working; they are patients, tilling the hospital's farm, and shoppers on the bus turn to peer at them. The bus climbs a hill, and above the treetops you can see the red and gray turrets, the slate-gray roof and white gingerbread trim of Columbus State Hospital. The bus halts at the drive—the driver does not call out this stop—and an old woman and a middle-aged one step down amid dead silence. Then the bus door clatters shut, its motor whirs loudly and it hastens away. The women begin the long walk up to the hospital doors.

The drive curves up the breast of the hill, lined by old trees, marked with a sign, 20 MILES PER HOUR. The grounds embrace 333 acres. The lawn is well kept, and with the trees it looks like a park, cool, quiet, shady. Two old men, patients, are sitting together on a bench, staring out at the traffic on Broad Street. On a boulder sits a fat old man; he sits there every day, barefoot, examining his dirty socks and wetting one finger and washing his feet. A legless, emaciated man rides rapidly by in a wheel chair. A woman visiting her husband is eating lunch with him out of a paper bag. In a circle of benches under a tree, where the grass is all worn away, sit about thirty old men, talking, shoulders hunched.

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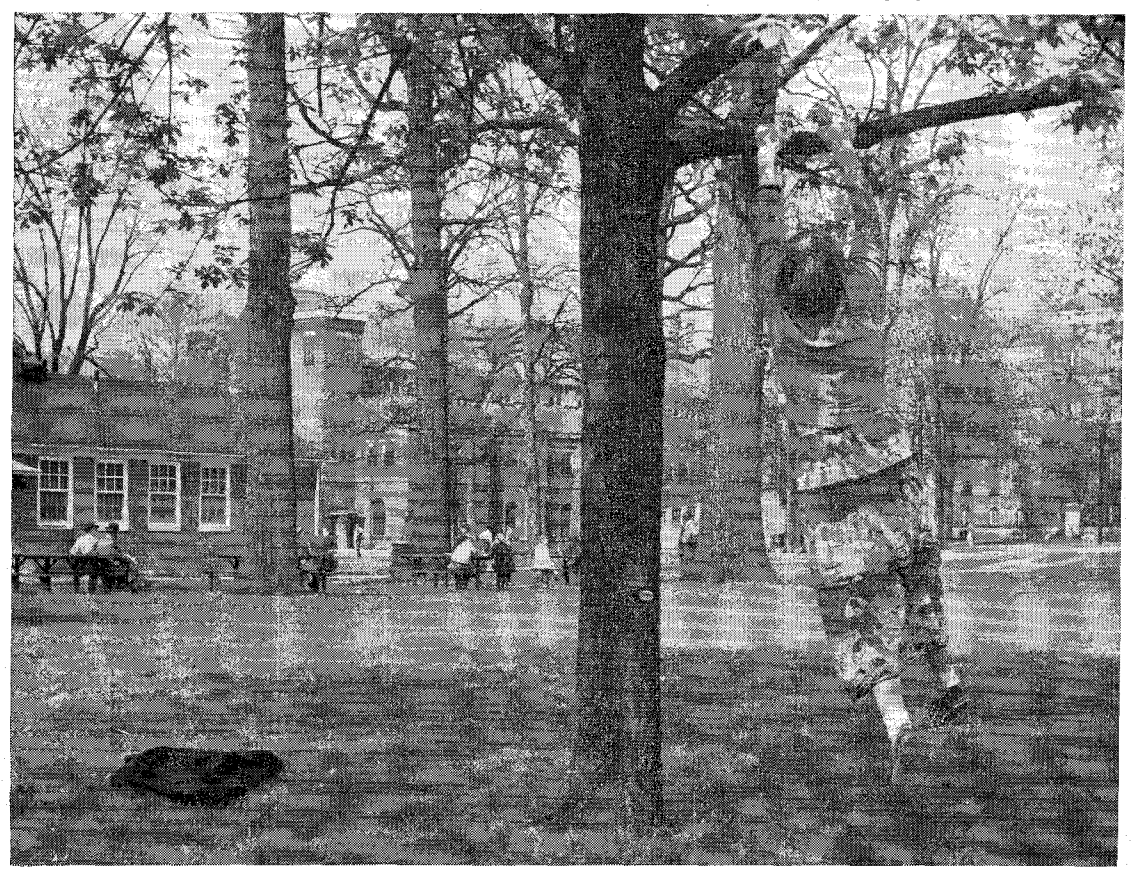
Columbus State sprawls over three hundred and thirty-three acres, but is overcrowded: More people enter Ohio mental hospitals every year than enter Ohio colleges. In 1955, patients smashed 1677 panes of glass in these buildings.

These are the privileged patients at Columbus—the ones well enough to be allowed out-of-doors unattended. Most of them are content to sit and talk. But this woman likes to exercise by swinging from a tree limb.



All these patients on the lawn, and perhaps a hundred others scattered about the grounds, are privileged patients, deemed well enough to let out unattended. The rest are kept locked up inside. As you draw close to the hospital wall you hear a low murmur of sound—talk, song, howls, laughter. Against the wall, shrubbery is festooned with pants and socks and toilet paper thrown from a disturbed ward. The brick walls rise four stories. From a high barred window a thin arm stretches forth, naked to the shoulder. Higher up another patient is perched on a window ledge, squatting on his haunches, pressed against the wire mesh.

The main building is an enormous pile of bricks, built with two long wings extending back from the central structure. Its outside wall is more than a mile long. Worn stone steps ascend to the columned porch. The double doors are old and dark with much varnish, and through them, over the years, have passed more than 42,500 mentally afflicted persons.

Columbus State Hospital is one of eleven prolonged-care mental hospitals in Ohio. The state has, in addition, special hospitals for the defective, epileptic, tuberculous insane, criminally insane, and patients needing only short-term care. All are under the Department of Mental Hygiene and Correction, the biggest

Photographs by Larry Keighley

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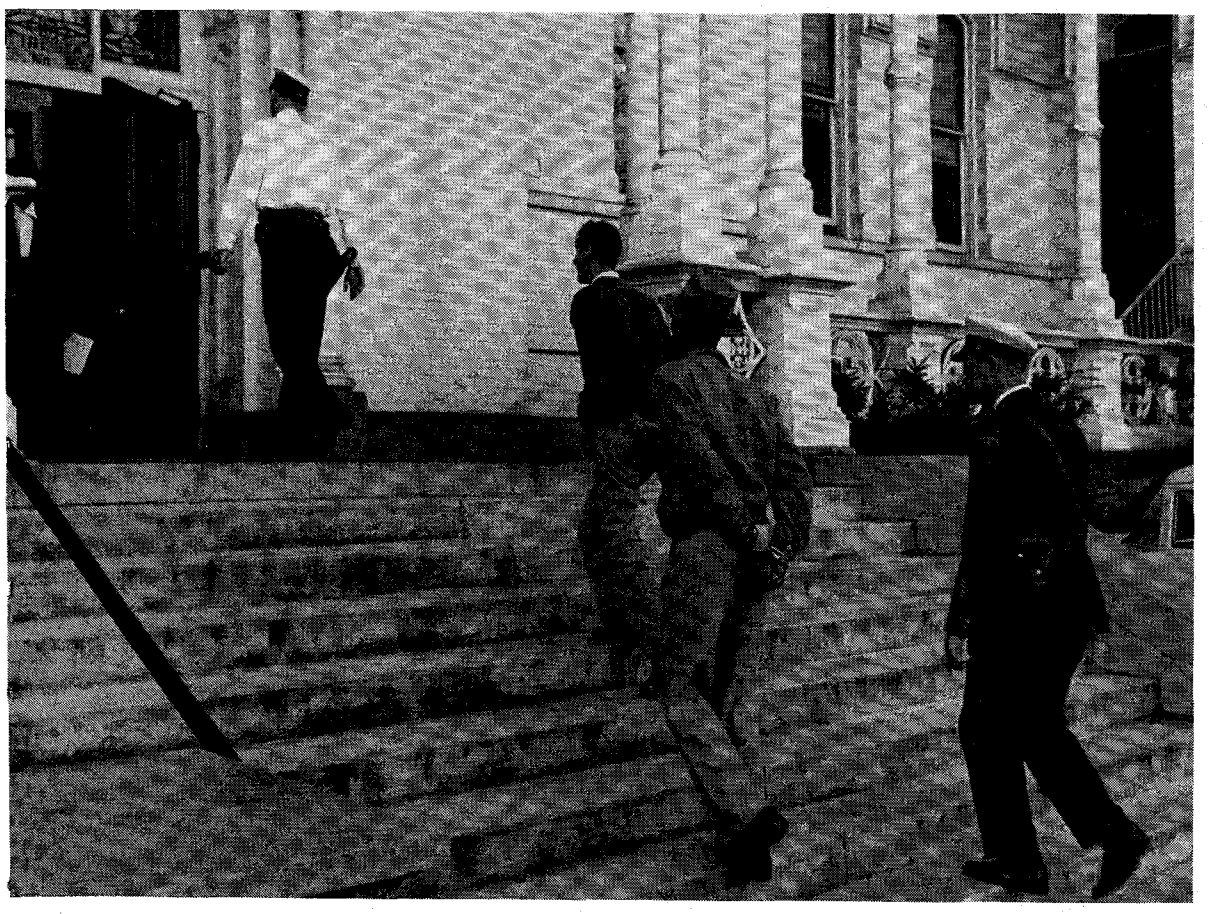
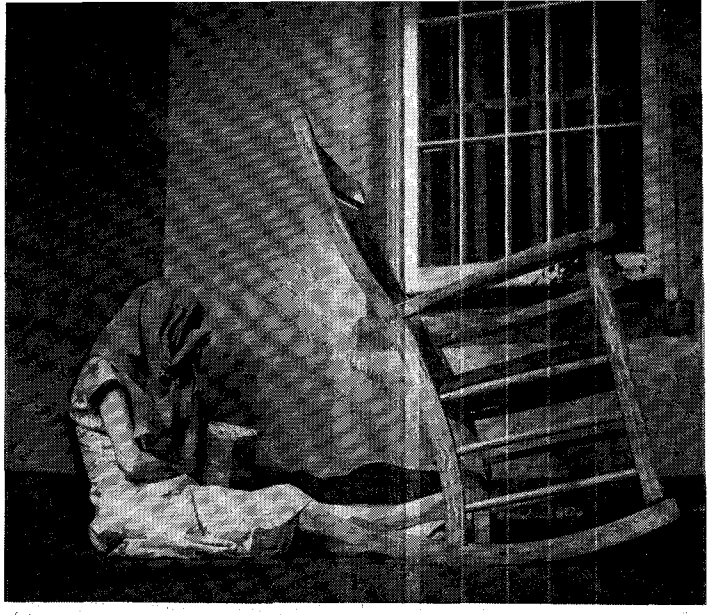
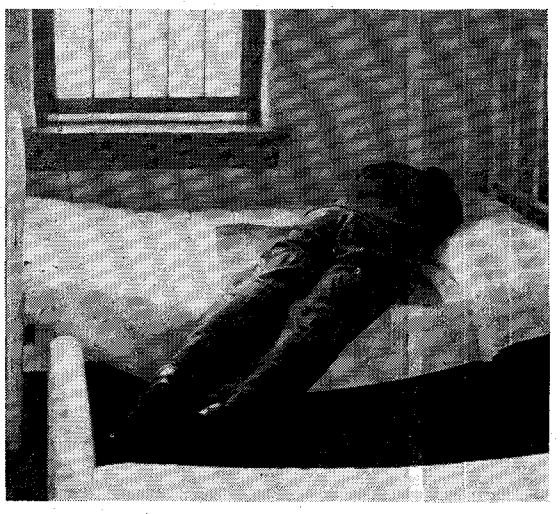


An escapee and a new patient arrive at Columbus. Only four per cent enter voluntarily, but most new arrivals are docile. A patient's best chance to recover comes when he reaches the hospital—so he receives a lot of attention then.



This patient has been here nine years. She never talks and, like many others, prefers the floor to a chair.

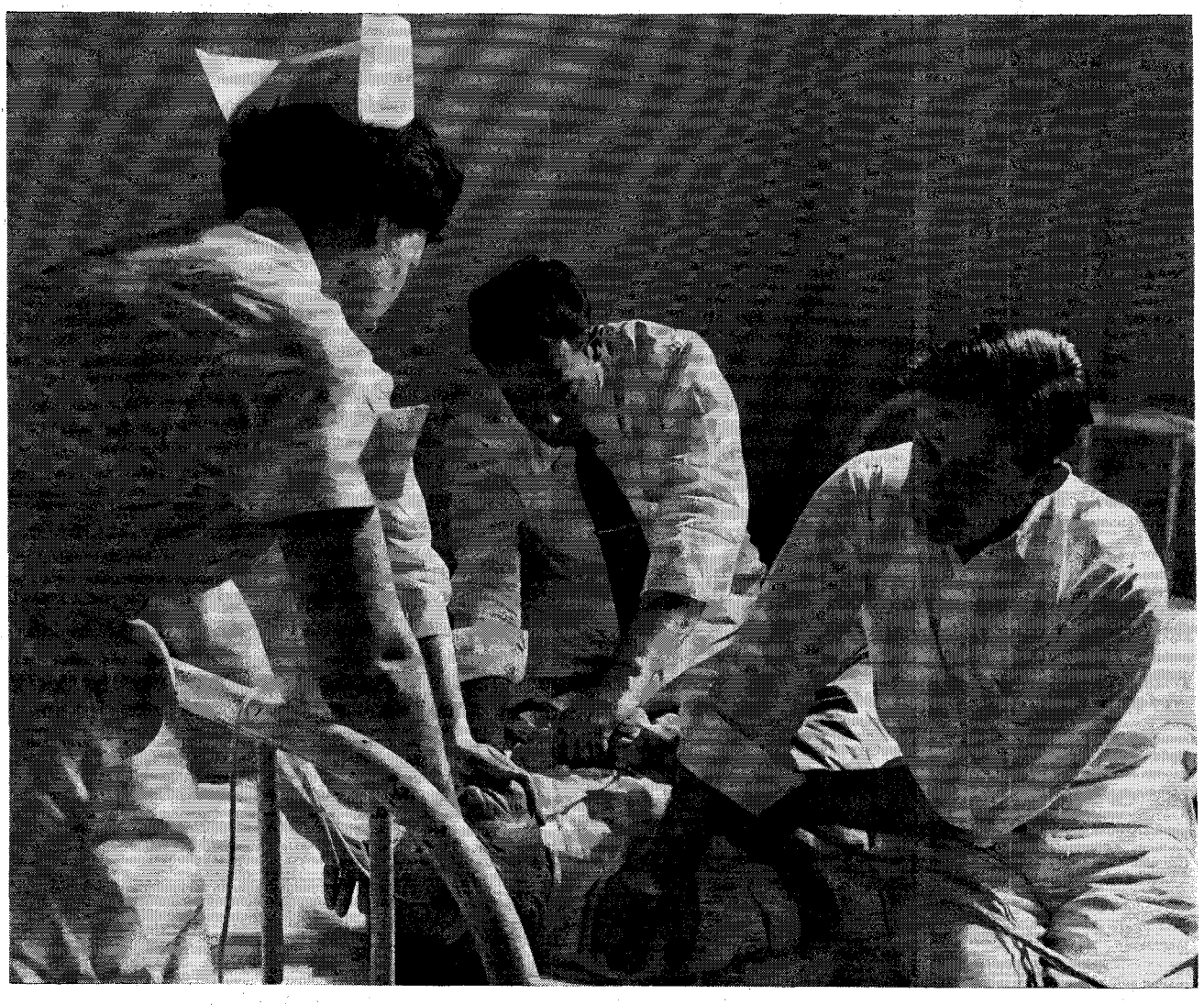


A case of acute depression. This man may lie motionless across his bed for hours in unrelieved melancholy.

state operating department. In its mental institutions are some 35,000 patients. More people enter Ohio state hospitals every year than enter Ohio colleges.

Ohio is not peculiar. There are in the United States today some 750,000 persons in mental hospitals. One of every twelve children born today will spend some part of his life in a mental hospital. Mental illness is unquestionably America's No. 1 health problem. In state after state, citizens have voted to tax themselves to give better care to the mentally ill. For the average citizen is learning how costly and scarce private psychiatric care is, and he realizes the truth: If you get mentally sick, the state hospital is your hospital, the one you'll go to.

(Continued on Page 64)



Nurses and attendants restrain a patient receiving electroshock. This treatment, plus the tranquilizing drugs, makes for easier handling of inmates, but some doctors deny its value as therapy.

"A GREAT ACHIEVEMENT"

Thousands who read John Bartlow Martin's series will understand for the first time how enormously complicated and difficult is our fight against mental illnesses. For 150 years the faithful few—typified by those in the hospital Mr. Martin describes—have labored piecemeal at the task with little public support or understanding. Now there is real hope on the horizon. Some of the mystery of schizophrenia is giving way to the light of research findings. The active effect of the new drugs, though not yet evaluated, is nevertheless a fact. The emergence of community services and of preventive factors heretofore disregarded adds zest to our hope. Mr. Martin's series is a classical portrayal of the status of American mental hospitals today. It is a great service and a great achievement.

DANIEL BLAIN, M.D.
Medical Director
American Psychiatric Association

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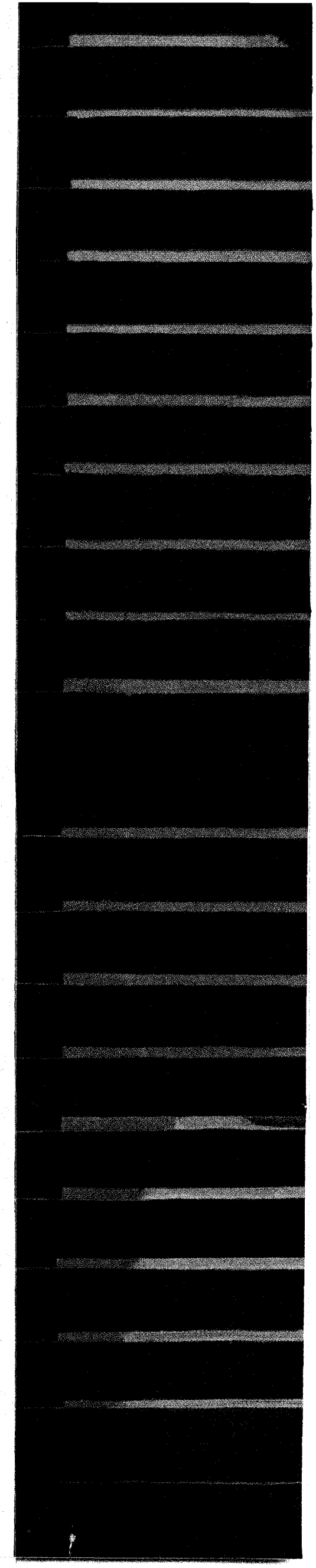
Moment of Emotion

How could he have known
she would take a kiss
so seriously?

By Norma Mansfield



Matt wanted tonight for his own. He'd been selling cars for Murdock Sales and Service for the past six months. As their prize display, a football great three years ago, recently returned from draft duty, available at any hour to autograph a sales slip, he had been faithful. That was all right. He was willing to pay for having had his chance at glory, and wampum was pouring into his pockets like smelts flowing into a gunny sack, but tonight he felt this need to get away.

He could have left the sales floor, put on his raincoat and walked out, but he looked around for Vic Chalmers, the sales vice-president. In decency. Vic had given him this job, and before that he had got him his grant-in-aid at the university, which was the same as saying his faith had bought a college education. It took more than six months of being a company glamour boy to pay off a debt that size, so Matt wasn't complaining, but he wasn't staying, either; not tonight. He had this edgy need to break loose for a while.

"I'm going out to Gottle Liefeldt's to work on built-ins for my houseboat," he said to Vic, when he'd cornered the busy little man. "I've owned that hulk for the past three months and I haven't got much done."

Vic straightened Matt's tie. "You and your two-bit tastes." Vic disapproved the houseboat. He always had. He had plans for Matt, big ones, but tonight he let him go.

"For a reason," he said. He was always honest. "Liefeldt will make those display signs for us for the company banquet in February. Says he's got a girl out there who'll design them. I talked with him today, using your name, figuring to get a discount. It's a good arrangement, saves us a little money, gets him a little publicity, but he doesn't see it that way. As it stands now, he's doing it as a personal favor to you, which is all right with me. You don't mind?"

Matt eased his neck inside his collar. If Vic had made Gottle sore he did mind, but he didn't see how saying so could alter the situation.

"I'll talk to him," he said. He nodded good night and walked off the sales floor.

It was early December. A forty-mile gale was whooping in from the southwest, lashing Seattle with rain, and Matt liked it. He'd grown up on the edge of the desert in Southeastern California, where his folks still lived on their meager acreage, wilting for want of water. They said they were happy. They had each other.

He stopped for a quick meal before he unparked his car and eased it into the heavy homeward traffic. Rain was bouncing off the surface of Lake Union like golf balls from dry turf when he got there, and he still liked it. He liked the spangle of electric lights on the hills and the sparkling arch of Aurora bridge at the far end of the lake. He liked the looming freighters and the huddling marinas, and the endless rows of houseboats tethered like restless terrapins to either shore.

Much of the water-front area was backwash, left to its stubborn adherents when the city had swarmed (Continued on Page 112)

Illustrated by George Hughes

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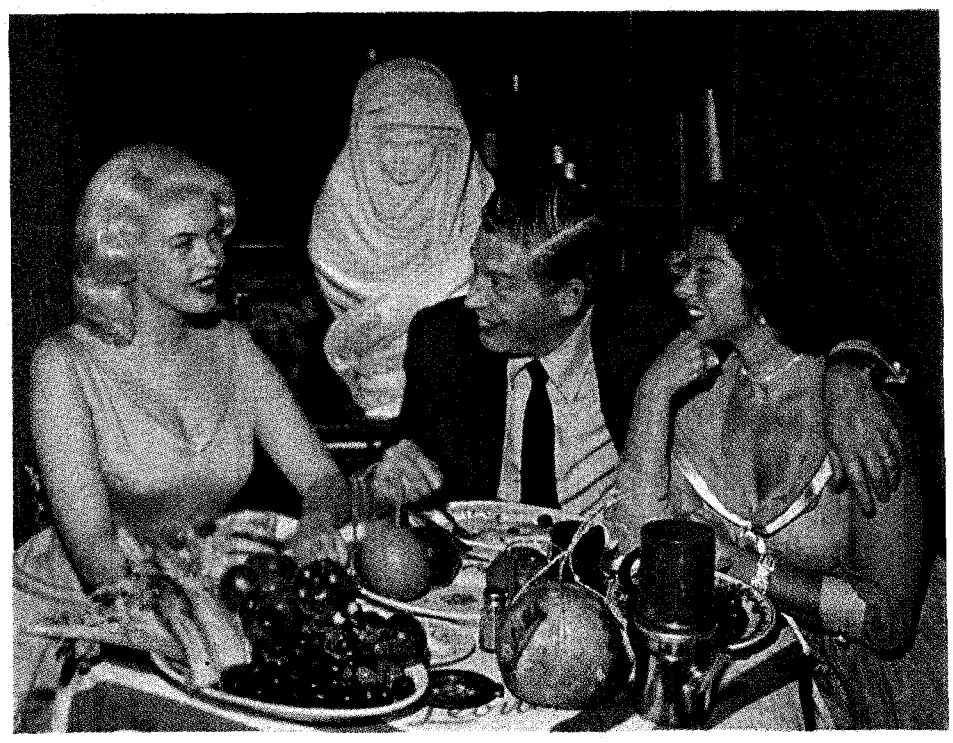
Mightiest Menu in Manhattan

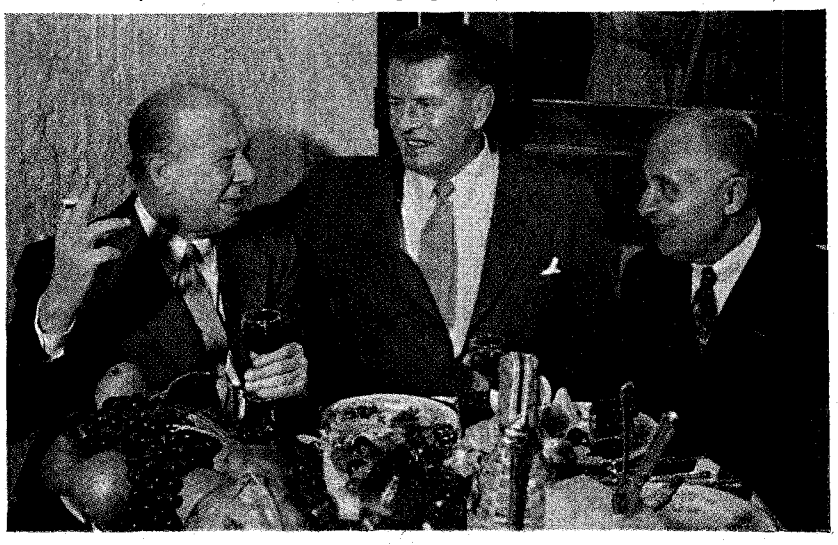
This elegant spaghetti house, which specializes in five-hour dinners, serves a ton of shrimp every Saturday night. It dishes up such gargantuan meals that many patrons must pass up the main course.

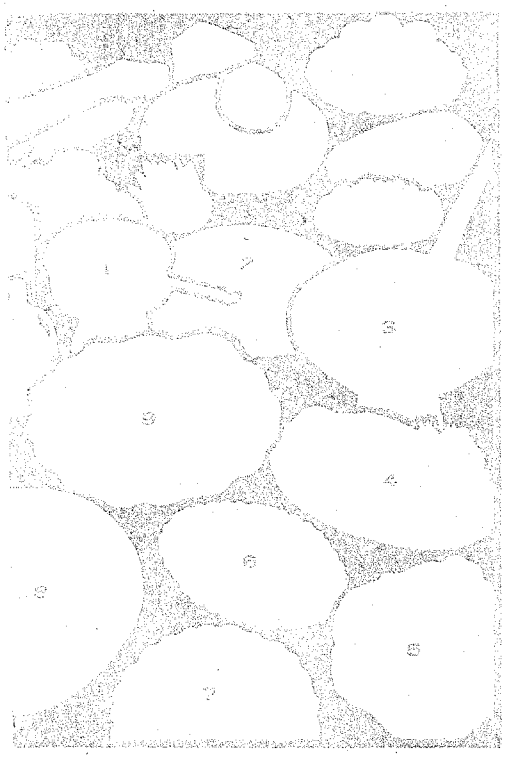
Broadway's well-nourished Jayne Mansfield, and Mr. and Mrs. Milton Berle.



Brooklyn Dodger stars Carl Erskine, Duke Snider and Peewee Reese, with their wives, enjoy a gastronomic workout at Leone's, a favorite haunt of sports headliners.

Proprietor Gene Leone (right), and customers: comedian Bert Lahr (left) and Gene Tunney. About four thousand people are served at Leone's every night.





eal at left is a normal dinner at Leone's. It includes sev- atters of fruits, breads and cheeses. These are served to customer's appetite for courses to come: **1.** Home- nanicotti (a fine dough stuffed with blended cheeses, and served with tomato sauce); **2.** Melon with prosci- . Saltin'bocca (see text); **4.** Stuffed clams; **5.** Bugia (an confection); **6.** Zuppa inglesa (cake); **7.** Jumbo shrimp; ffed squab on Belgian endive salad; **9.** Maine lobster.

By Will Grimsley

Leone's Restaurant is perhaps the only place in the world where you can listen, free, to an aria sung by Metropolitan Opera stars while you eat a steak, not free, cooked to the specifications of the President of the United States. In the foyer you may bump into a voluptuous Broadway actress or a dilapidated race horse. You may find a donkey in the corner munching cigarettes and sipping champagne. There, in mid-Manhattan, you can kiss the Blarney Stone—a piece of it, at least—and rub against a column, more than 2000 years old, from the ruins of ancient Rome.

On the outside, Leone's, at 239 West 48th Street in the heart of New York's theater district, looks like just another lasagne and ravioli establishment.

No bright lights or fancy signs arrest attention. The stucco walls are painted an eye-offending Italian pink. Two stone lions, ever remindful that centuries ago the Leones tended the beasts for the ruling duke of Milan, guard the heavy, grillwork door which opens to a semisubterranean entrance reminiscent of old-time Florentine inns.

Inside, the Old World bursts into life again. A maze of paintings, Brussels tapestries, statues and other objets d'art, valued at more than $250,000, greets the guest. But simplicity blends with the ornate. Water trickles down rocks and trees brought from the 2000-acre Leone farm in Central Valley, New York, forty-five miles from the city. Orange and green cloths—orange for the Orange County farm, and green for the eyes of Gene Leone's Irish wife—cover simple wooden tables. Rich foods and wines flow as at a Bacchanalian feast. This is the Leone trade-mark.

Gene Leone, the proprietor, is an electrically charged little man of fifty-eight, aviator, friend of presidents and financial giants, sports enthusiast and frustrated race-horse owner. Son of an immigrant Italian wine merchant, he has catapulted his mother's tradition of fine cooking into a million-dollar fortune. Yet he never has outgrown his steaming kitchens.

Like the late Mother Luisa Leone, who started the business in one small room fifty years ago, Gene spends fourteen to sixteen hours daily in the (Continued on Page 108)

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She reached up, took hold of his hair and pulled his face down.

The Girl Next Door

By STEVE McNEIL

Zizi Malone was a hard woman to get along with, but it was worth the effort.

Mr. Harvey McCall came back to the beach after spending four days in the sticky canyons of the town, and the smells of the ocean, compounded of seaweed, fish, clams, crab and oil-soaked driftwood, were sweeter to him than a gallon of cologne in this seductive spring evening.

He intended getting into a paint-stained pair of blue denims, have two Martinis while he charcoal-broiled half a pound of select tenderloin steak, and then sprawl in a beach chair and watch the sun go down.

He was a lanky young man with cropped brown hair. His skin was weathered, and tiny lines in the corners of his eyes had appeared because of much squinting into the sun as a onetime fighter pilot, as a onetime crab-boat skipper, and now as a man who owned enough crab boats and trawlers so that he could squint into the sun on his own time at the beach, where he preferred to be.

He ran his car into the garage and, hungry for a sight of the ocean, went through the west door which opened on the patio. He looked toward the surf and then came to an abrupt halt, hardly believing his eyes.

On the lot in front of him sat half a house. One end of it had the appearance of having been chewed off by beavers. Since the lot was not level, the structure tilted crazily. Painted on the side were the words: Pacific Land Co. Homes, Lots, Acreage.

The last time he had seen this building, it had been a real-estate office over in Oceancrest, four miles away. The other half had been built of concrete blocks and was, presumably, still in Oceancrest. He turned away, went into the house and called Bill Manion.

"Bill?" he said. "Harvey McCall. What in the name of Edgar Allan Poe is your office doing in front of my house?"

"Beats me," Bill said. "What is it doing—the rumba?"

"No, it's not doing the rumba, you knothead. It's just sitting there, looking like a madman's dream, chopped off at one end as if a tree fell through it."

"I told 'em to be careful," Bill said, "but they weren't very neat."

Harvey took a deep breath. "Bill, just tell me how it got here." (Continued on Page 59)

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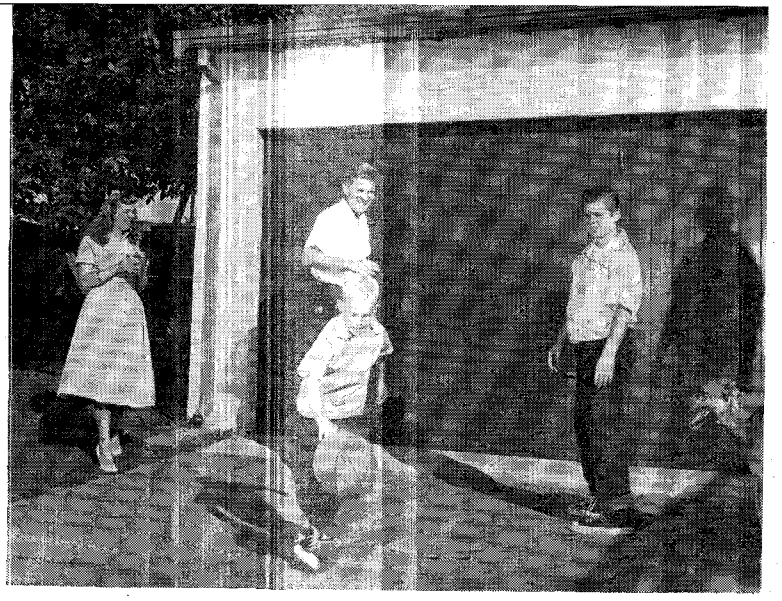
Don't Call Me a Sissy!

By ROBERT M. HALEY,
as told to Andrew Hamilton

A fifth-grade teacher reveals why he entered a field dominated by women, and why he thinks our schools need more men and fewer schoolmarms.



Author Haley and family. The boys—Michael, 8, and Steven, 13—want to follow in their dad's footsteps and become teachers.

You'll find me, upon inspection, to be a male thirty-two years old, six feet one inch tall. I've played college football and flown in B-24's. My preferences run to charcoal-broiled steaks, lemon-meringue pie, Hemingway, the New York Yankees and Gina Lollobrigida.

Yet some people consider me a freak. Upon meeting strangers, I brace myself for the question: "What do you do, Mr. Haley?"

"I'm a teacher."

"That so? What high school?"

"Not high school. Cohasset Street Elementary School, fifth grade."

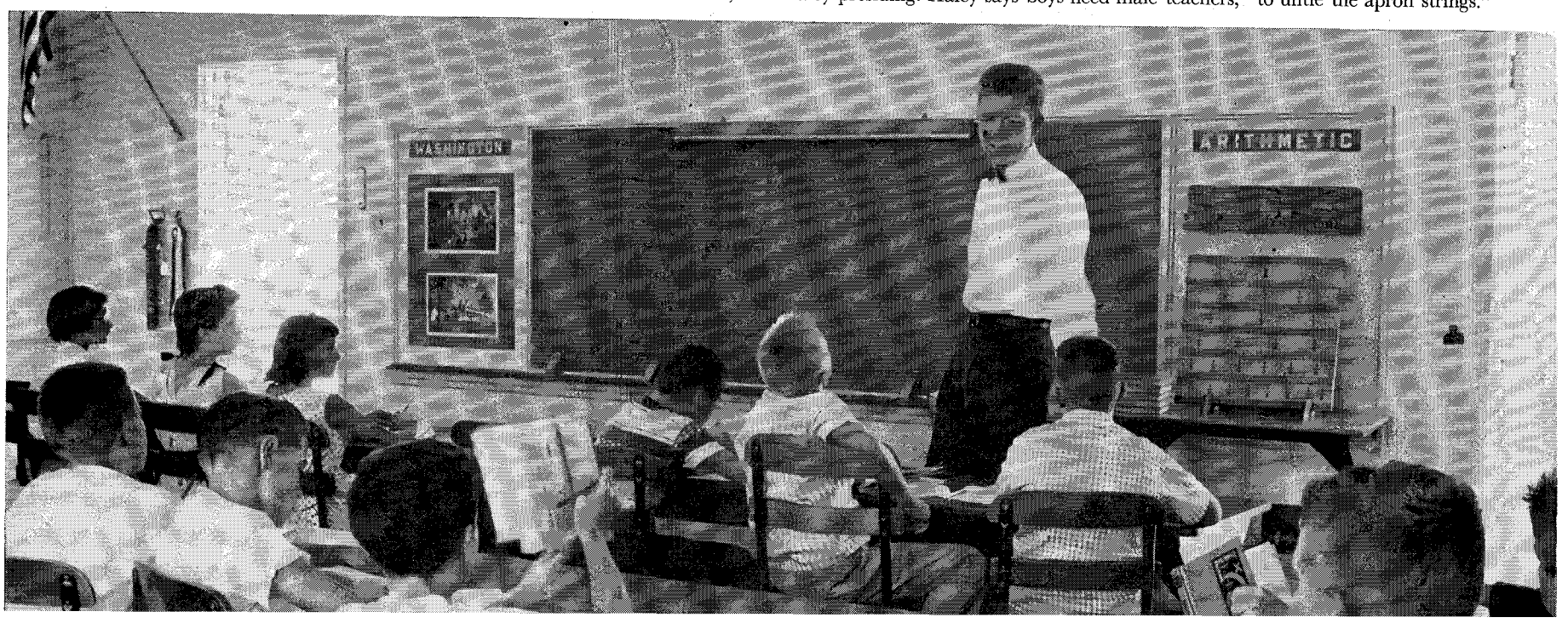
"Oh."

An astonishing number of otherwise well-informed Americans believe that men teachers in elementary schools are as scarce today as lamplighters in New York or carriage makers in Detroit.

Not so. According to figures of the National Education Association, 94,277 men helped teach America's grade-school kids last year, and their numbers are slowly but steadily increasing. Most educators believe a 50-50 ratio between men and women teachers would be ideal, but we are still far from that goal. Last June, however, our colleges of education turned out 38,731 potential elementary teachers, and 5192 of them were men—an encouraging trend. This recent male infiltration into the so-called "petticoat profession" is one of the significant educational developments since World War II.

Concentrations of men teachers in the elementary grades are generally found in cities where adequate salaries are paid under a "single schedule" which guarantees an instructor the same rate whether he teaches in high school, junior high or elementary school. Los Angeles adopted such a system in 1947 and now has 1195 men among a total of 6775 elementary teachers. (Continued on Page 104)

Fifth-grade class at Los Angeles' Cohasset Street School; Mr. Haley presiding. Haley says boys need male teachers, "to untie the apron strings."



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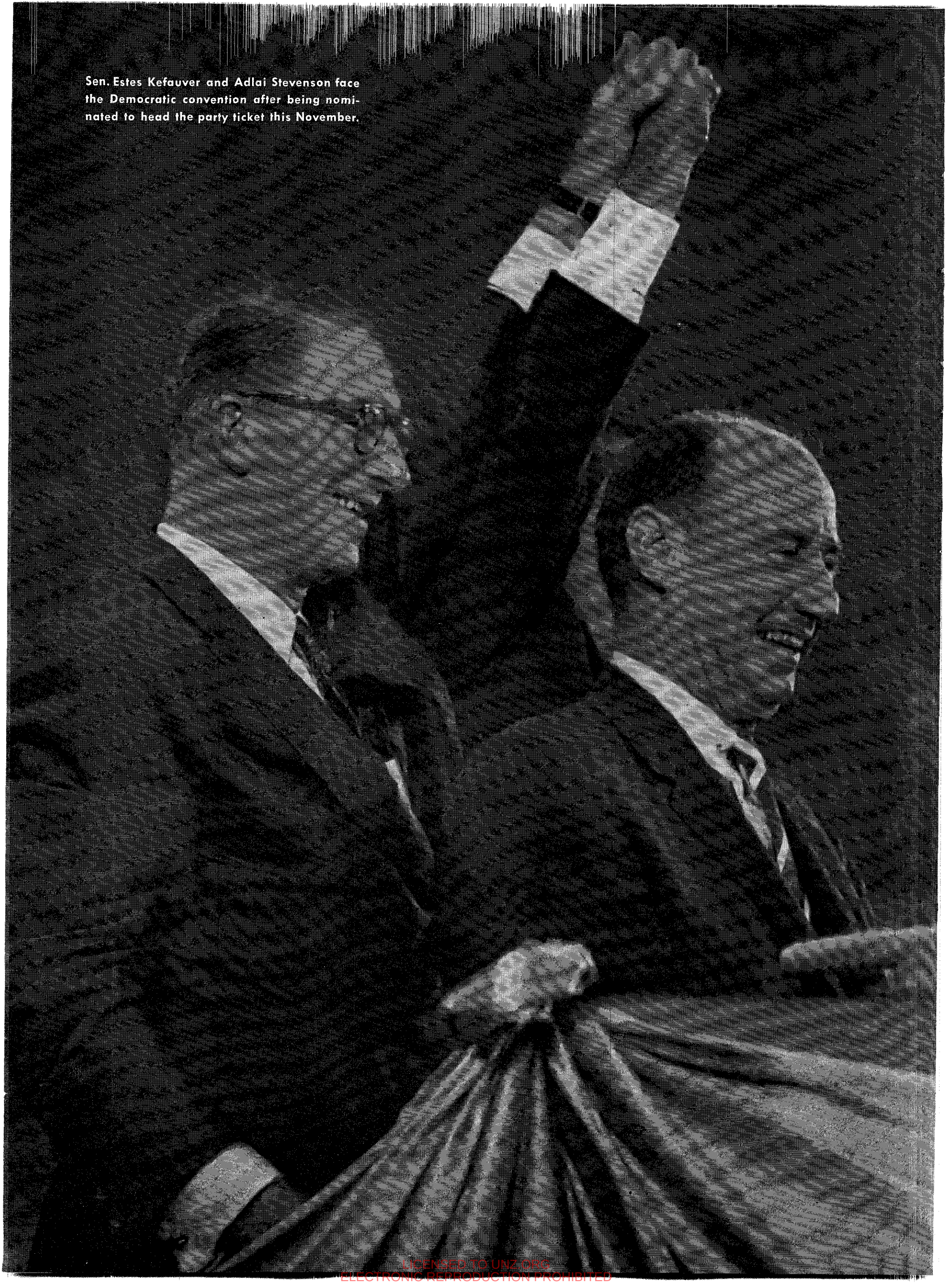

Sen. Estes Kefauver and Adlai Stevenson face the Democratic convention after being nominated to head the party ticket this November.

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The Case for the DEMOCRATS

By SAM RAYBURN,
Speaker of the House of Representatives

A Democratic spokesman presents a challenging endorsement of his party, and rips into the Eisenhower Administration's "so-called philosophy of dynamic conservatism."

The author, "Mr. Democrat," gets bussed by a fellow Texan, Sen. Lyndon Johnson, on Rayburn's 74th birthday last January.

During the last presidential campaign, a friend showed me a letter from a former Southerner now living in Philadelphia. He said he had recently visited his brother on a farm where both had been raised. "It was a place," he wrote, "poor even in dreams." But times had changed. One day while at the farm, a florist's truck from a nearby town stopped and left flowers for the letter writer's teen-aged niece. They had been sent her by a neighboring farm boy.

"You cannot imagine how moved I was," said the visitor to the farm. "I had always dreamed that America might come to this. But I had hardly dared believe that I'd ever see the day when a farm boy would be able to express his shy heart to a farm girl by sending her store-bought flowers."

This little incident is meaningful for all whose hearts are still young. But it has a special meaning for Democrats; a hugely satisfying meaning. We see in it the flowering of our long struggles—struggles to so order it that things which were once the luxuries of the few should become the commonplaces of the many. We succeeded so well that our success has become a commonplace of American life. This can be proved by a test that anyone might have made during the past ten years or more.

Who, during this time, would have been so rash as to stand on city streets and, judging men and women by their clothes and bearing, say who is the employer and who the employee; who is the boss' wife and who is his secretary?

Many things go to the making of a man. The letter I mentioned was especially meaningful for me because I was raised on a poor, back-country Texas farm. As a young boy, on Sundays I'd sit on the fence and just wish to God that somebody would ride by on a horse or drive past in a buggy—anything that would relieve my loneliness. Loneliness consumes people. That's why, when I go home to my little town of Bonham, Texas, and see farmers' cars parked in the square, while the men visit with their friends and the women shop, my heart is gladdened. For this is the end to the terrible loneliness springing from isolation that once ate into the hearts of millions of rural men and women.

Remembering the bleakness of my own childhood, I've always wanted America's children to have Christmas plenty throughout the year, and not just on Christmas Day, as was the lot of many of us who are now graying women and aging men. And this was the spirit that animated the Democratic Party, when the people chose us for the task back there in 1932 under the leadership of Franklin D. Roosevelt, to remake the nation in the name of all the people.

Our Government has not always functioned for the benefit of (Continued on Page 101)

NEXT WEEK:

The Case for the Republicans,
by Joe Martin, Minority Leader of the
House of Representatives.

NEXT WEEK'S COVER:

Norman Rockwell's new portrait of President Eisenhower follows his Adlai Stevenson.

REPRINTS:

Each picture is available on extra-heavy stock, suitable for framing, by writing to The Saturday Evening Post, Post Office Box 1707, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, and enclosing twenty-five cents for postage and handling costs.

Election-year shenanigans: In 1952, Williamstown, Mass., Republicans proclaimed their candidate. Local Democrats, who had rented the other half of the building, added their sentiments. The G.O.P. hastily removed its sign.

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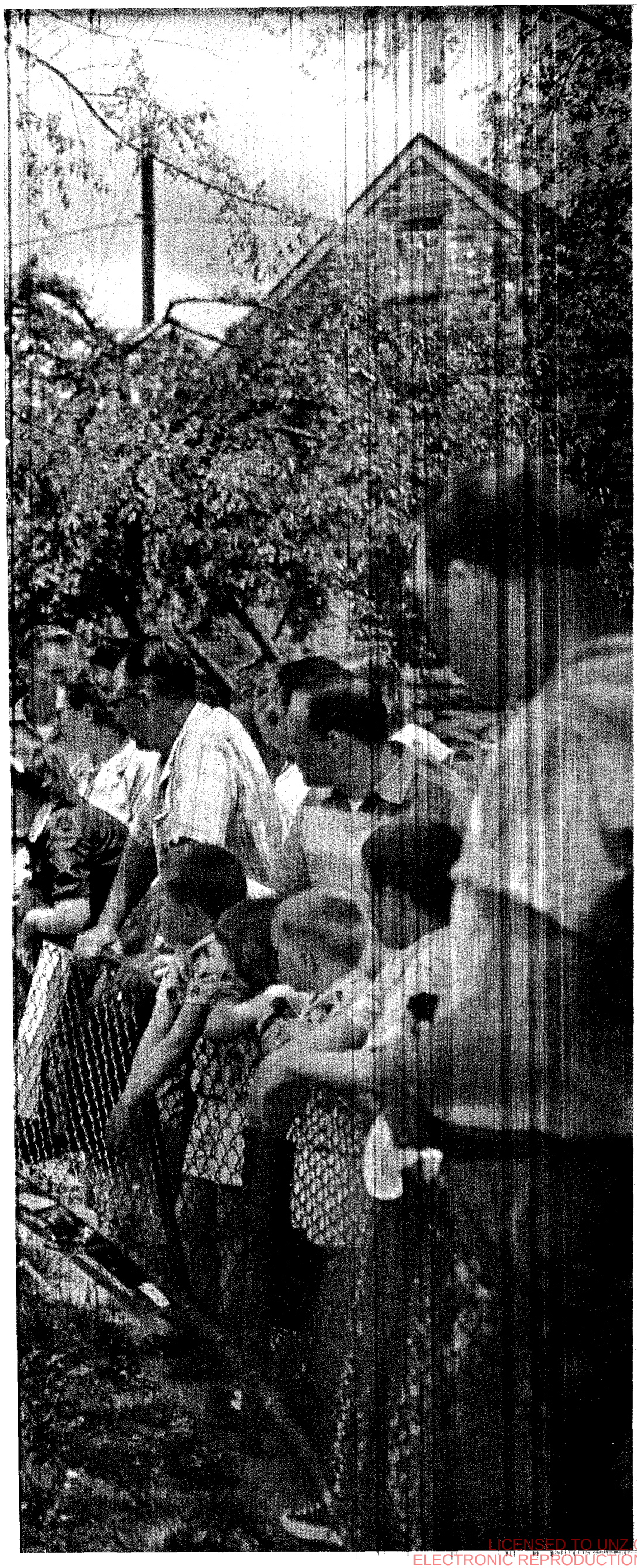

The Face of AMERICA

Colossal Clown

Jimmy the hippo lives a slovenly happy life at America's oldest zoo, in Philadelphia. A good-natured buffoon, he wallows in an outsize puddle all day. He can imitate a submarine or a whale, a Teddy bear or a tank. He begs for titbits as winsomely as a lap dog, daintily accepting trifles in his huge maw. He would make an invaluable tackle: he weighs nearly three tons and, when he wants to, can cover ground with amazing speed. He is a cousin of the common pig. Jimmy recently became a father. Marie, the mistress of his household, produced a fifty-pound infant after a mere eight-month pregnancy. For many weeks before the lying-in, Jimmy was banished from the pool he shared with Marie—he got on her nerves. The baby, a boy hippo, was named Limpopo. Jimmy took his exile philosophically. The weather was mild outside, and he knew that a male around the house is superfluous at birthings. Besides, life at the zoo is never a bore. There are always chattering crowds of human beings gathered around. Jimmy seems to find them amusing. ❁ Photograph by Gus Pasquarella

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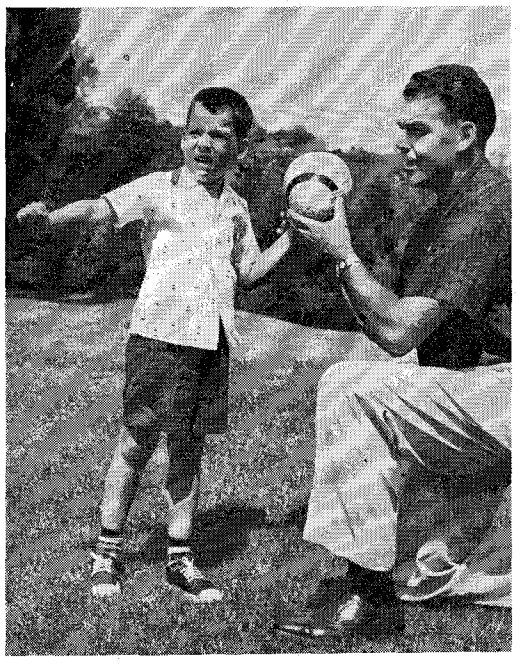
Graham (14) scores for Cleveland in last year's 38–14 romp over Los Angeles for the pro title. To win, says Otto, you have to be prepared to have your head knocked off.

I'm Through With Football

By OTTO GRAHAM, as told to Harry T. Paxton

The greatest passer in gridiron history reveals exactly how he hung up his fabulous records, and gives the lowdown on dirty play among the pros.



Dangerous Davy Graham, age 5½, seems to have inherited his father's competitive spirit. But his passing is a bit on the wild side.

CONCLUSION

Everywhere I go, somebody always asks me, "Could a good college football team beat a pro team?" Well, sure, they might do it once in a great while, if the pros were taking them too lightly and they got really inspired. But over a period of time they just wouldn't have a chance.

Most of the reasons are pretty obvious. The professional players represent the cream of the crop that is turned out by the colleges each year. They're bigger, stronger, faster and smarter. And when they come into pro ball they're still ripening, both in physique and in know-how. Most athletes don't fully mature until twenty-four or twenty-five.

On top of all that, the pros make a full-time job of football. A great organizer like Paul Brown, my coach on the Cleveland Browns, takes maximum advantage of this. The playing techniques become so much more highly developed in professional football that the college game isn't in the same class. The department I know most about, of course, is forward passing. I began finding out the differences when I started with the Browns in 1946, after going from Northwestern University into twenty months of service as a naval-aviation cadet and then putting in a season of professional basketball with the Rochester Royals.

On paper, the pass-play diagrams look much the same in the pros as they do in college. But the actual plays are only part of it. In college, they tell a receiver to run a certain pass pattern and he (Continued on Page 130)

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Three Days to Live

Alone on the desert, without water, he knew it was just a matter of time . . .

By LAURENCE CRITCHELL

At 0900 Major Hughes left Kirkland—and his family—behind. In less than five minutes he climbed, at almost full throttle, from blazing heat to bitter cold. Leveling off at 35,000, he eased the throttle back. When the tailpipe temperature gauge showed 650 degrees, he retrimmed the plane gently. For a time he watched the fuel flow. The radio compass was at 360 degrees. He waited until the needle began to swing down rapidly; then called the Winslow Radio.

"Hello, Winslow Radio. This is Air Force Jet Six-eight-seven-five-two for a position report. Over."

"Hello, Air Force Jet Six-eight-seven-five-two," said a clear voice in his ears. "This is Winslow Radio. Go ahead with your position report. Over."

"Winslow Radio, this is Air Force Jet Six-eight-seven-five-two over Winslow at four-five; thirty-five thousand; instrument flight rules; estimate March Radio at two-zero; Needles. Over."

"Roger, Air Force Jet Six-eight-seven-five-two, on your position report. Out."

He checked his ground track to Needles, then switched the radio compass to KTAR in Phoenix and the music of a dance band.

It was a routine flight. He was carrying camera gunnery film from Kirkland Air Force Base at Albuquerque, where he was stationed, to SAC—Strategic Air Command—at Riverside. Usually he was glad to go; the trip contained no surprises, and he had friends at March. This morning, however, he was sorry. Margaret and the children were leaving for California by car. They were visiting her parents in La Jolla.

"This is no morning to fly," he said glumly. "You need help."

(Continued on Page 118)

Spilling the parachute onto the ground, he cut himself a silk headdress, like an Arab's.

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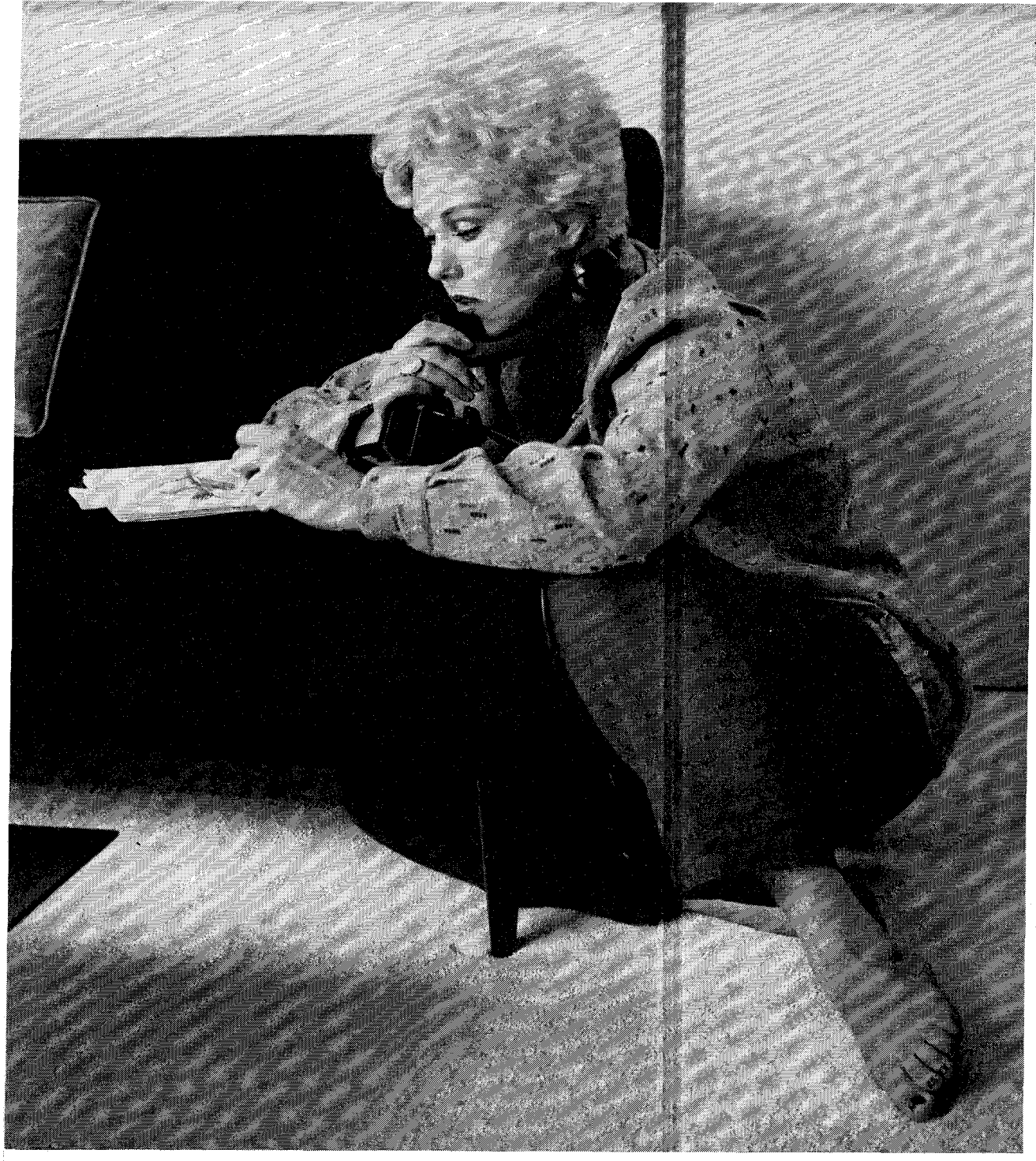


Kim Novak skyrocketed to stardom playing the part of a sad and sexy dame, a part that comes easily to

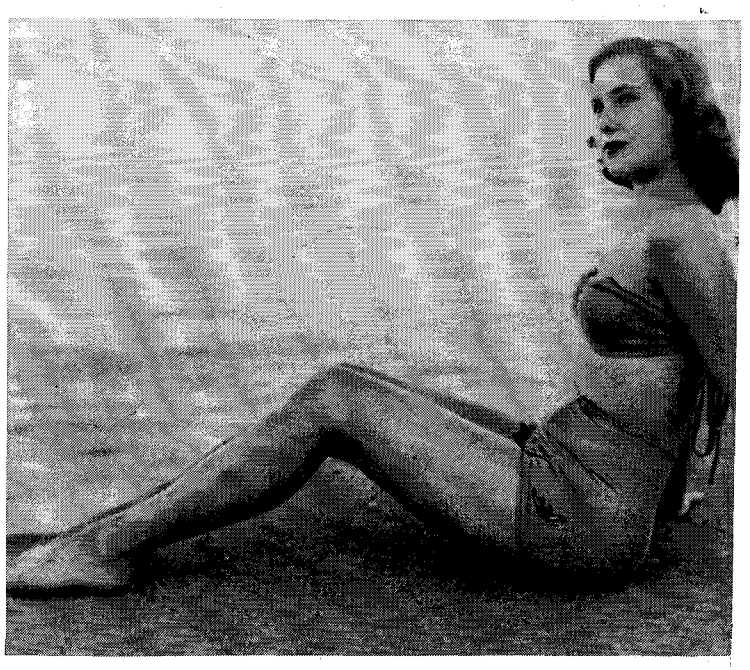
Hollywood's Melancholy Blonde

By DEAN JENNINGS

Kim, an emotional, cloud-borne girl, says she is probably the loneliest star in Hollywood. From a box-office standpoint, she is also one of the most valuable properties in filmdom.

THE RAPID EVOLUTION OF FEMALE MOVIE STAR . . .

Marilyn Pauline Novak, age eleven. She was a timid, insecure child. "People used to call me 'Sad Eyes,'" says Kim. Right: Her grammar-school graduation picture.



She won her first beauty contest at fourteen when she was elected Queen of Lake Michigan. She was a student at Farragut High School, Chicago, at the time, and was having her problems with the teachers.

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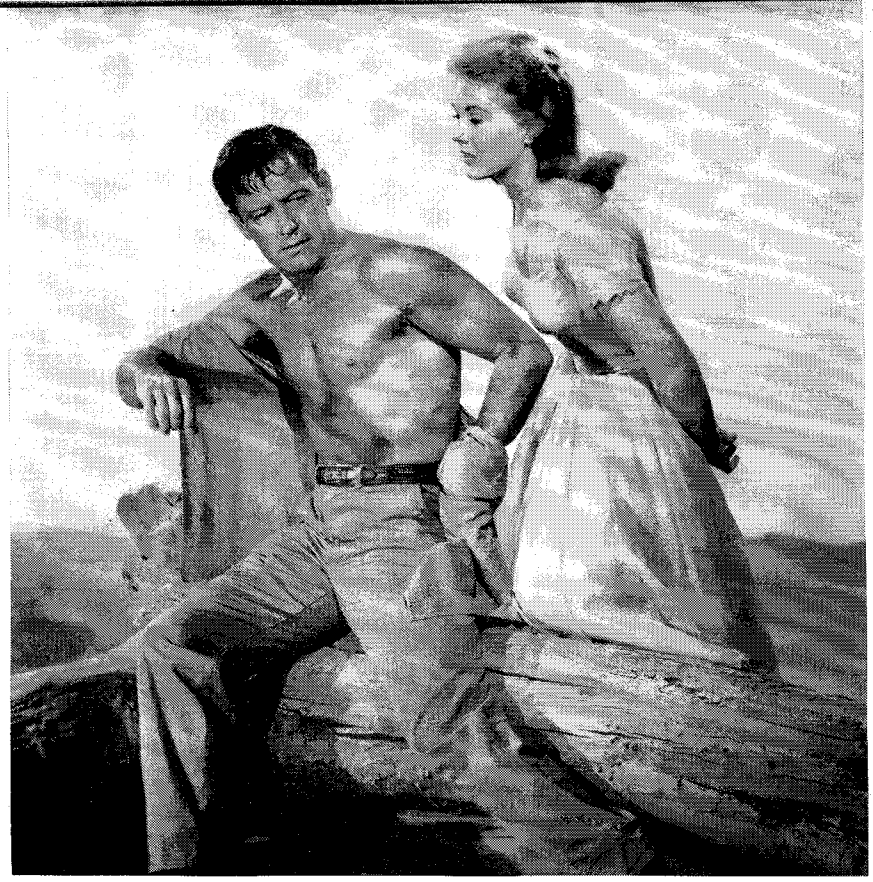


She played an unhappy, small-town girl in Picnic, with Bill Holden. "Kim doesn't have to act," says one director. "She can just turn on her own worries and frustrations."

1955: Kim and her parents—Blanche and Joseph Novak—trim the family Christmas tree. Her father is a Chicago railroad worker.

Mr. Mickey Charles Mantle, the distinguished slugger of the New York Yankees, was on a television show one recent evening, explaining how he murders a fast ball. Ambling off stage later, Mickey's batting eye fell upon a guest star named Miss Kim Novak.

"Say!" he blurted. "She's a real big girl! Why she's got a back almost like mine! Oh, boy, is she something!"

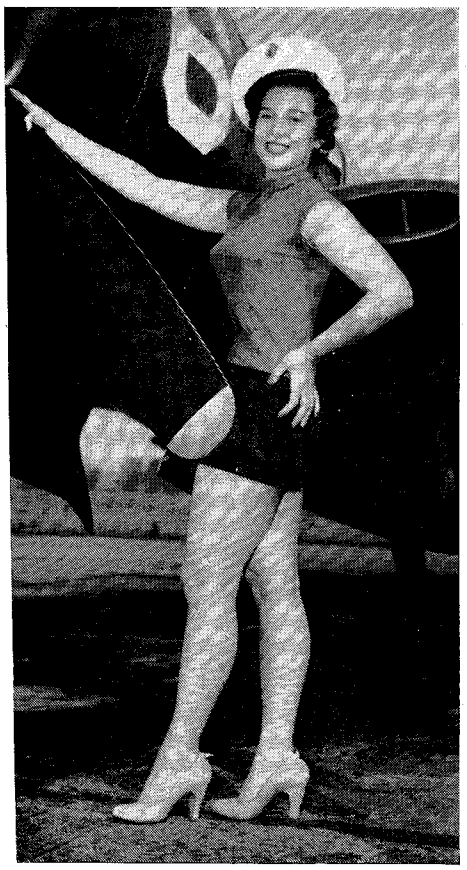
The baseball experts will argue that Mickey's quaint analysis was rare praise, indeed, since it was probably the longest spontaneous utterance of his life. The dyspeptics will claim that Mickey was ungallant or myopic, or both, since the measurements of Miss Novak's back are conspicuously missing from the vital-statistics bulletins put out by Columbia Pictures. But the consensus seems to be that no matter how Mickey said it, he was only echoing a prevailing national sentiment.

The object of this current eminence is a twenty-three-year-old, five-foot-seven-inch Chicago girl whose beauty and complex emotional make-up have plainly taxed the poetic wells of her press agents to the extent that the official studio biography describes her thus: "A package of pulchritude . . . with enigmatic emerald eyes . . . silvery-blond hair . . . a Mona Lisa smile. However, at heart she remains a simple girl."

Kim herself was so mystified by the Mona Lisa line that she made an exploratory visit to the Louvre Museum on a recent Paris trip, and clinically examined the original Da Vinci portrait. "I'm not sure I know what a Mona Lisa smile is," she said later. "I see no resemblance at all. In fact, I don't get it."

Whether she gets it or not is immaterial to the front-office people at Columbia. They get it very well, inasmuch as her first six films cost $11,000,000, an investment that seems to be paying off like uranium. Another three or four million will be spent on her next two films, The Jeanne Eagels Story and Pal Joey. Kim's fan (Continued on Page 94)

FROM SCHOOLGIRL IN SWEATER TO SIREN IN SEQUINS.



Left: In 1952, a Marine fighter squadron named her "Miss VMF-543." Above: As the artless belle of Picnic. Right: On an outing with the man in her life, Mac Krim.

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As he stood up with the limp little girl in his arms, the people crowded around him in menacing silence.

Illustrated by Ernest Chiriaka

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San Marlo Incident

The people hated Americans and they had a perfect excuse to take it out on him.

• By HUGH B. CAVE

THE SECRETARY OF STATE,
WASHINGTON, D.C.

Dear Sir: Some of this story appeared in American newspapers at the time, and one of the news magazines even carried a photograph of Mr. Albert Crosson marching in the parade with little Lupita Robles perched on his shoulders. Not all the story was told, however; not even most of it. It happened in October when the front-page news from the Caribbean was monopolized by hurricane reports.

I am reasonably sure, too, that you never received a detailed account of the incident from Acting Ambassador Medwick. So, if you will permit me.

It began, Mr. Secretary, quite literally by accident. No one ever said the accident was Al Crosson's fault. Actually it wasn't. He was driving to San Marlo City from his road-building job at Boniato, a dozen miles out of town, to take Pamela Medwick dancing at the club. There was a drizzle, and the streets in that part of the capital are narrow, and the little girl darted from an almost invisible alleyway between two far-apart street lamps.

Al slammed on the brakes and threw the wheel hard over, but it was impossible to miss her. The miracle was that he was quick enough to avoid running over her. She bounced off the right front fender and rolled into the gutter.

Before the echoes of her scream were swallowed up by the dark doorways, Al was out of his car, bending over her. He thought he had killed her until her eyes opened and she whimpered. Then he breathed again.

He stood up, six feet of scared American, built like one of his bulldozers, but trembling, with the little girl limp in his arms. The residents of the district, oozing like a spectral jury from doorways and alleys, crowded around him and waited in menacing silence for him to do something. Americans in San Marlo were exceedingly unpopular at this time, you remember, thanks to the violently nationalistic campaign oratory of President Miguel Fuentes.

Al looked down at his burden and saw that she was about five years old, pretty as an angel under layers of grime, and clad only in a thin black rag of dress. "Where is her mother?" he asked.

"She has no mother," someone said.

"Her father, then!"

"She has no father."

"You!" He reached out and grabbed an arm. "Come with me to the hospital, *amigo*. I'll pay you. They'll want to know who she is."

The chosen one scowled, but walked to the car and opened the door. Al laid the child in his arms and headed for the hospital.

When she had been taken into the accident room, Al went to the desk and spoke to the nurse there. "I'm Albert Crosson, in charge of the road work at Boniato. The little girl is to have the best care you can provide. I'll pay the bill."

The nurse, a middle-aged woman with a wart on her nose, gazed at him indifferently and shrugged. "*Sí, señor.*"

"This man knows who she is and where she lives. He'll give you any information you need."

The child's name was Lupita Robles. Her address, Calle Rosa 10. The woman wrote the information on a card, copied it on a slip of paper and handed the paper to Al.

"This must be reported to the police, *señor*."

"I know. I'll go there when I've talked to the doctor."

"It would be better to go at once."

"When I've seen the doctor," Al repeated firmly, and went back to the accident-room corridor. For half an hour he paced the floor, clenching and unclenching his hands, with his big shadow marching over the whitewashed wall to keep him company. Then the door opened and a thin young man in a soiled smock came out.

"It is not serious, *señor*. Only some broken ribs." He lit a cigarette.

"How many broken ribs?"

"Two."

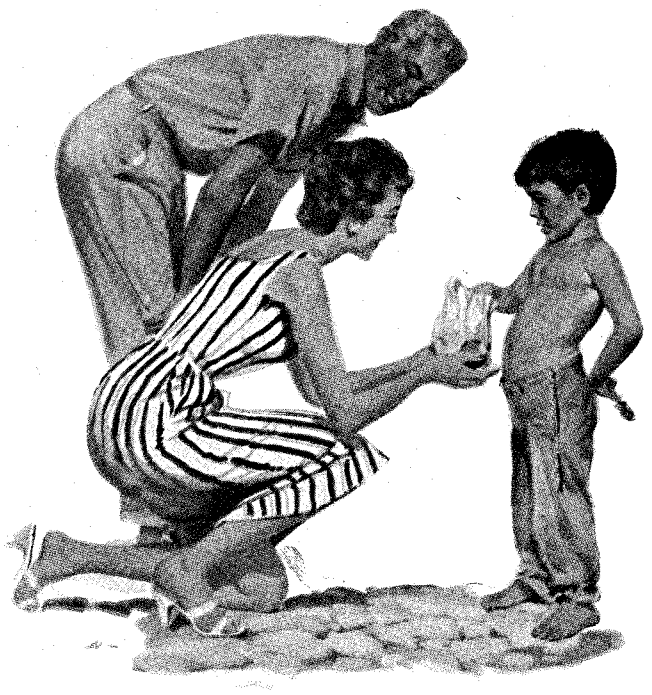
"And she will recover? With no ill effects?"

"With no ill effects."

"Thank God." Al suddenly realized he was weak-kneed and shaking. "Take good care of her, doctor. I'll come tomorrow."

He drove to the big new police station across from the president's flag-plastered palace. A four-foot-high portrait of President Fuentes himself hung on the wall behind the lieutenant's desk. The lieutenant played with a paperweight and never stopped frowning at the slip of paper from the hospital while listening to Al's

(Continued on Page 50)



Al wondered why he hadn't noticed Judy before.

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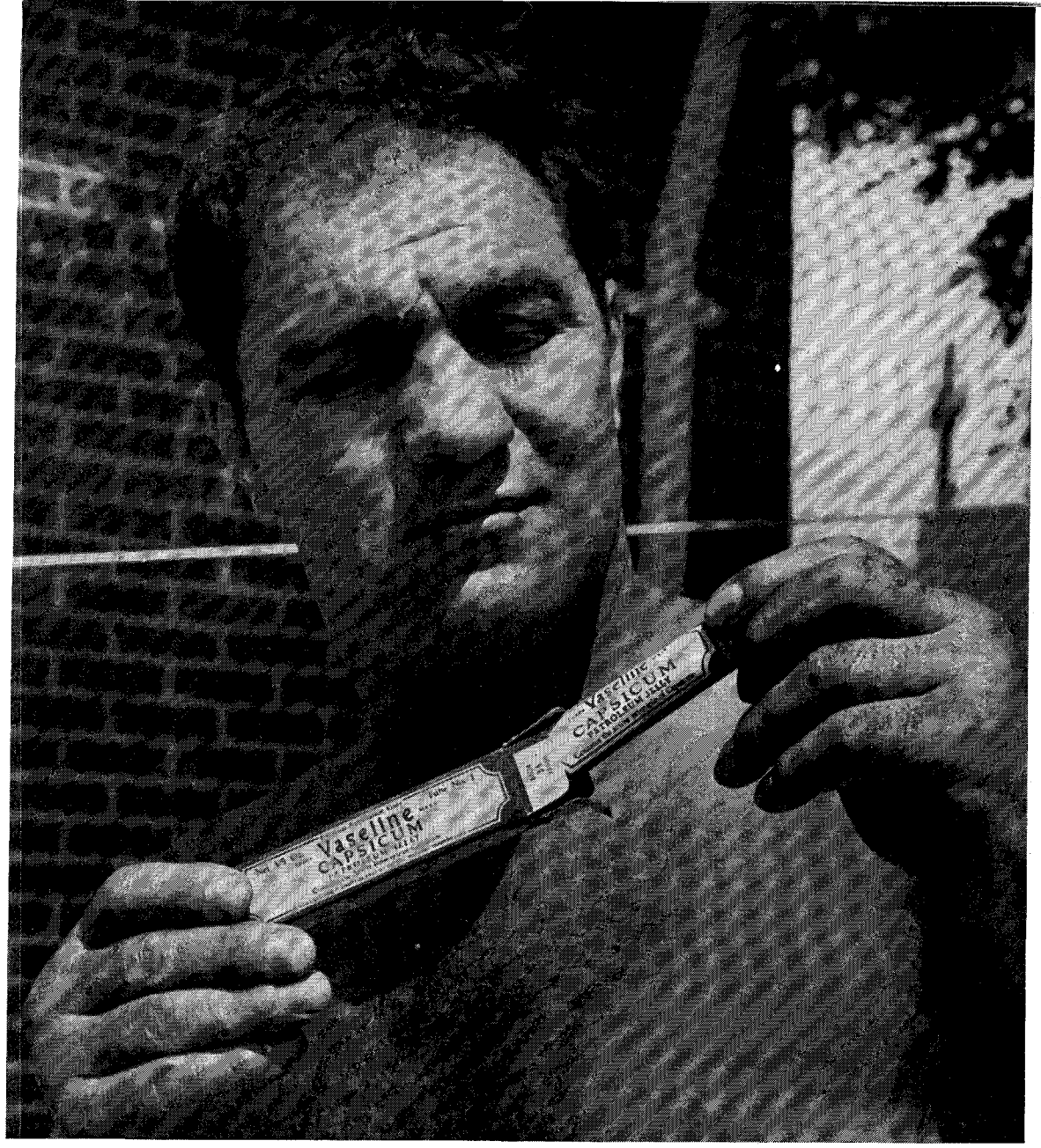
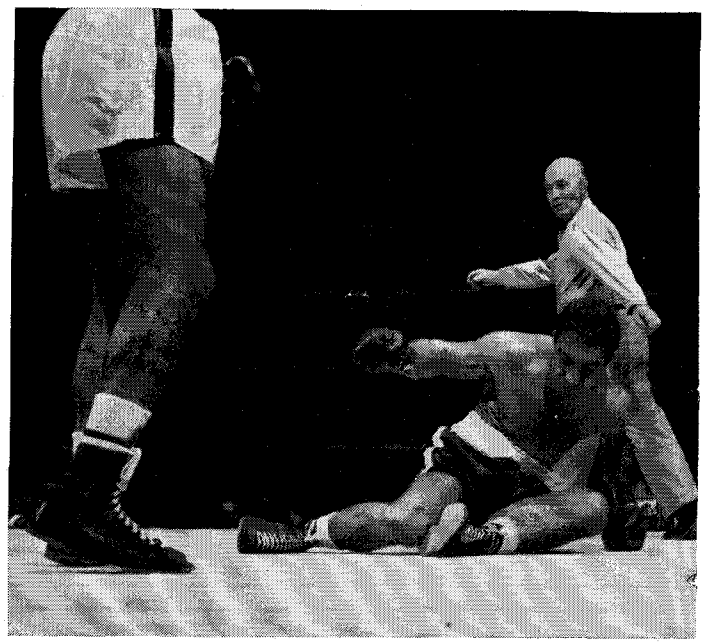


Rocky Marciano displays a tube of the salve he claims Walcott's manager, Felix Bocchicchio (at right with Jersey Joe), spread on Joe's gloves during the fight. According to Rocky, he had difficulty seeing from the sixth through the eighth round because the capsicum Vaseline burned his eyes.



In round one, Rocky hit the deck for the first time in his career when Jersey Joe connected with a solid left.

I Fought All the Way **Part Four**

Dirty Work at Ringside

By Rocky Marciano

as told to Milton Gross and Al Hirshberg

For the first time, Rocky discloses the startling truth about his title fight with Jersey Joe Walcott.

The two biggest days of my life were September 23, 1952, and April 27, 1956. That last date was when I gave up my world's heavyweight championship and retired undefeated. The first date, three and a half years before, was when I won the title. And it seemed like everything in the world was done to steal it from me before I even got it.

I didn't know that then, of course. I only had the smallest suspicion. It was more than a year later that I got the proof. A Philadelphia policeman who saw me knock out Jersey Joe Walcott in the thirteenth round at Municipal Stadium made good on a promise. He'd promised me that if it took him his whole life he'd make an investigation on his own to find out how I was almost blinded for three rounds of the fight.

At the time everybody believed that it was due to some medication that was used in my own corner to stop the bleeding from a cut on top of my head that came from a butt. Well, here's the truth, as it was told to me by the policeman who found out. I was blinded by capsicum Vaseline. According to the policeman, Walcott's manager, Felix Bocchicchio, rubbed it on Joe's gloves and on the upper part of his body. From the sixth round through the

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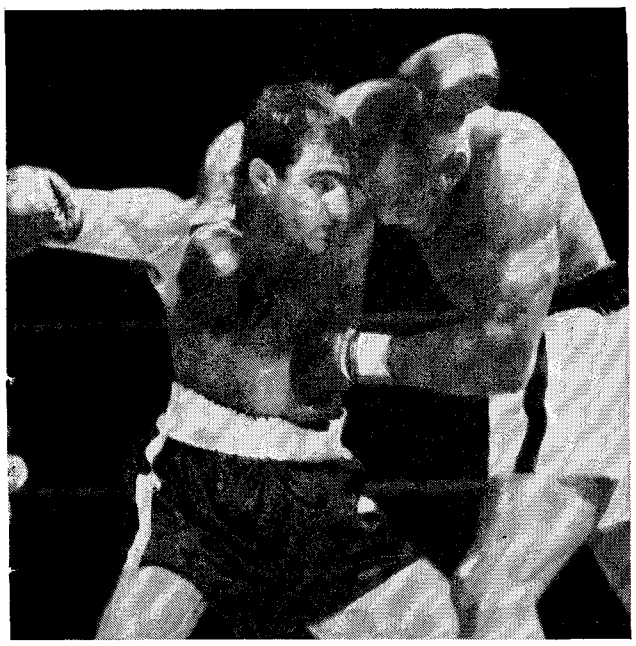
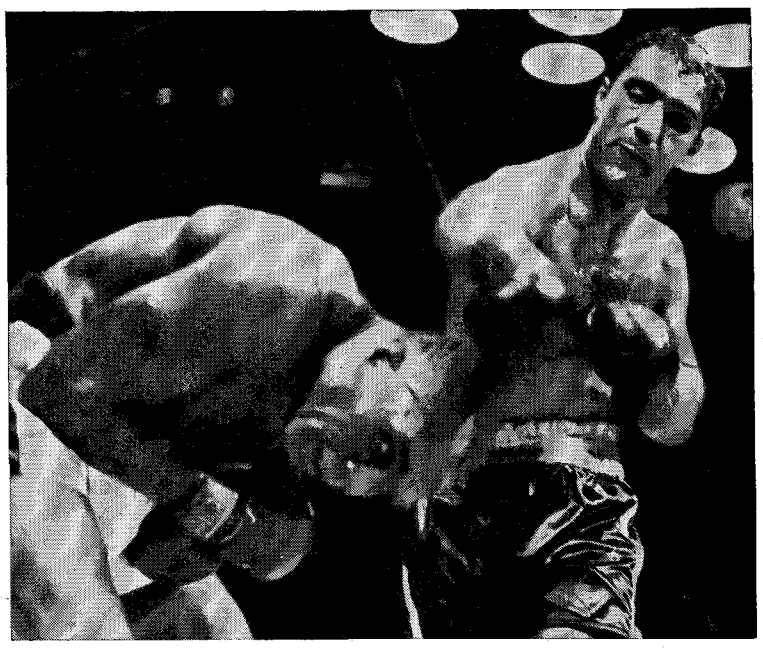
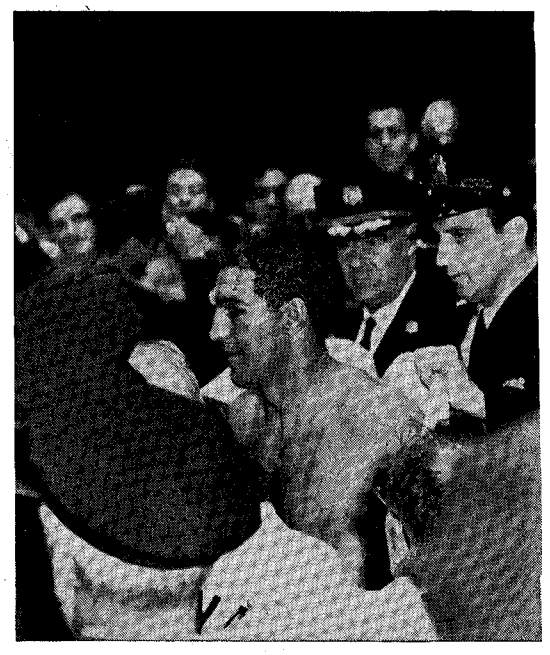


Rocky's eyes cleared in the ninth round (above). He'd fought the three previous rounds on instinct.



He cornered Walcott early in the 13th round. "I put Joe out with the best punch I ever landed," says Rocky.



Cops escorted the new champ (note his still-smarting eyes) from the ring.

eighth, every time Walcott jabbed me and his glove came in contact with my eyes, or every time I clinched with him and got my face against his body, my eyes would smart.

I'm sure Jersey Joe himself had nothing to do with this. He was a helluva fighter that night, even without any extra help. But by the end of the sixth round my eyes were burning. They burnt so bad during the seventh and eighth rounds I could hardly hold them open. To see Walcott, I had to lift my head to look out at him from under my lids. That way I had to hold up my chin in the air. That way I was a real easy target.

Thank God, Walcott was tired then himself, and taking a breathing spell. For those three rounds I fought Walcott on instinct. That was his chance to knock me out. If I hadn't stopped him in the thirteenth he would have got the decision and kept the title. The policeman says there were rumors around town that it was being rigged for Walcott to get the decision anyway—that I'd have to knock him out to win. A lot of smart money went for it—and the smart money lost when I hit Joe and put him out with the best punch I ever landed in my whole career.

I learned about all this the next year. By then I'd knocked out Walcott a second time, and was in training for Rollie LaStarza at Grossinger's. This Philadelphia policeman came up to watch me train. He told me he had some big news for me. Later on that day, when things were quiet around my camp, he joined my buddy, Allie Colombo, and me on the porch.

"I made an arrest recently," he said, "and the person gave me the information I've been looking for."

"What information?" I said.

"About the stuff that got in your eyes and almost made you blind," he answered. "I was told by this suspect in the course of my examination of him on another police matter that Blinky Palermo, the Philadelphia fight manager, had come in possession of some capsicum Vaseline." [Editor's note: Palermo, who has a criminal record, is still active as a manager of fighters, including two-time welterweight champion, Johnny Saxton. However, Palermo's license was suspended last year and has since lapsed in his home state of Pennsylvania. A number of other state boxing commissions have refused to license him.]

I asked the policeman what this capsicum Vaseline was.

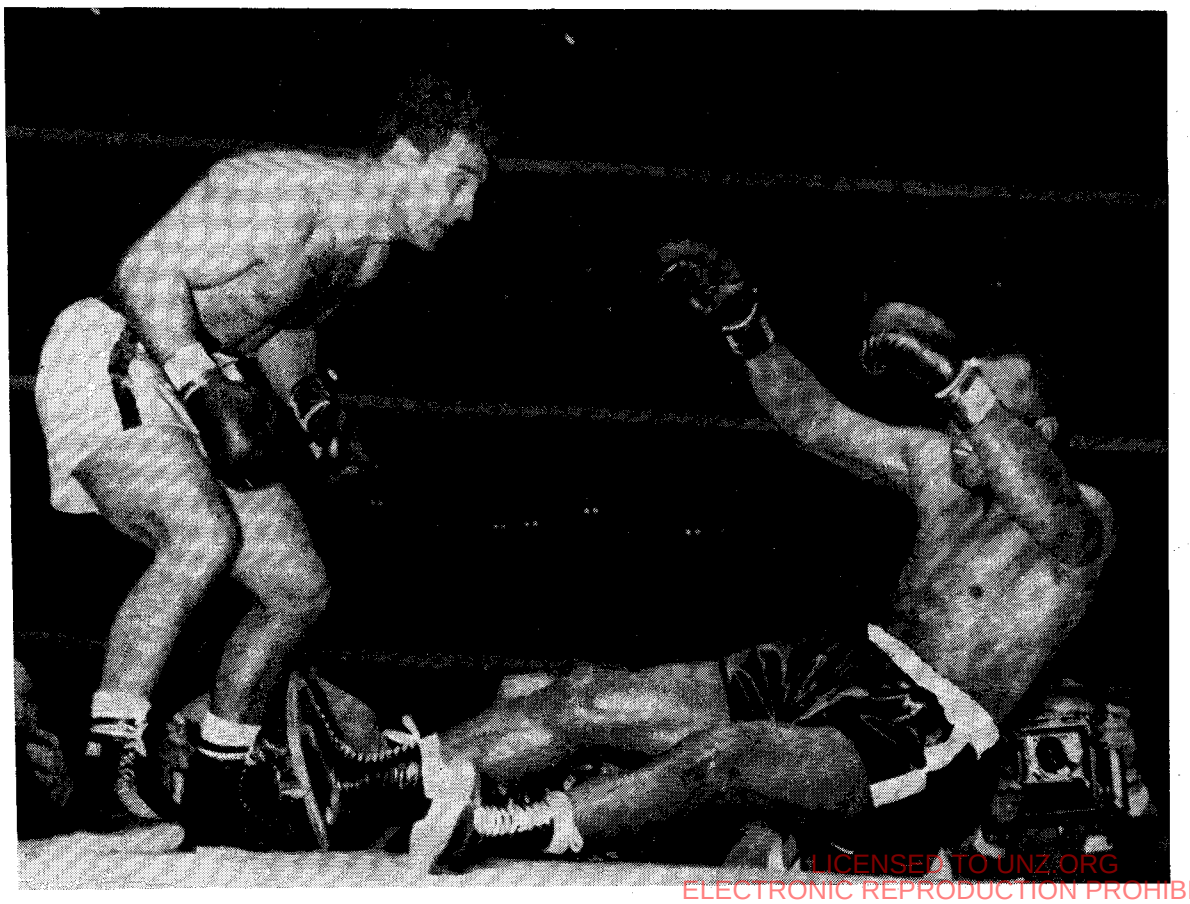
"It's a heat-producing medicine," the policeman said.

"That's right," Allie put in. "If you got a pulled muscle or a Charley horse, you rub it on to get blood circulating in the part that's hurt. But you never take it to the corner or use it during a fight. It's hot stuff, almost like menthol or something."

"Exactly," the cop said. "It can be powdered, mixed in oil or used as a jelly. Somehow or other, this capsicum got to Bocchicchio. I don't know why that should be so complicated, because anybody can buy the stuff in a drugstore. But my informant was afraid for his life if he told how it got to Bocchicchio. Well, in the ring it was rubbed on Walcott's gloves and shoulders, and whenever you'd go into a clinch with him or whenever he jabbed you, it would rub off into your eyes."

Now the whole thing got clear to me. It fit in with what happened that night, and with my having to go to a doctor to get my eyes treated for eight weeks afterward.

I'd come into Philly just a couple of days before the fight. At the weigh-in I saw an old friend who told me he needed two tickets. I told him to see (Continued on Page 126)



Eight months after winning the title, Marciano gave Jersey Joe a rematch. It was no contest: Rocky floored Walcott for the full count in two minutes and 25 seconds of the first round.

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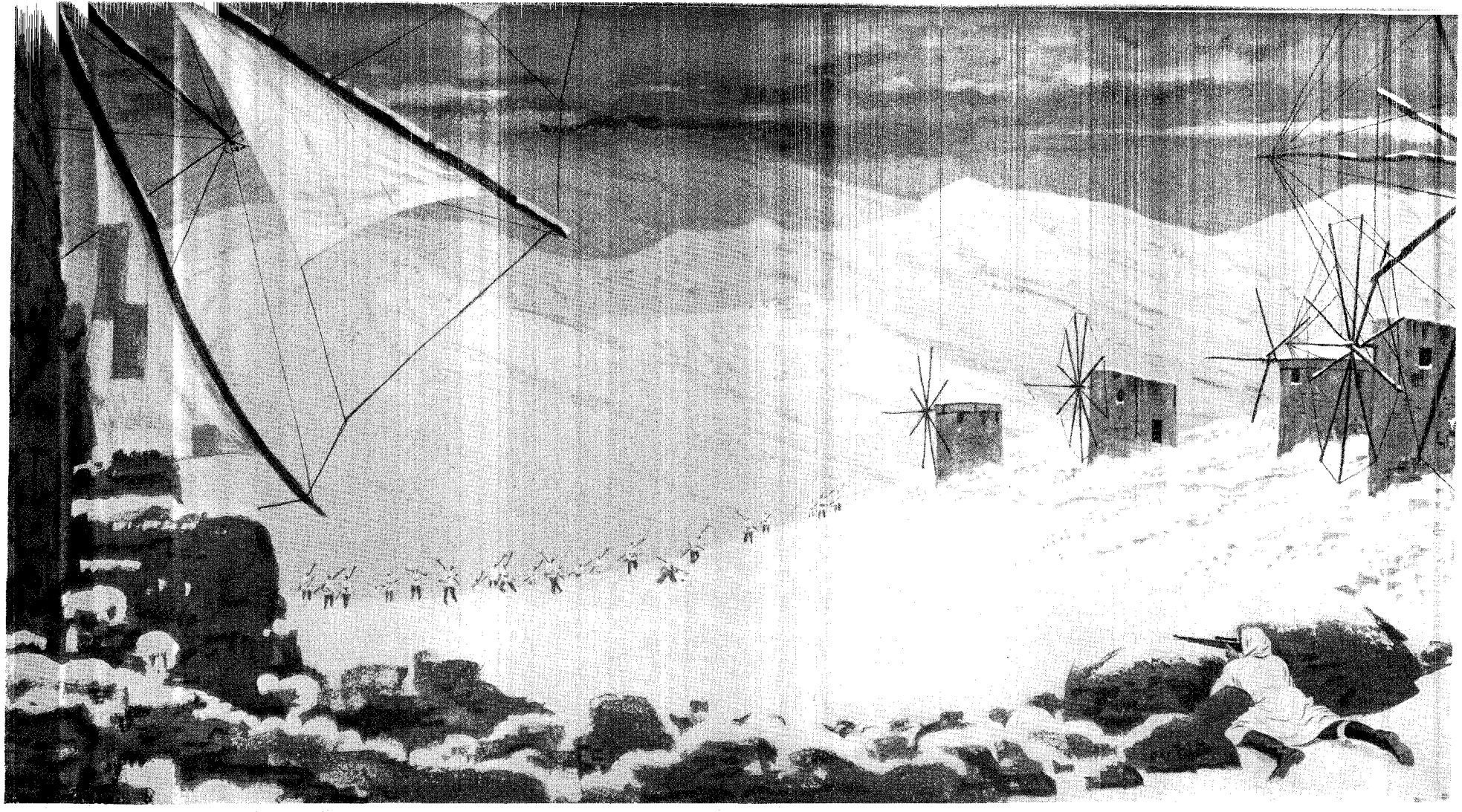

Through his telescopic sights, Andrea saw the German officer jackknife forward and pitch into the crusted snow.

THE GUNS OF NAVARONE

By ALISTAIR MacLEAN

With one of their men near death, how could they hope to outrun their pursuers?

The saboteurs landed right on target—directly beneath the highest point on the most precipitous cliffs of Navarone. British Intelligence had advised them that this was the one site where the Germans never bothered to mount a guard.

The climb up the sheer, unknown face of rock in the dark was suicidal. But the team leader, Capt. Keith Mallory, was the greatest rock climber of his time. And the goal—the silencing of the deadly artillery on Navarone—was worth the risk. For the Germans would wipe out the 1200 British soldiers on the nearby island of Kheros unless the Royal Navy could get by Navarone's guns in time to help stage an evacuation.

The saboteurs had reached Navarone just as their boat was pounded to splinters by the angry Aegean Sea. Only after scaling the cliffs did they discover that the enemy was expecting them and had placed a network of sentries along the rocks. Andrea, Mallory's incredibly strong lieutenant, killed one of these sentries and threw the body over the cliff.

Moments later, one of Mallory's men, Navy Lt. Andy Stevens, fell onto the rocks below and crushed a leg. A German patrol spotted Stevens and assumed that he was the missing sentry, and that he had fallen. When the patrol left to get help, Andrea carried Stevens to a temporary resting place in the dark confusion of the rocks. Then Mallory set out to bring back his two lookouts, Petty Officer Telegraphist Casey Brown and Cpl. Dusty Miller.

III

Tuesday, 4:00 A.M.
to Tuesday, 7:00 P.M.

They found Stevens lying under the lee of a huge boulder, less than a hundred yards inland, in a tiny, cleared space barely the size of a billiard table. An oilskin was spread beneath him on the sodden, gravelly earth, a camouflage cape covered most of his body; it was bitterly cold now, but the rock broke the force of the wind, sheltered the boy from the driving sleet. Andrea looked up as the three men dropped into the hollow and lowered their gear to the ground; already, Mallory could see, Andrea had rolled the trousers up beyond the knee and cut the heavy jack boot away from the mangled leg.

"Sufferin' saints!" The words, half oath, half prayer, were torn involuntarily from Miller. Now he dropped on one knee and stooped low over it. "What an awful mess," he murmured slowly. He looked up over his shoulder. "We've gotta do something about that leg, boss, and we've no time to lose." There was a sureness, a sudden authority in his voice. "The medicine pack, quick—and undo that tent."

"Right!" Mallory said. "He's all yours, Dusty. But the tent!" Involuntarily he looked toward the cliff. "I mean ——"

"You got me wrong, boss." Miller's hands, steady with the delicate certainty of a man who has spent a lifetime with high explosive, were busy with a swab and disinfectant. "I wasn't fixin' on setting up a base hospital. But we need tent poles—splints for his leg."

Illustrated by Al Muenchen

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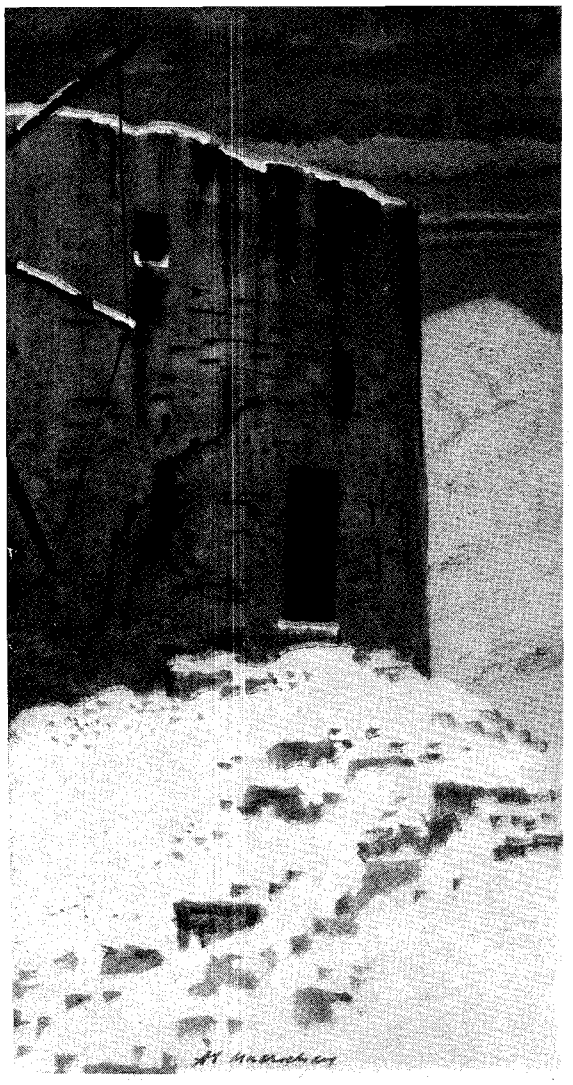


"Of course, of course. The poles. Never occurred to me for splints—and I've been thinking of nothing else for ——"

"They're not all that's important, boss." Miller had the medicine pack open now. "Morphine—that's the first thing or this kid's goin' to die of shock. And then shelter, warmth, dry clothing ——"

"Warmth! Dry clothing!" Mallory interrupted incredulously. "Where in heaven's name are we going to find them?"

"I don't know, boss," Miller said simply. "But we gotta find them. And not just to lessen shock. With a leg like this and soaked to the skin, he's a certain starter for pneumonia. And then as much sulfa as that great hole in his leg will take—one touch of sepsis in the state this kid's in ——" His voice trailed into silence.

Mallory rose to his feet. "I reckon you're the boss." It was a very creditable imitation of the American's drawl. "You fix him up. I'll find a place." Mallory wasn't so confident as he sounded; still, on the scree-strewn, volcanic slopes of these hills behind, there ought to be a fair chance of finding a rock shelter, if not a cave. He saw that Casey Brown had risen unsteadily to his feet and was making for a gap between the rocks.

"Where are you going, chief?"

"Back for the rest of the stuff, sir."

"Are you sure you can manage? You don't look any too fit to me."

"I don't feel it either," Brown said frankly. "But with all respects, sir, I don't think you've seen yourself recently."

"You have a point," Mallory acknowledged. "All right then, come on. I'll go with you."

For the next ten minutes there was silence in the tiny clearing, a silence broken only by the murmurs of Miller and Andrea working over the shattered leg, and the moans of the injured man as he twisted and struggled feebly in his dark abyss of pain; then gradually the morphine took effect and the struggling lessened and died away altogether, and Miller was able to work rapidly, without fear of interruption. Andrea had an oilskin outstretched above them. It served a double purpose—it curtained off the sleet that swept round them from time to time and blanketed the pin-point light of the rubber torch he held in his free hand. And then the leg was set and bandaged and as heavily splinted as possible, and Miller was on his feet, straightening his aching back.

"Thank heaven that's done," he said wearily. He gestured at Stevens. "I feel just the way that kid looks." Suddenly he stiffened, stretching out a warning arm. "I can hear something, Andrea," he whispered.

Andrea laughed. "It's only Brown coming back, my friend. He's been coming this way for over a minute now."

"How do you know it's Brown?"

"Brown is a good man among rocks," Andrea said gently, "but he is tired. But Captain Mallory"—he shrugged—"you will know he is here when he touches you on the shoulder."

Miller shivered in a sudden icy gust of sleet. "I wish you people wouldn't creep around so much," he complained. He looked up as Brown came round the corner of a boulder, slowly, with the shambling, stumbling gait of an exhausted man. "Hi, there, Casey. How are things going?"

"Not too bad." Brown murmured his thanks as Andrea took the box of explosives off his shoulder and lowered it easily to the ground. "This is the last of the gear. Captain sent me back with it. We heard voices some way along the cliff. He's staying behind to see what they say when they find Stevens gone." Wearily he sat down on top of the box.

"Seems to me he could have left you there and carried that great box back himself," Miller growled. Disappointment in Mallory made him more outspoken than he'd meant to be. "He's twice as fit as you are right now, and I think it's a bit too much ——" He broke off and gasped in pain as Andrea's fingers caught his arm like giant steel pincers.

"It is not fair to talk like that, my friend," Andrea said reproachfully. "You forget, perhaps, that Brown here cannot talk or understand a word of German?"

"Me and my big mouth," Miller said ruefully. "Always-talkin'-outa-turn Miller, they call me. Your pardon, one and all. And what is next on the agenda, gentlemen?"

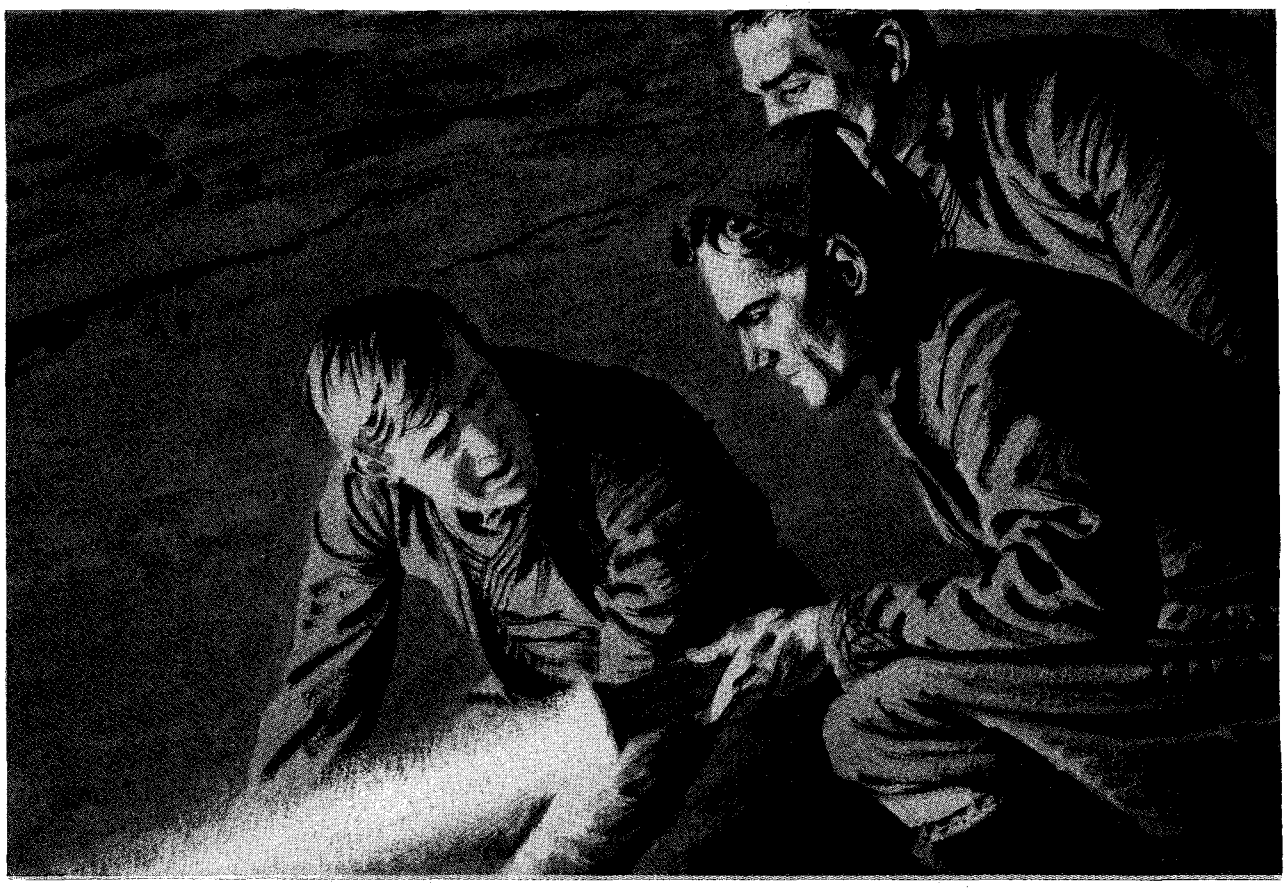
"Captain says we're to go straight on into the rocks and up the right shoulder of this hill here." Brown jerked a thumb in the direction of the vague mass, dark and strangely foreboding, that towered above and beyond them. "He'll catch us up within fifteen minutes or so." He grinned tiredly at Miller. "And we're to leave this box and a rucksack for him to carry."

"Spare me," Miller pleaded. "I feel only six inches tall as it is." He looked down at Stevens, lying quietly under the darkly gleaming wetness of the oilskins, then up at Andrea. "I'm afraid, Andrea ——"

"Of course, of course!" Andrea stooped quickly, wrapped the oilskins round the unconscious boy and rose to his feet, with Stevens in his arms, as effortlessly as if the oilskins had been empty.

"I'll lead the way," Miller volunteered. "Mebbe I can pick an easy path for you and young Stevens." He swung generator and rucksacks onto his shoulder, staggering under the sudden weight; he hadn't realized he was so weak. "At first, that is," he amended. "Later on, you'll have to carry us both. . . ."

Mallory had badly miscalculated the time it would require to overtake the others; over an hour had elapsed since Brown had left him, and still there (Continued on Page 84)



"His leg feels like a side of chilled beef," Miller said. "He's gotta have heat—or it's curtains for sure."

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Post Scripts

Heinrich Schnibble and the Political Worker

"How do you do, sir; my name is Grimpton. I'm cam——"

"Meinself ist Heinrich Schnibble."

"Pleased to know you, Mr. Schnibble. I'm campaigning for Aloysius P. Burfer, the farmer's friend; a man who ——"

"Meinself ist nicht knowen Herr Burper."

"Burfer, Mr. Schnibble—Aloysius P. Burfer, candidate for the legislature. I hope we can count on you to support him."

"Himmel, nein! Ich ben strugglen mit supporten meinself. Der taxen und steepisch costen ist——"

"Oh, I don't mean financial support, sir. Aloysius P. Burfer asks only for your vote in the coming election."

"Mitout money, ja?"

"Mitout money. Our candidate knows the farmer's problems—your problems, Mr. Schnibble. He pledges himself to——"

"Mein problem ist das hittenhuntenfield besiden mein pasture."

"Exactly, sir, and I can assure you —— Your problem ist what?"

"Das field mit der folkers hitten und hunten der smallisch ball."

"Oh, the golf course! Having trouble mit—er—with, your game?"

"Ach, nein! Mein trouble ist mit der milchencows. Der golfenballers been zoomen insiden mein pasture und hitten der milchers, und also der hittenhunters ist breaken das fence und scaren mein milchers mit der schtunken putt-puttzenscooters."

"That certainly is a prob —— Mitt der schtunken putt-whatzen?"

"Der scooters der folkers ist riden mit putt-puttzen."

"I get it! Motor scooters. They scare your cows?"

"Ach, ja! Mitout failen. Ist Herr Burper ein hittenhunter?"

"Well, in a small way. Herr Burp—Burfer—ist hitten—I mean, he sometimes ben playing, but mitout——"

"Ach, du lieber! Ist meinself supporten ein fencen-gebreaker mit scaren der milchencows? Himmel, nein!"

"But, sir, Herr Burper don't even ben riden ein putt-puttzenscoo——"

"Ich ben refusen der voten."

"Confound it, Schnibble, Burper's ben got a right to——"

"Das Burper ist ein donderhead!"

"You can't call Donderburp a——"

"Und also ein dummkopf!"

"Now see here! Mein dum—mein candidate hardly ever ben playen der hittenscooter on das schtunken—I mean, der hunten ist —— Ach, Herr Schnibble! Vote for Burperhead, und Ich ben promisen das dummkopf ist never putt-puttzen on der milchenfield again!"

DAVE MORRAH

"Unhappy here, Withers?"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"... And what seems to be the trouble with these face towels?"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Revoirie Under a Brooklyn Moon

If I found a poil in my erster,
With jerr I would almost boist.
I'd merrily sing and rerster
To think I saw it foist.

I'd spoin and averd emplerment,
For it's quite absoid to terl
When the woild is full of enjerment
That woiking tends to sperl.

Thus the woim may dream of toining.
But the oily boid loiks nigh,
And I'm ferled in my oigent yoining.
Oigo, I sit and sigh,

Hoiting with disapperntment.
For as I keep telling my goil,
There's always a fly in the erntment:
I never find a poil!

GEORGIE STARBUCK GALBRAITH

The Seven Ages of the Proud Papa

"Honey, c'mere quick! Watch how he gurgles when I show him his little plastic auto—why, he nearly rolls out of his bassinet! Wait a minute —— Hey, Buddy! Itchy kitchy! Irple birple! There! See that?"

"Hey, Marge! Listen! I just held Buddy up to the window so he could see the cars go by, and he said 'Go-go,' plain as day! Now wait a sec—— Hear that? 'Go-go'!"

"I'll be darned! Did you see that, hon? The little rascal's actually trying his best to steer the buggy!"

"Got a minute, Steve? I want to show you a snapshot. Honestly, that kid of mine! He saw the Soap Box Derby on TV, and next thing I knew, he was down cellar making a hot rod out of a grocery carton. Well sir, I got my camera and——"

"Say, Ted, speaking of kids, you'd get a charge out of Buddy! Yesterday the engine was missing, and Buddy—now mind you, he's only in the fourth grade—Buddy said, 'Dad, she sounds like a loose ignition wire to me,' and when I looked, sure enough if——"

"I don't mean my kid's any different from anybody else's, but I tell you, it makes you feel pretty good, with all this talk about delinquents, the way Buddy's so hot for engines. Know what he's doing this minute? Well, he got this weekend job at the filling station and——"

"Now you listen here, Bud Jones! I don't mean you can't have the car once in a while. But when it comes to every night in the week plus Saturdays and Sundays, seems to me the old man ought to have a few privileges around here, and let me tell you, when I was your age——"

PEG BRACKEN

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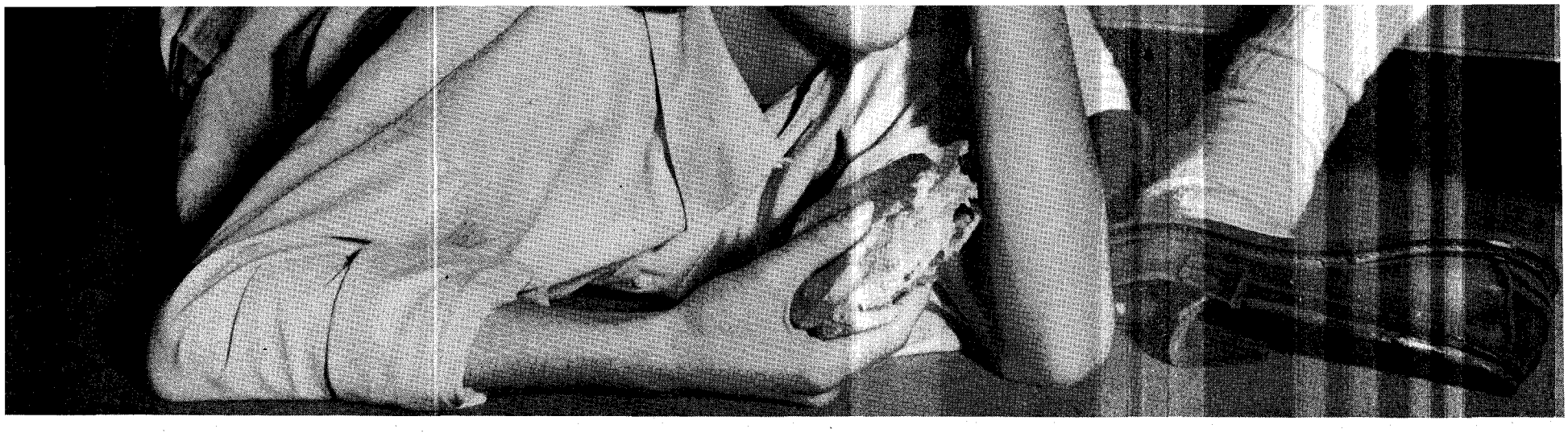

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Now Hotpoint brings to portable TV a new concept in viewing pleasure—Hi-Vi! New high in vivid pictures up to 80% brighter . . . new high in vivid sound that surrounds and thrills.

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And Hotpoint Hi-Vi Portables are yours priced from only $99.95*! (Slightly higher West and South.)

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Here are 3 of 7 colorful Portables in Hotpoint's complete line of all-new TV sets

AMAZING 13-LB. PORTABLE! Hotpoint's new 9″ (diagonal measurement) model is the lightest portable TV ever! Brilliant picture and sound plus vivid new color styling. Perfect for children, for Mom to take along from room to room during the day, for the family to enjoy on porch or patio. 9S102.

NEW HOTPOINT 14″ PORTABLE (diagonal measurement) weighs only 26 lbs., yet includes important luxury features such as Shaded Glass for rich contrasts, even outdoors in the sunshine, Hotpoint automatic operation, and 80% brighter picture. Choice of smart color combinations. 14S203.

PORTABLE WITH BIG SCREEN! New Hotpoint Hi-Vi 17″ Portable (diagonal measurement) weighs only 32 lbs.—but gives you BIG picture with big-set luxury features. Perfect combination of living-room performance with portable versatility. Choice of vivid new color combinations. 17S301.

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Fashion...a man's world, too

Arrow Glen Shirts, $3.95; All-Silk Ties, $2.50; Handkerchief, $.55

Good news in shirts comes in *threes* this season. Now you can put new harmony in your wardrobe with this Arrow *Town Trio*. It's a brand-new ensemble idea—a single color in vertical and horizontal stripes, or just plain. Whichever suits your fancy. These shirts will give a new look to any suit, three times over. "Sanforized"-labeled and Mitoga®-tailored for lasting fit.

ARROW — first in fashion

Cluett, Peabody & Co., Inc.

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The Case of the LUCKY LOSER

By ERLE STANLEY GARDNER

"Play the game my way," Boles warned Mason, "or you may get hurt." But he'd picked the wrong man to scare.

Addison and Guthrie Balfour had hired Perry Mason to clear their nephew, Ted Balfour, of a manslaughter charge. The court had already convicted Ted of a hit-and-run killing. His uncles insisted the young man had been framed.

Mason knew about the case, as he had attended the trial at the confidential request of Marilyn Keith, who was Ted's friend, and private secretary to Addison Balfour.

Ted's victim had been identified as Jackson Eagan. When Mason asked investigator Paul Drake to check up on the man, he learned that Eagan had reportedly died in Mexico two years ago.

The case became more complicated when the police found a bullet in the corpse's head. They then accused Ted of rigging the hit-and-run to cover up a murder.

Mason tried to block Ted's retrial by arguing that he could not be tried twice for killing Eagan. At the same time, the lawyer looked for new evidence. His search led him to Florence Ingle, a close friend of Guthrie Balfour.

Under questioning, Florence revealed that Guthrie actually killed Eagan. Guthrie had discovered that Eagan was having an affair with Dorla Balfour, Guthrie's beautiful young wife.

While supposedly away on a trip to Mexico, Guthrie trailed Dorla to a meeting with her lover. After Dorla left her boy friend, Guthrie accosted him in his motel bedroom. A fight followed in which Guthrie shot the man.

Guthrie then flew to Arizona. From there, he telephoned Dorla and told her to join him, believing that would give him an alibi in case he was questioned about the crime. First, however, Dorla returned to her lover. When she realized what had happened, she called Banner Boles, the Balfour trouble shooter. They arranged the hit-and-run fix, reasoning that a manslaughter charge against Ted was preferable to a murder charge against Guthrie.

VI

As Perry Mason entered the office, Della Street said, "We have troubles."

"What?" Mason asked.

"I don't know. But Addison Balfour telephoned."

"Personally?"

"Personally."

"And talked with you?"

"That's right."

"What did he want?"

"He said that this wasn't the simple case it seemed, that the whole Balfour empire was threatened, that he was going to leave it up to you to work out the best deal possible. He said his trouble shooter, a man by the name of Banner Boles, would be in touch with you within a short time, that Boles knew his way around and knew how to handle things."

"And did he say what the trouble was?"

"No."

"Or what Banner Boles wanted to see me about?"

(Continued on Page 75)

Boles' jaw sagged in incredulous surprise when Perry Mason handed him the subpoena; then he said, "Why, you dirty . . ."

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San Marlo Incident (Continued from Page 41)

story. He was noted, this young lieutenant, for his ambition and nimble mind.

"Wait, please." He got up and went away.

In ten minutes he returned. "Colonel Estrada wishes to see you. Come with me."

Al followed him down a corridor into a large mahogany room containing a mahogany desk, two chairs and one small, needle-eyed, mahogany-faced official. Colonel Paco Estrada, the president's right-hand man, had no more love for Americans than Fuentes had, but at the moment he was smiling.

"You have had some trouble, no? Tell me about it, Señor Crosson." He waved Al to a chair.

Al, arms folded, stayed on his feet. "I hit the child whose name you see there on the paper. It was not my fault; she ran into my car. Nevertheless, I hit her and she is in the hospital."

The little man idly rubbed his nose with a pencil. "How do I know you were not speeding, *señor?*"

"You don't. Nor do you know I was. The street was empty. There were no witnesses."

"Unfortunate." Estrada studied the paper again. "You will be required to pay the child's expenses, of course."

"I've arranged to."

"You will also visit her at the hospital daily until she is discharged, and then at her home until she is fully recovered. Without fail, *señor*. That is an order."

Al studied the man's pointed face and was puzzled to discover a smirk pulling at the official frown. "An odd sort of order, isn't it?"

"A new ruling. Be advised not to take it lightly." Estrada leaned back. "That will be all, *señor*."

Al turned away.

"Your paper, Señor Crosson!" Estrada held it out to him. "You will need the name and address, no?"

The smirk was a lip-curling grin, and a chuckle followed Al down the corridor. For some reason Col. Paco Estrada, notorious for his joylessness, was in good humor this evening.

On the station steps Al looked at his watch. It was after nine. His shirt was soaked with perspiration and stained with mud from little Lupita's rag of a dress, and he badly wanted a cup of coffee for his nerves; but he was already late. He drove across town to the steep streets of the residential section where the home of Acting Ambassador Medwick was a vast block of pink stucco in an acre of croton and hibiscus.

The houseboy said at the door, "Miss Medwick has gone to the club with her father, sir. She wishes you to follow."

Al trudged down the steps again.

He found the club thronged with dancers and Pamela Medwick in the arms of young McPhillips of the embassy staff. Her father was at the bar.

"Sorry to be late, sir," Al apologized. "Had an accident."

"An accident?" These were trying times in San Marlo and the grayed face of the acting ambassador showed it. "You're not in trouble?"

"I don't think so." Al beckoned for a drink and leaned against the bar to tell his story. He told it the only way he knew how to tell any story, forthrightly and without dramatics. "She's a cute little imp," he concluded, shaking his head in sorrow. "I'll make it up to her somehow."

"I don't understand the colonel's order," Medwick declared, obviously worried. "You're to visit the girl every day? There's no such law on the books."

"A new ruling, he said. What's the difference? I'd want to keep tabs on her anyway."

"Where does she live?"

"Off the main drag, in La Jaula." Al fished the bit of paper from his pocket. "Calle Rosa, ten."

"The heart of the slums. I don't like it, Al. Estrada is up to something."

"What can he be up to?" Al was dimly aware that the music had stopped and Pamela was floating toward them on the arm of young McPhillips.

"I don't know," Medwick muttered. "Go dance with my daughter and let me think."

It was not one of the happiest evenings in Al Crosson's career. Pamela Medwick, when told of the colonel's order, indignantly insisted he ignore it. "It's quite impossible for a man in your position to go to such a place," she said angrily. "Why, not even the better-class San Marloans allow themselves to be seen in La Jaula!"

"Easy enough for you to say," Al retorted. "You've got your diplomatic immunity."

"If I were a man, I'd have slapped Estrada's ugly face!"

Al sighed. She was not a man, he reflected. She was a rather regal young woman in a cloud of yellow lace, and at times he was much attracted to her. To be sure, she was also something of a stuffed shirt, too much aware of her daddy's lofty position, but Al was a practical man who expected perfection only in mathematical formulas. He, too, had faults, didn't he? One of them—the one both Pamela and her father seemed to consider the most annoying—was a chronic reluctance to let things get his goat.

He saw no point, for instance, in blowing his top about the present situation, and it saddened him that the daughter of Philip Medwick couldn't discover anything in it to smile at. The evening, for Al, was long and dull.

Five days after the accident the hospital said that Lupita Robles might go home, and Al Crosson arrived at four in the afternoon, laden with bundles, to provide transportation. He opened the bundles on her bed and handed her an embroidered blouse, a red skirt, socks, tiny white shoes and the daintiest of underthings. She looked at him as though he were God.

When she was dressed, he carried her down the hospital steps and deposited her carefully in his car, handing her still another package, wrapped in blue paper with white angels all over it.

"This is for you, too, honey child," he said. "We'll open it when we get you home."

Driving past the alley mouth from which she had run into the path of his car, he wondered what sort of house she lived in. He had a pretty good idea, of course. The district called La Jaula—The Cage—extended from the street to the water front, a distance of a quarter mile or so, and was an almost unbroken mass of rusty iron roofs. Under the roofs were shacks and hovels packed with people, dogs, pigs and chickens. The street into which Lupita directed him was a ribbon of gloom filled with refuse and rain water. From the end of it, where he left the car, he had to walk another hundred yards through squalid little yards and gaps in leaning fences. Calle Rosa was an alley deep in the maze.

Number Ten was a sad little shack with mud walls and a sagging door, no different from the sad little shacks all around it. With Lupita in his arms and the box tenaciously clutched in hers, Al knocked. A moon-faced female mountain in a black dress—a woman he had encountered once or twice at the hospital—opened the door.

"I've brought the little girl home."

The mountain beamed on him. "*Gracias, señor!* Come in, please!"

He found himself in a bare-floored room crowded with a few sticks of homemade furniture, rich with smells of oil-and-garlic cooking. With a questioning glance at the woman, he sat the little girl on a chair, where she clung to the angel-covered box and gazed at him as though not quite certain he was real.

"I guess I told you," he said, "I'm to call every day to see her. Police orders."

"*Si, señor.* My house is yours."

"The last time we met, *señora*, you were telling me about the little girl's parents when the doctor interrupted us. You were saying——"

"Her mother died last year, *señor*. She was a cousin of mine from Las Canas. The father was killed three years ago—no, four—in a sugar-train accident."

"I see. And now the child lives with you?"

"She must live somewhere. Our house is too small, my husband says, but who is he to talk when I slave all day at the sewing machine to support him? Besides, Lupita is a smart one for her age, as you may have noticed. She is a big help to me."

"Angel"—Al hunkered down in front of the chair—"let's open the box."

She was an odd child. Anticipation transformed her blue-green eyes into sunstruck emeralds, yet her small fingers patiently untied the ribbon and rolled it, removed the pretty paper and folded that, before she lifted the cover. At sight of the enormous doll in its nest of white tissue paper she voiced a single small exclamation and sat like a doll herself, rigid.

"Go on," Al urged. "It's yours, baby. Take it."

She lifted it as though it might melt in her hands, and laid it against the embroidered blouse and hugged it. "*Gracias, señor*," she whispered.

Al rumpled her hair and left a kiss on her cheek. "See you tomorrow, angel." He turned to the woman. "She won't be much help to you for a while, mamma, so here." He put a bill in her hand.

"You are very kind, *señor!*"

"Don't mention it. So long, angel!"

Lupita Robles took hold of the doll's hand and solemnly waved it at him. Al, wearing a huge grin, shut the door of Calle Rosa 10 behind him.

The grin became a frown when he approached his car. Half the residents of La Jaula, it seemed, were gathered about the machine as though they had never seen one before—and maybe on that particular street they hadn't. A thin, dark man wearing shoes, hat and tie—obviously no peasant—made some remark at sight of him and drew from the crowd a ripple of laughter.

It was not a hostile crowd. Some of the peasants even grinned as they fell back to let Al through. On closer inspection, though, the grins were smirks, like the smirk that had puzzled him on the face of Colonel (*Continued on Page 53*)

So You Think You Know Baseball!

By HARRY SIMMONS

The rules underscore that batting out of order is the most perplexing thing in the game. More space is devoted to it than to any other problem. Here, in a hypothetical setting, is a play which adds to the general confusion.

Say the Chicago Cubs are batting at Milwaukee in this order: 1, Miksis. 2, Baker. 3, Fondy. 4, Banks. 5, Moryn. 6, Irvin. 7, Whisenant. 8, Chiti. 9, Hacker.

Miksis opens with a single. Baker goes out on a slow roller to the mound, Miksis meanwhile moving to second. Fondy pops to the shortstop. Banks should be the next hitter. Instead, Irvin steps to bat. He hits a long fly for the third out. Nobody protests his batting out of order.

The Braves take their licks, are put out, and the Cubs come to bat again. But who is the proper batter?

(See Page 53 for answer)

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High-Potency B_1 and B_2 with 11 Vitamins and 9 Minerals!

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Guaranteed! Feel Peppier in 7 Days

So potent is this B_1-B_2 formula, with so many vitamins and minerals, that you must actually feel results in just one week, or money back.

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You get 15 times your vitamin B_1 requirement and 3 times your B_2 requirement in one easy-to-take Rybutol Gelucap a day. These high potencies are enough to overcome definite deficiencies and make you feel better fast if you've been slowing down because you lack B_1 and B_2.

And to protect you against other deficiencies you may not even suspect, Rybutol supplies 11 vitamins —including B_{12} and 100% of the minimum daily requirement of vitamin C—and 9 important minerals, including iron and 100% of the daily iodine requirement.

Have You Suspected You Need Vitamins Or Minerals?

Perhaps you've wondered why you're weary before the day's work is over; why you're not sleeping well, wake up tired, or seem to be on edge more often than you used to.

All these may be signs of early, or sub-clinical, deficiencies. Of course, they can't be called positive deficiencies until they've reached a stage that can be definitely diagnosed.

If you have such "borderline" deficiencies, you can't afford to wait until they reach the stage of obvious disease. The way to find out is to give your body all the vitamins and minerals it needs—and feel the difference!

How Can You Tell Which Ones You Are Missing?

If you lack one vitamin or mineral, your body may be "starved" for many, because vitamins and minerals work together. Vitamin B_{12} works with iron and folic acid, for example, to help maintain red blood cells.

Minerals, too, work hand in hand for proper function. The calcium you get in milk can't maintain good bone structure without the help of phosphorus and other elements.

Science constantly discovers new teamwork on the part of vitamins and minerals; wondrous ways in which they work together to promote full health and vigor.

That is why you may feel no results at all from a single-vitamin product, or a multiple formula that does not give you large enough amounts.

Rybutol is formulated to supply a good variety of vitamins and minerals in generous amounts, plus very high potencies of easily-destroyed vitamins B_1 and B_2.

Hidden Hunger in A Land of Plenty?

Our great-grandparents did not know a vitamin from a mineral but they often had a better diet than many of us, with our refined foods, abbreviated breakfasts, mineral-poor soils and modern methods of preserving and processing foods.

Today we can be overfed but undernourished. The very vegetables we buy to supply our families with vitamins and minerals may have lost much of the nutritive content before they get to the table.

Air Robs Fruits Of Vitamin C

A pitcher of fresh orange juice in your refrigerator loses most of its vitamin C content overnight—and your body cannot store up this vitamin. Nutrition experts advise an additional intake of vitamin C every day.

Recent discoveries indicate that vitamin C is important in maintaining bodily resistance. It is known to help form the framework of connective tissue and to help your body use iron, folic acid and proteins. That is why Rybutol supplies 100% of the minimum daily requirement.

Cooking Destroys Half The Vitamins B_1 and B_2

Even with careful cooking in very little water, almost half of the vitamins B_1 and B_2 in green vegetables go down the drain when you pour off the cooking water.

You can't help but fry more than half the vitamin B_1 out of bacon. And a large amount of the vitamin B_2 is lost by the time any meats, poultry or fish get to your table.

"Nerves" May Be A Symptom of B_1 Deficiency

Vitamin B_1 is sometimes called the anti-neuritic vitamin, because your body needs it for normal nerve function and brain tissue nourishment.

Your body cannot store vitamin B_1 but can build up increasing shortages. Because so much is lost in the refinement of basic foods and in cooking, Rybutol supplies 15 times the minimum daily requirement of vitamin B_1 in every Gelucap.

You May Never Know How Good You Can Feel Until You Take Rybutol

Perhaps you feel pretty good right now—but that's not good enough if you could feel your very best, look your best, do your best on the job and get more out of life by getting all the vitamins and minerals you need for glowing good health.

When you overcome long-time deficiencies with Rybutol's high-potency B_1 and B_2, and round out your diet with Rybutol's many other vitamins and minerals, you may regain a vitality you'd forgotten.

Compare the Rybutol Label

At your drug store, compare the Rybutol formula with any other high-potency B_1-B_2 formula; any single vitamin or mineral product; any multiple vitamin-mineral formula; any tonic, liquid, tablet or capsule.

You can easily see there is no better-balanced formula, no better buy for the money than Rybutol, with its 11 vitamins, 9 minerals and high-potency B_1 and B_2—all in one easy-to-take Gelucap a day.

How to Get Your FREE 25-Day Supply

Just buy a bottle of 100 Rybutol Gelucaps at the regular price, $5.95. Mail the entire empty carton to the Vitamin Corporation of America, 71 West 23rd St., New York 10, N. Y. Use the self-addressed, instruction-envelope you'll find at your drug store. By pre-paid parcel post you'll receive your 25-day supply of Rybutol, free. Offer is limited—do it today!

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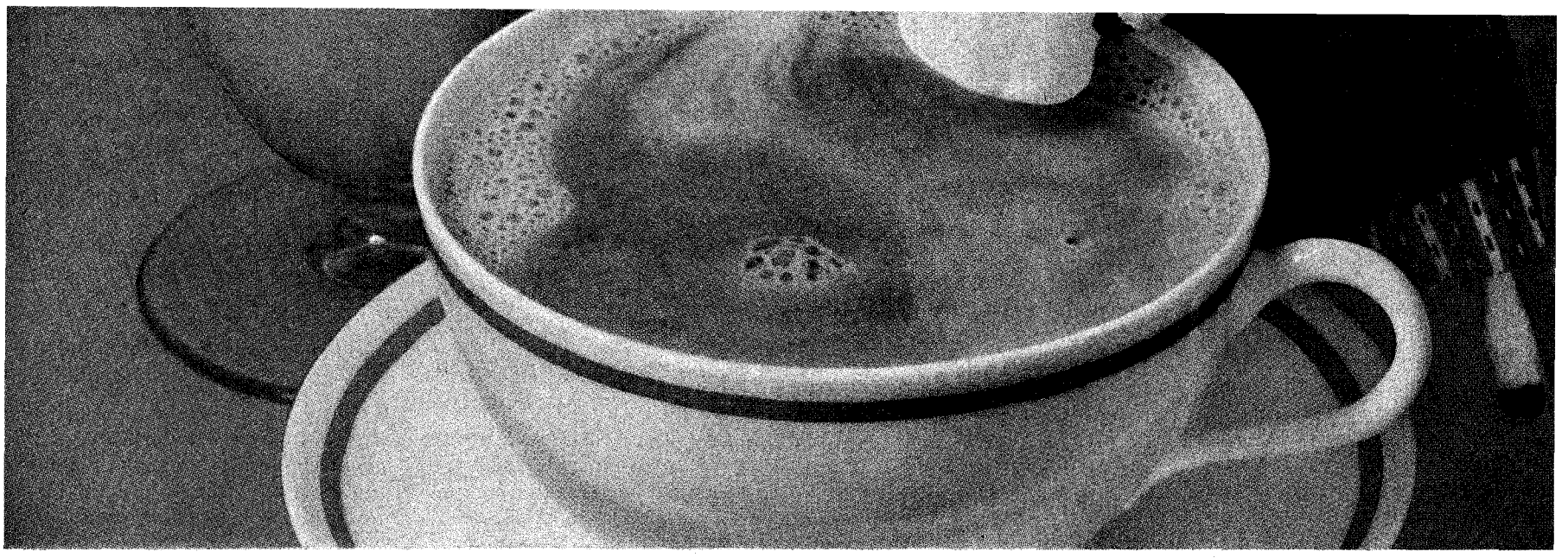

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says Elsie, the Borden Cow

COLD . . . *just pour!* HOT . . . *just heat!*

Why fuss doing the mixing, when Elsie has such a delicious chocolate drink ready-mixed for you?

Borden's Dutch Chocolate drink has the real Dutch Chocolate flavor, for we import the finest Dutch cocoa to make it.

And mother, with Borden's doing the mixing, you can be sure this Dutch Chocolate-flavored Drink has plenty of *real* milk nourishment.

Hot or cold . . . this wholesome drink is simply wonderful!

Borden's Dutch Chocolate Flavored Drink

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"See Borden's TV show, 'The People's Choice' every week on NBC."

Get Borden's Dutch Chocolate-flavored Drink at your food store or from your Borden milk man

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(*Continued from Page 50*) Estrada. And what was the thin, dark man doing with a press camera?

Al shrugged it off and opened the car door, and at that moment saw something else and stopped with his mouth open. "For Pete's sake," he said as the girl halted before him, "what are you doing here?"

He knew who she was, of course. In San Marlo City you know who and what every foreigner is. She clerked at the embassy and, as a matter of fact, on occasions had even helped him unravel official red tape in connection with the road building. She also worked as a volunteer, he remembered, at the church-sponsored school for handicapped children, though in what capacity he didn't know.

Her name was Judith White. Everyone called her Judy.

"Are you out of your mind, coming in here?" Al demanded sternly.

"I was taking one of the school kids home." She frowned at the now silent gathering. "Trouble?"

"I'm not sure." Al opened the car door. "Hop in and I'll tell you about it."

"My own car is a couple of streets over," she told him. "I wouldn't drive this far into La Jaula for anything."

"I'll take you over."

She got in and Al drove away, leaving the crowd still silent and seemingly puzzled. When he stopped behind her parked station wagon he was in the midst of his tale, and Judy White reached out and turned off the ignition key.

He finished the story. Judy gazed at him in silence for a moment and then solemnly nodded. "I can see why the ambassador is just a wee bit upset," she said. "But you're absolutely right. You'd have to visit the little girl even if Estrada hadn't ordered it. She might have a setback."

Al returned her gaze with interest, noting the lone freckle—or was it a mole?—on her otherwise well-turned face, the curl of her eyelashes, the rowdy splendor of her brick-colored hair. In a country where most of the females of the foreign colony were either sun-dried as prunes or hiding behind layers of cosmetics, these things set her apart. So did her reaction to his tale.

"You surprise me," he said.

"Do I? Why?"

"Your attitude. It's refreshing. If you're not afraid of your good name, how about having dinner with me tonight?"

"I'm at the Valencia Apartments," she said. "I'll be waiting."

He took her dining at El Caribe and dancing at the Casino Nacional, and at two in the morning, after they had discussed clambakes in New England, road building in San Marlo and a few score subjects in between, he kissed her good night at the door of her ocean-front apartment house. He was troubled.

What troubled him was that he had so stupidly neglected to ask her out before. How could a man be so blind to something so special, right under his nose?

Next morning while he was shaving, the telephone rang.

"Have you seen the morning paper?" The voice of Acting Ambassador Medwick was frigid enough to freeze the rising sun.

"No, I haven't."

"We'd better have a talk before you drive out to work," Medwick said grimly. "In my office, if you will, and as soon as you can make it."

Al finished dressing and went downstairs. His houseboy had laid the morning paper beside his breakfast plate on the veranda table, as usual. Coming from the kitchen with coffee and eggs, the boy murmured, "Good morning, *señor*," without fluttering an eyelid, just as though the car in the front-page photograph were not the car standing twenty feet away in the driveway.

The picture clearly showed the special license plate that identified the machine as belonging to the chief of the American road-building company. The headline above it screamed POLICE PUNISH PROMINENT AMERICAN! and the story beneath contained the name Paco Estrada exactly eleven times. Al counted.

Acting Ambassador Medwick paced the plush carpet of the embassy's inner sanctum, his long face twitching. "You might at least have made some attempt to keep your visit a secret!" he moaned. "Did you have to give them photographic proof?"

Al exhaled a patient sigh. "Mr. Medwick, I can stand being laughed at. Let 'em have their fun."

"Fun!" Medwick snatched the paper from his desk and wildly waved it. "Can't you see what Estrada is up to? You know the situation here as well as I do. President Fuentes hates us. Altamirano, his opponent, is campaigning for Pan-American co-operation. Altamirano could win this election—the people are fed up—but if you give Fuentes and his rotten newspaper a chance like this to ridicule Americans, it won't even be close!"

"I'm only one American," Al protested.

"Right now you are every United States citizen in San Marlo City!"

"Next time I'll take a taxi."

"Next time don't go at all!"

"Mr. Medwick," Al said with a sigh, "I'd like to oblige. But after Estrada throws me in the clink for disobeying orders, will you use your influence to get me out?"

"You know I can't," Medwick groaned. "If I did, they'd make an issue of that."

Al stood up, sadly shaking his head. "I've got roads to build, Mr. Medwick. I can't sit in jail until election day."

On his next visit to Calle Rosa, Al took a taxi to La Jaula and walked in—and the newspaper ran a front-page picture of him sloshing through a puddle filled with refuse. The following day they caught him debating the right of way with a pig.

Every day the paper ran a picture, with a caption designed to inform the citizens of San Marlo that Col. Paco Estrada, the right-hand man of the president, was a Person of Importance. Look, citizens! Every day the Yanqui, Señor Crosson, the big builder of roads, must swallow his pride and go trudging through the squalid alleys of La Jaula. And why, citizens? Because Paco Estrada says so! *Olé!*

The people chuckled. Some laughed aloud. But there was nothing Al could do about it, so he did nothing.

"They have to talk about something, don't they?" he told Judy White, with a chuckle of his own. "As for Estrada, a good laugh will help his digestion, maybe. Might even help him develop a sense of humor."

If the truth were known, he was thoroughly enjoying his visits to No. 10. Every day the large *señora* opened the door to him and little Lupita Robles greeted him with outcries of delight. He took presents and they made a game of opening them. When she walked across the bare board floor one day and threw her arms around his legs, he swept her off her feet and marched around the room with her, singing.

"Baby," he told her, "I love you."

Not once did he meet the woman's husband. Probably that individual, with nothing else to do, was part of the crowd that followed his comings and goings. No matter. But, timing his visits with care, Al did meet Judy White. He met her often.

She came to La Jaula every day after school was out, to return a blind youngster to his home. That was her job at the school, Al discovered—to fill her station wagon with kids and see them home safe. She wasn't paid for it, but she liked it.

"I get into all sorts of places and meet all kinds of people," she said. "Everyone knows the girl who drives the 'school bus.'"

She was, Al decided, a girl with courage and a heart. When he met her they found time to talk and no lack of things to talk about. He didn't take her dancing again, however. Shopping for Lupita and his daily visits to No. 10 were interfering with his work. Except for a dinner or two at the Medwicks', he spent his evenings in Boniato.

The Medwick dinners were hardly joyful occasions. Ambassador Medwick was a perturbed and angry man.

"The whole city is laughing at you," he accused, as if Al didn't know it.

"And at me, too, which is worse!" said Pamela acidly. "After all, you've been my escort for months!"

"You're imagining things," Al said.

"I am not. I have been laughed at to my face!"

"Then," said Al, trying hard not to look delighted, "I guess I'd better keep away from here."

He called once more at the Medwick residence, however. It was the afternoon of a diplomatically important social event: the ball at the American Club celebrating the birthday of San Marlo's president. Every Yanqui of importance was expected to attend, and Al had accepted, months before, Pamela's invitation to be her escort.

"I'm sorry," she said now. "It is impossible."

Her father added grimly, "You can't go yourself, Crosson."

"I can't go?" Al was genuinely surprised. "Why not?"

"Because, if you insist on forcing me to say so, I forbid it. Estrada and all the other top brass will be there. The president himself will attend for a short time. These are hair-trigger days with the big birthday parade tomorrow and election the day after. I want you out of sight."

"You're the ambassador," Al said with a shrug.

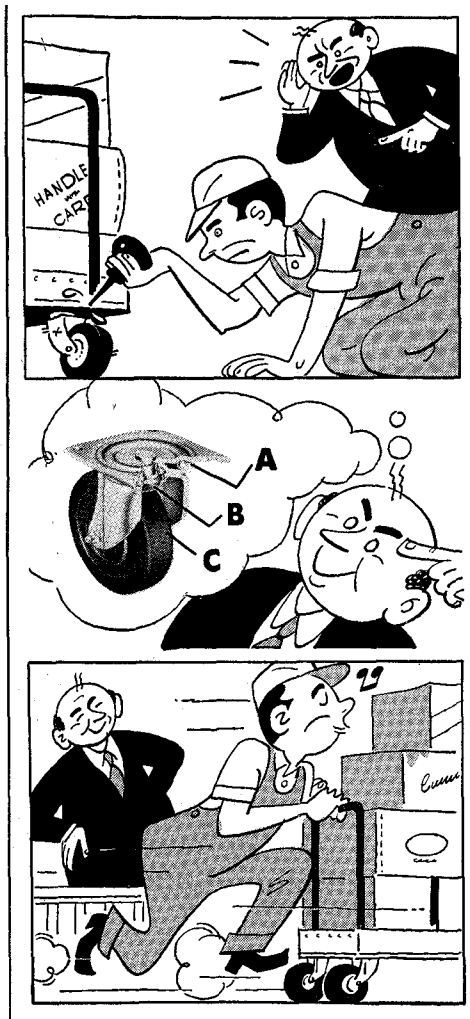
He didn't attend the ball. In view of what happened later, this is important and should be remembered to his credit. As representative of a topflight American construction (*Continued on Page 55*)

Answer to

So You Think You Know Baseball!

Page 50

Whisenant. As no appeal was made on Irvin, any batter other than Whisenant would be batting out of order at this point. Banks and Moryn have lost their turns at bat, but must take their proper places next time round. (See Section 6.06e.)



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INTERNATIONAL HARVESTER

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(*Continued from Page 53*) company building roads for the San Marlo government, he could have been there, Medwick or no, but it was not in Al Crosson's nature to make an issue of things he considered unimportant. That is to say, he was not and never could be defiant for the sake of defiance.

The following afternoon, however, he went to Calle Rosa 10 as usual, and little Lupita Robles stopped him cold with a question. "Will you take me to the parade?" she said.

Remembering Medwick's order, Al scowled at her. "You can't go to any parade. You're not well enough."

"Watch me," she said.

Tearing full-tilt across the floor, she hurled herself at him with such enthusiasm that he fell over a chair.

"See?" she said proudly.

"The streets will be jam-packed with people," Al protested, getting up. "You'd be trampled on."

"Not with you taking care of me."

In desperation he turned to the three-hundred-pound lady of the house. "Tell her it's impossible, mamma," he begged.

"But, *señor*, it would do her a world of good. She has been cooped up here so long!"

"I'm overruled," Al admitted with a sigh.

He drove as close to the square as possible, but with ninety-nine per cent of the city's population determinedly trying to accomplish the same thing, it was not very close. Then he lifted Lupita to his shoulders and walked.

"Angel," he told her, "if anything goes wrong, the ambassador is going to throw a fit."

She only laughed, clutching his ears and kicking her small white shoes against his chest.

Al let the flow of humanity carry him along because it was impossible to do otherwise. On this important occasion no traffic moved on the square, only people. An army of police lined the parade route. The rest was pandemonium.

President Fuentes was a fortunate man, Al reflected. Other chief executives of San Marlo had been born on dates of no importance; Fuentes' birthday fell on the day before election. Thus today's celebration was more than just an excuse for the populace to quit work and let off steam; it was a monster political rally.

With the little girl riding him like a horse, he worked his way through the mob to the curb across from the palace and there halted. At the opposite end of the square the procession was just getting under way to the brassy blare of the national anthem.

It was annually the same parade. Made up of soldiers, police, uniformed school kids and gaudy floats, it began at the army barracks, back of the police station, circled the square, passed in review before the president and his official party on the palace steps, and then wound down through the business section. Every living soul, however, insisted on seeing what the president saw, and fought for a place on the square.

"Too many people," Al groaned.

Two of them were having fun with him. Two teen-age boys. One sat on the other's shoulders, aping Lupita, and the mounted one pranced around with his rider, making remarks. They performed in the street, and the police should have shooed them back to the curb, but the cops were as amused as everyone else.

Every few seconds the rider vigorously slapped the head of his human horse and shouted, "Giddup! Giddap! Colonel Estrada's orders!" The crowd laughed and applauded.

Al, watched carefully for his reaction, feigned ignorance of the joke and talked quietly to Lupita Robles.

They knew, of course. By this time practically everyone in San Marlo City knew the story. Those photos in Fuentes' newspaper had set the whole town buzzing. The joke was on the American, no? Paco Estrada had forced him to visit that hovel in La Jaula every day. Ay-ay-ay! And now the colonel had ordered him out into the open where he could be laughed at to his face. Bravo for Estrada!

Al heard some of the comments. They were not complimentary.

By ignoring them he only invited more, of course. When a San Marloan insults you, he expects you to insult him back.

By the time the head of the parade reached the palace, the crowd along that portion of the route had lost interest in the marchers. It was giving all its attention to Al Crosson.

Police on motorcycles chugged by. A band high-stepped along in red-white-and-gold uniforms. Then came an open limousine bearing three beribboned officials, one of whom was Col. Paco Estrada, with a line of marching officers on either side. Estrada, swiveling like a shop-window dummy, beamed on the crowd right and left.

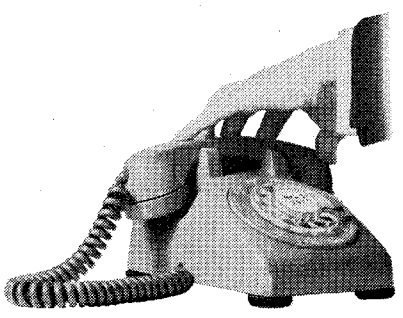
Suddenly his smile froze and he barked an order. The car stopped. His face a thundercloud, (*Continued on Page 57*)

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"Of course, I never was one to . . . at ease, Martha . . . throw my rank around."

a thought...

a call...



a chat...

and you'll both feel better

When you talk with someone out of town, it gives you both a real feeling of being together . . . not just while you're talking, but for a long time afterward.

Telephoning is personal, easy, economical. You can make somebody happy with a call right now.

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Here are some examples:

Trenton to Washington, D.C.	55¢
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San Francisco to Tulsa	$1.65

These are the Station-to-Station rates for the first three minutes, after 6 o'clock every night and all day Sunday. Add the 10% federal excise tax.

CALL BY NUMBER. IT'S TWICE AS FAST.

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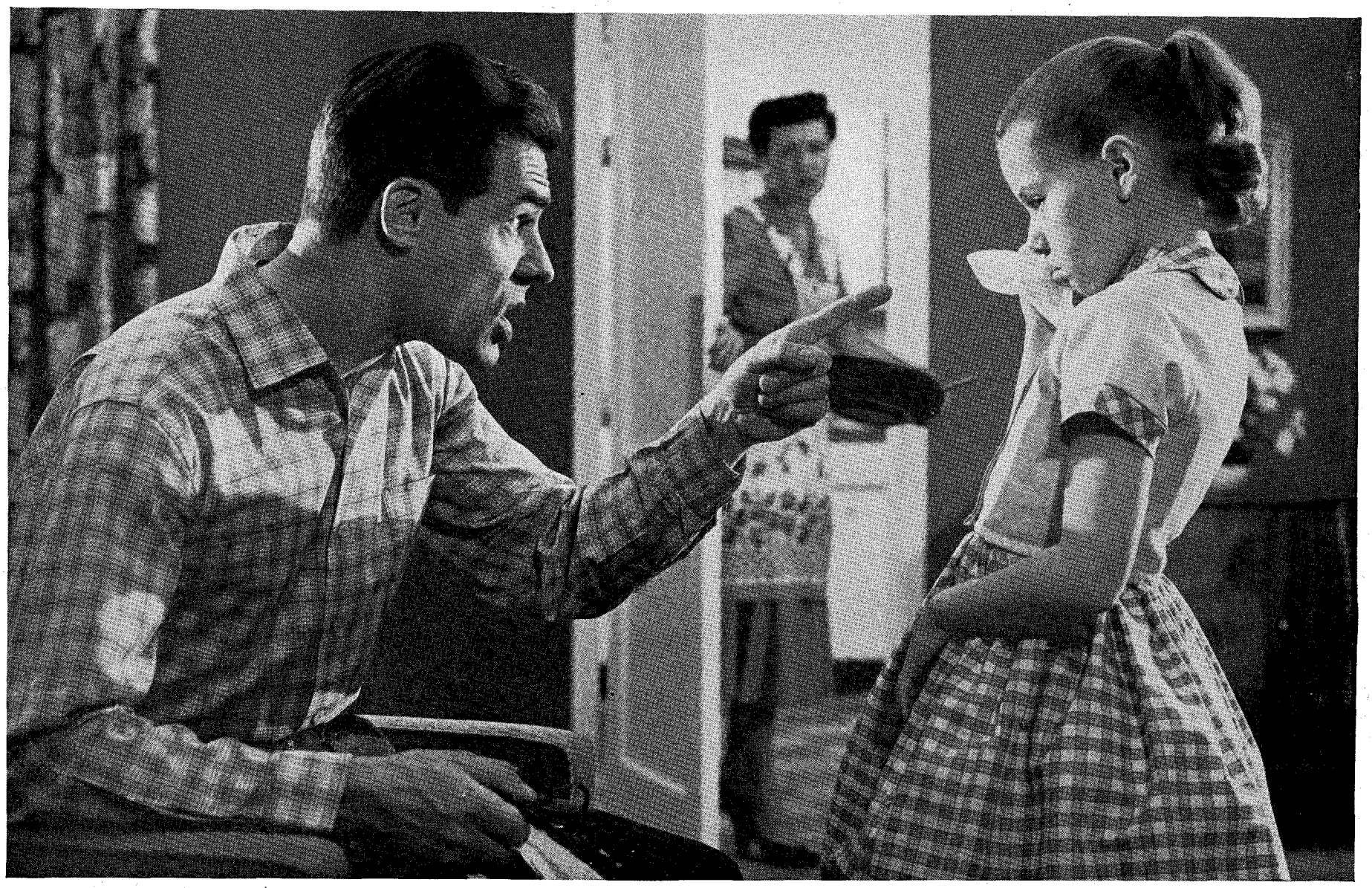


What really causes outbursts like this?

Perhaps, at one time or other, something like this happens in *your* home.

Everything is peaceful, quiet, serene.

Then, suddenly—like a bolt from above—there's scolding, shouting, discipline. A child cries. Little feet stumble up the stairway to the bedroom!

What happened? The youngster said or did something that disturbed her father. But, judging from his outburst, you'd think she'd done something *criminal.*

Then follows the father's usual remorse—the tucking of the child into bed, the good-night kiss. The outward resentment between husband, wife and child disappears. But, nevertheless, the evening is spoiled.

Why men fly off the handle

What causes outbursts like this from kindly husbands, indulging fathers?

Over-work? Budget trouble? Maybe. Any one of these might contribute to an occasional outburst. BUT, when any little disturbance is a signal to fly off the handle . . . then, something is decidedly *wrong!*

Tell such a man that he's far from well, and in self-defense he's likely to flare up and insist that he "never felt better." Way down deep, however, he'd have to admit to himself that he doesn't have the pep he once had . . . that maybe after all he *is* jumpy, moody, irritable at times.

It may be small consolation to him (or to you) that many men have had the same difficulties. The important fact is that the root of the trouble often lies in a habit . . . *the habit of depending on caffein in coffee or tea for quick, artificial "steadying."*

What your doctor would say . . .

Your doctor would tell you (or your better half) that, for some people, one of the worst offenders against the human nervous system is caffein. When a person uses this stimulant constantly, cup after cup, day after day, week after week, its effect tends to "build up". . . and may result in nervousness, irritability, sleeplessness.

So, if caffein is acting as a "drag" on you—*or the one you love*—isn't it time *you* did something about it? There *is* something you can do. You can switch from drinks containing caffein to a wonderful, hot beverage —*Instant Postum.*

There isn't a taut nerve, a sleepless hour or a headache in Postum. It can't make you nervous, irritable. It can't keep you awake at night because there isn't a single grain, speck or fleck of caffein in it.

New! Tastes like coffee

Now available for the first time is a new, delicious Instant Postum—Imitation Coffee Flavor.

What a rich aroma this new beverage has! And, it tastes so full-bodied, so satisfying!

Postum is made instantly—right in the cup. Just add boiling water and stir. It can be enjoyed straight or with cream and sugar, all day long, without fear.

Your grocer has both new Imitation Coffee Flavor Instant Postum and regular Instant Postum with a distinctive flavor that millions have enjoyed for years.

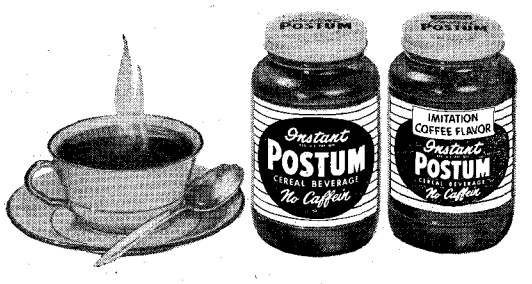
This satisfying, caffein-free beverage belongs on your table not just once, but *at every meal*—for 30 consecutive days. After all, you can't expect to free yourself from the accumulated effect of a habit of years in two or three days or even a week.

Costs half as much as most coffees

Whether you choose new Imitation Coffee Flavor Instant Postum (red label) or regular Instant Postum (blue label), you'll get up to 100 cups from the 8-oz. jar and up to 50 cups from the 4-oz. jar—*for less than a cent a cup.* Costs half as much as most coffees. Both are so low-priced, compared with ground, instant or decaffeinated coffees. Cup for cup, Postum costs only *half as much.*

So, try Instant Postum for at least 30 days—take this one step that may make a real difference in your life . . . give you zest to renew friendships . . . make *every* day so very worth while!

Don't let another day go by without giving caffein-free Postum a fair trial. Start the 30-day test *today.* See if you don't feel better! Act better! Look better! Postum is a registered trade-mark of General Foods.



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(*Continued from Page 55*) Estrada hopped out and strode to the curb.

"Señor Crosson! Why have you brought this child here?"

"How's that again?" Al said, genuinely surprised.

The parade had stopped. Back along the line of march bands played, but in the vicinity of Al and the colonel there was silence.

"Why have you brought the child here?" Estrada shrilled again.

"She's a pal of mine," Al said mildly. "She wanted to see the show."

"You were not given permission!"

"Hell's bells," Al said, "is it against the law to watch a parade?"

The colonel seemed to lose his power of speech for a moment. When he got it back, his voice was a string of firecrackers and he waved his arms like an exasperated traffic cop.

"You are here to create a disturbance!" he shouted.

Al looked around him and shook his head, wryly grinning. A disturbance was the last thing in the world he wanted, but the colonel was right: he certainly was creating one. But Al noticed something else. Working for two years in this little Caribbean republic had taught him to gauge the temper of its people rather well, and he saw now that the mood of the crowd was changing.

Before, they had mocked him in the belief that Estrada had placed him on display for that purpose. The monkey in a cage, so to speak. Now Estrada, by his own accusations, was rewriting the script.

It didn't occur to Al to take advantage of the situation. He said simply, "Look, colonel. My little girl here wanted to see the show, so I brought her. Nobody's trying to upset your parade. Now be a nice guy and get it rolling, will you?" And, waving a hand toward the onlookers, he added, "These people didn't come here to see us argue."

But Estrada had gone too far to retreat without losing face, and when the crowd cheered he knew it. Changing color and twitching, he turned to glare at them for it. Then, being angry—perhaps angry with himself for so stupidly getting into such a predicament—he made his mistake.

"Arrest this man!" he screamed at the police. And thrusting out his hands: "Give the child to me!"

Al stepped back, but too late. Little Lupita Robles, with a death grip on his ears, swung a leg and planted one of her tiny white shoes smack on the colonel's nose. The police rushed in. But the crowd closed in first, and authority hadn't a chance. Someone began blowing a whistle. The sound was lost in a rising tumult of cheers that bounced off the palace walls and filled the square.

The police had riot sticks for just such an emergency, you say? Of course. But the mob around Al Crosson and little Lupita was a hundred deep and getting deeper every second as the word spread through it like a wave of electricity. Any attempt to break up that mass of humanity by force would have touched off a revolution.

There was but one thing to do. Someone—not Estrada—had sense enough to do it. A band struck up the national anthem. The parade rolled again.

Al, with Lupita chortling on his shoulders, felt himself caught up in the flow and sucked into the line of march. He took the path of least resistance. The cheering mob stepped along with him, having the time of its life.

That was when some onlooker snapped the picture that appeared later in the American news magazine.

A moment later something else happened. Off the curb stepped Judy White, shouting Al's name and laughing at the same time. The crowd knew her, of course; she was the girl who drove the school bus. It let her through and she reached Al's side.

"Hooray for you!" she yelled at him. "You're wonderful!"

Al grinned and caught her hand. Side by side they paraded past the palace where President Fuentes and his top politicos, standing like the bronze statues in the palace grounds, watched in helpless silence.

Down through the city streets they went, with the uniformed school kids, the bands and the floats in their wake. Al was powerless to stop it. He was the parade. So he just hung onto Judy White's hand, grinned at the crowd's cheers and kept on walking. When he thought Lupita had had enough, he simply turned toward Calle Rosa. And the population of San Marlo City turned with him, leaving the bands and the floats to carry on in a vacuum.

At the door of No. 10 Al turned, faced the marchers, held up a hand for silence and got it. "Thanks," he said. "The little girl will remember this all her life."

They cheered until the door closed.

Al put his little friend in her favorite chair and turned to Judy. "Shall I go give myself up or wait here for them to come and arrest me?" he said.

"They won't arrest you," Judy said.

"They'll shoot me on sight, you mean?"

"Not that, either. With the election coming up tomorrow, Fuentes won't dare lift a finger."

"Maybe you're right," Al said. "Let's go over to my place and see."

She was right. The city buzzed for hours, but no one showed up at Al's house to make trouble. He and Judy White had dinner together on the veranda, turned on the phonograph and danced in the living room. Then they talked until midnight about very personal things, including what ought to be done with the little angel at Calle Rosa 10 who had no mother or father.

Next day Miguel Fuentes was voted out of the national palace and Estaban Altamirano became president of San Marlo. And you, Mr. Secretary, got off a wire to Acting Ambassador Philip Medwick, congratulating him on having swung the country back into the Pan-American fold.

Now you know what really happened, Mr. Secretary, and who deserves the credit. I don't insist that Al Crosson actually did anything sensational. Maybe he didn't. But what a man *is* is often more important than what he does, no?

At any rate, Mr. and Mrs. Al Crosson, being nice, normal people, would certainly frame a letter of thanks if you were to send them one. And little Lupita would be mighty proud of her new daddy, don't you think? THE END

Pet Theory

By Richard Wheeler

I cannot make my dog sit
up;
He won't roll over, won't
chase sticks.
I guess he's just too smart a
pup
To waste his time
performing tricks.

He's ready! Are you?

Don't let the first cold snap catch you napping. Better get your PT Anti-Freeze now. Prevents freeze-ups, foaming, rust and corrosion. Won't boil away even if a warm spell occurs. Get PT from your Texaco Dealer, *the best friend your car has ever had.*

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Every key operates the motor! So you can now *forget the motor bar!* No more back-and-forth hand motion from keys to motor bar. Think of the time and effort this saves.

Keyboard is instantly adjustable to *each* operator's touch! No wonder operators are so enthusiastic about it. They do their work *faster* — with up to 50% *less effort.* New operating advantages, quietness, beauty.

"LIVE KEYBOARD" with Adjustable Keytouch *plus* 8 other time-saving features combined only on the National Adding Machine: Automatic Clear Signal ... Subtractions in red ... Automatic Credit Balance in red ... Automatic space-up of tape when total prints ... Large Answer Dials ... Easy-touch Key Action ... Full-Visible Keyboard with Automatic Ciphers ... Rugged-Duty Construction.

A National Adding Machine pays for itself with the time-and-effort it saves, then continues savings as yearly profit. One hour a day saved with this new National will, in the average office, repay 100% a year on the investment. See a demonstration, today, on your own work. Call the nearest National branch office or National dealer.

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The Girl Next Door (Continued from Page 30)

"The Vittorio Hauling Company," Bill said. "Last I saw of it, they loaded the thing on a truck and took off. Personally, I don't care what they did with it. I got my thousand bucks."

"O.K., so the Vittorio boys put it down in front of me. Who's the lamebrain responsible?"

"You are."

"I am!"

"Sure. I offered you that lot out in front last year. Five hundred bucks. You said it was too much dough."

"All right, so I fumbled the ball. I suppose you sold some featherhead that lot so you could also sell him your leaning tower of Surf Pines, huh?" Harvey yelled. "So he could plunk the thing right in front of me, ruin my view and depreciate my property three or four thousand bucks."

"Well, what'd you want me to do with the lot? It won't pay the grocery bill just sitting there collecting sand fleas, you know."

"You could have sold it to someone with a few brains. He won't get away with it. There are restrictions over here, you know."

"Only restrictions, as you well know, Harv, are on the height of buildings, the building line and on commercial development. Besides, it isn't a 'he'; it's a 'she.'"

"A what?"

"Woman, female, doll, dame; pay your money and take your choice."

"Oh, no."

"She's an artist. It seems that she feels the beach is the perfect spot for painting. Something about the rhythm and movement of the ocean being in tune with the soul of the artist and musician."

"That's all I need," Harvey screamed, "some nitwit artist." He could see her now—gaunt, wild-eyed, with stringy hair, dressed in a paint-smeared smock and daubing a canvas with streaks of color and labeling it The Soul of Man.

"Her name is Zizi Malone," Bill said.

"Great," Harvey said.

"It's really Theresa Malone, but it seems that when she was a kid she tried to pronounce Theresa, it came out Zizi, and stuck. Why don't you buy the place from her and haul it off somewhere else if you don't like it?"

"Because I don't happen to have fifteen hundred bucks to throw away, that's why."

"That's too bad. You could put it on the highway. It would make a swell hot-dog stand. Or a fish market. They do well in the summer."

"Yeah, thanks for nothing." Harvey hung up.

He walked to the window and peered gloomily at the leaning monstrosity in front of him. He was unhappy with himself for not buying the lot when he had a chance, he was disenchanted with Bill for selling his old office to some artist, and he was sore as a boiled owl at the artist for dumping the thing in front of him. And there it sat, making the whole area look like a shacktown. He turned away from the window and picked up the phone. He gave his attorney's number to the operator.

"Tom?" he said, when his attorney answered. "Harvey McCall." He explained the situation.

Tom made clucking noises, cleared his throat a few times and then gave Harvey the bad news. "Nothing you can do, legally. Might burn the place down, but don't quote me."

"Yeah," Harvey said. "Thanks."

"Not at all," Tom said. "I'll send you a bill."

Harvey hung up the phone and again went to the window, seething. Maybe a committee of property owners. Get up a petition. Explain to them that if this sort of thing continued, they might as well give up and move out. He went into the kitchen and stirred up a Martini. He sipped it reflectively and then the doorbell rang.

Harvey went to the door and opened it. She was wearing a sweater and a pair of those trousers which automatically count calories. She had hair the color of a roll of friction tape and she had a gamin's face with a generous mouth, a turned-up nose and beautiful, expressive, dark eyes.

Harvey stared at her, gulped, and then said, "Hello."

"I wonder whether I could use your phone?"

"Certainly," Harvey said. She could have used his new fly rod or a dozen of his brand-new golf balls, if she had asked. He opened the door wide and stepped aside. "In the den. I'll show you." He led the way to his desk and pointed at the phone.

He went back into the front room, wondering who she was and whether she'd consider having a Martini with him. She probably had had car trouble—battery or something. Or most probably was supposed to meet her husband or boy friend somewhere and had been delayed. They always had a husband or a boy friend over the next sand dune, or were just down for the day, or were merely passing through. Harvey McCall had long since learned that beautiful women, unattached, did not ring your doorbell, you rang theirs.

She came back into the room as Harvey stood by the window and contemplated Miss Zizi Malone's folly out in front.

"Thanks very much," she said. "Sorry to trouble you."

"Not at all," he said. He looked at her left hand. No wedding ring, anyway. He brightened somewhat. "It's after five. Care for a Martini?"

She shook her head. "No, thanks."

"Sorry about the view out front," he said. "Some dizzy dame bought that thing from Bill Manion, bought the lot and plunked the thing right in front of me."

"I see."

"Some artist, according to Bill."

"Oh? Well, it might not be bad when she gets it fixed up."

Harvey waved a hand. "Fixed up? What can you do with a thing like that?"

"Foundation," she said. "Paint. Plate-glass windows looking over the ocean, build an addition onto that side which was once attached to the other part of the office. Put on heavy shakes or use boards and battens. You'd be surprised what can be done with a little imagination."

"Yeah, but she won't do it," Harvey said gloomily. "She'll probably leave that horrible mess just as it is, and think, because she's an artist, that people will put up with it because of her artistic eccentricities. Well, I'm not going to put up with it."

"What can you do?"

"I don't know right now," Harvey said, "but I'll think of something."

"You might like having an artist for a neighbor," she said. "Artists are people, like everyone else. Some of them are impractical dreamers, others are as hard-headed in business as a loan shark."

"Huh."

"Why don't you wait till you meet her before you form your opinion?"

"I don't have to meet her," Harvey growled.

"You already have," she said.

"No, and furthermore ——" Harvey stopped and stared at her. The horrible truth hit him like a building falling on his head. "Oh, no! You aren't ——"

"Zizi Malone," she said, "and you're Harvey McCall. It's going to be just dandy having you for a neighbor, Mr. McCall; but then, I'm used to it. I once lived next to a kennel full of great Danes. Already you can guess which I prefer. Thanks for the use of your phone. I won't trouble you again. I just called the phone company. They'll be here in the morning." She turned away and walked to the door.

He followed her, waving his arms. "Miss Malone, I'll cut my throat if it'll help. I'll ——"

"Do that," she said. "If my phone is installed in time, I'll call the coroner."

"I'll make it up to you if it takes a lifetime, and I hope it does."

"Here's to a short life," she said. She opened the door.

"I didn't know who you were!" he yelped. "You might have told me! You might have ——"

"I'm glad I didn't. I'd much rather know how I stand. Quote: Some dizzy dame bought that thing, and people will put up with her because of her artistic eccentricities. Unquote."

In some homes the only switch used to control the children is the one on the TV set.

IMOGENE FEY

"Stop putting my foot in my mouth," Harvey said. "It was a natural mistake. It happens all the time."

"It certainly does, but that doesn't make it any more palatable. Good-by, Mr. McCall. It was absolutely gruesome meeting you." She walked through the door and closed it firmly. If she had slammed it, he would have felt a bit better for some reason.

He walked to the window and watched her go down to her leaning abode. He mentally kicked himself all the way down to the surf and then sighed. She was lovely. She made all the girls he had known look like lady wrestlers. *So what do you do, McCall, the first time you meet her? I'll tell you what you do, you featherhead; you insult her and alienate her irrevocably right at the start. Here she is, living not fifty feet away, and from this day on she probably won't even speak to you.*

He looked at his watch. It was five-twenty-five. The florist would still be open. He picked up the phone, ordered a dozen roses and told them to enclose a card reading: "Out on Surf Pines there lived a lass more bright than May-day morn; whose smiles all other maids' surpass, a rose without a thorn. Please forgive me." He specified that they were to be delivered immediately, hung up the phone, sat by the window and waited.

Presently he saw the florist's truck drive up, saw the boy knock on the door. Zizi Malone took the box, opened it and looked at the card. She disappeared into the house while the boy waited. In a few minutes she came back and handed him the box. The boy looked up at Harvey's house doubtfully and then shrugged his shoulders and walked up on the patio.

Harvey went to the door. "Yes?"

"Lady down there said to deliver these roses here. I don't get it. Didn't you order them?"

"Yes, I ordered them."

"She enclosed a card. You want we should deliver some more roses? Maybe she didn't like the color."

"No, that isn't it. What did she say?"

"Well—uh ——"

"Go ahead."

"She said, 'Take these roses up to that big baboon and tell him to drop dead twice; once for me and once for the Artists' League.'"

Harvey opened the box, took out a card and gave the boy a tip. "Here, take these over to the hospital. Give them to some woman who's having a baby."

The boy looked at Harvey and back at Zizi Malone's house. "Ain't it awful what women will do to a guy?" After this profound observation he left, got into his truck and drove away.

Harvey looked at the card Zizi had sent with the roses. She had paraphrased a quotation from Stanton: "This world that we're alivin' in could be so very sweet, but you get a thorn with every rose, and he lives right on my street."

Harvey tore the card in two and tossed it in the fireplace. All right, if that was the way she wanted it, that was the way she could jolly well have it. Anyone could make a mistake, but she didn't have to make a Federal case out of it. He had tried, certainly. One dozen roses weren't exactly a handful of beach grass. She wanted it that way; she could have it that way. He could make her suffer. He could dig out his old trombone that he used to play in college and start practicing again.

He walked to the window and looked at Zizi's house. As he did so, he saw Eric Winston drive up in that foreign job of his. Eric climbed out of his car and looked at Zizi's house. Harvey took a very pale view of Eric Winston. He was a tall, lean, muscular character with wavy blond hair and very blue eyes. A handsome Nordic type. Women flocked around him as thick as sea gulls around a dead whale; probably, Harvey always thought, because of the man's bank roll, which was large enough to stuff both sea gulls and whales.

Zizi came to the door and smiled at Eric. They walked around the house. Eric pointed and gestured with his arms while Harvey stood at the window and sneered. Redecorating and rebuilding the house already, that's what the guy was doing. Moving right in and giving Zizi Malone the word. Eric and Zizi looked up at Harvey's house as they talked. Sure, Zizi was telling Eric what a sour goat he, Harvey McCall, was.

He could stand it no longer. He opened the doors off his patio and walked down to Zizi's house.

"Hello, Eric," he said.

"Well, Harvey," Eric said. "You've met your new neighbor?"

"Uh-huh."

"I think it's the best possible news that Miss Malone has picked Surf Pines as a background for her painting. We could do with a little culture around here."

"Yeah," Harvey said.

"What Mr. McCall means," Zizi said, "is that he wishes this place would catch fire some windy night. He's gnashing his teeth 'cause I moved this place right smack in front of him."

"I don't know why," Eric said. "With a little work, this place could be charming. I think it's stimulating to fix up a home. You can count on me, Miss Malone. I swing a mean paintbrush."

Harvey could think of another thing Eric could swing. He could swing himself from the nearest tree. Trust that character. Apparently he had just met Zizi and already he was painting her house.

"I believe I'll use boards and battens for the exterior," Zizi said.

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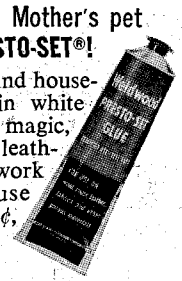

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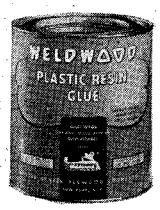

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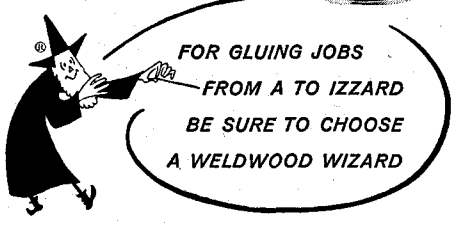

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"Perfect," Eric said. "Can't beat them for this country."

"This place is awfully close to the ocean," Harvey said. "We had a tidal wave once and ——"

"Plate-glass windows all across the front," Zizi said.

"Sun comes in and fades everything," Harvey said. "Besides, they're sure to leak."

"Hemp squares for your floors, of course," Eric said. "Here at the beach——"

"Burlap drapes," Zizi said, "and bamboo shades."

"Need some color with a setup like ——" Harvey began.

"You can get your color in your coverings for your furniture and with a lavish use of pictures should have a charming place. I'll line up the men to raise your place and pour your foundation if you like, Miss Malone."

"Oh, would you?" Zizi said. "Why, that's wonderful!" She looked at Eric as if he had just invented concrete.

"Huh," Harvey said. *What's wonderful about it? Pick up a phone and tell the men to come arunning. Anyone who can speak English and has a telephone can do that. You'd think Eric had offered to raise the house with his hot little hands.*

"I know a good man to do your carpenter work," Eric said. "He does a day's work and he won't sandbag you, I'll see to that."

"Oh, Eric, I just don't know what I'd do without you," Zizi said.

I know what you'd do, Harvey thought, *if I'd kept my big mouth shut. You'd have come up to my place and asked me. O.K., so now Eric is taking over. You just wait till he has to use his back. Last time that joker did any work was the last time he played golf.* Well, Zizi Malone wasn't the only woman around. Wait until summer. The beach would be teeming with gorgeous young ladies running around in two pieces of cloth. He looked at Zizi, visualizing her running around the beach in two pieces of cloth. His heart went into overdrive.

"I'll just run along and get dressed for dinner, Zizi," Eric said. "Pick you up in half an hour?"

"That will be fine."

Eric climbed into the foreign job of his and took off.

"Fast worker," Harvey growled.

"He certainly is more co-operative than some men I've met," Zizi said. "He doesn't act as if I'm a typhoid carrier because I want a home here."

"I explained all that!" Harvey yelped. "I made an honest mistake, which anyone could make. You want to be careful of those smooth characters like Eric. He'll fix up your place, and the next thing, you'll have to burn the house down to get him out."

"I can think of worse things," Zizi said. "Now, if you'll excuse me, I'll dress for dinner."

Harvey walked back to his house. The anticipated pleasure of his two Martinis, his charcoal-broiled steak, had been taken from him almost before he had a chance to drink two Martinis and broil a steak. He changed his clothes, went over to Oceancrest, perversely ordered liver and onions, and after dinner went to a movie.

After the show he walked up to Art's Coffee Shop and ordered coffee. He spooned in sugar and stared into the cup.

"If you're trying to see the bottom of the cup," Art said, "you can't. I put coffee in this batch."

"Something new, huh?" Harvey said.

"Every other batch," Art said. "You're lucky."

"Yeah, I'm lucky all right," Harvey said gloomily.

"Something wrong?"

"Something wrong!" Harvey yelped. "Listen ——" He gave Art a five-minute dissertation on what was wrong.

"Huh," Art said. "What does this dame look like?"

He gave Art a rather detailed description. Art peered at him closely as he talked. "And that's the trouble," he finished. "She looks like an earthbound angel."

Art shook his head. "You know what I'd do?"

"No, what would you do?"

"I'd marry the dame and turn that building into a nursery."

"Oh, that's a great idea. How do you come up with these great ideas so easily?"

"It ain't easy," Art said. "I have to work at it."

"Marry the dame," Harvey mumbled. "How screwy can you get?"

"O.K. So you fight this dame. You go around town knocking this idea she has of turning Bill's office into a house. Beat your brains out, and what does it get you? Everyone will think you're off your rocker, that's what it'll get you. A beautiful doll moves next door to you. Use your head, man. If you can't beat 'em, join 'em."

"Yeah," Harvey said. "O.K., so I have to go down and work on the foundation, help the carpenter, help the plumber, help the electrician, help the painters. I'll probably have to dig up her lawn and plant it, carry her easel when she wants to paint. I'll end up by being her slave."

"Why do you have to do all that?"

"Why?" Harvey screamed. "Because if I don't, there's a jerk by the name of Eric Winston who will be there at daylight to do it if I don't, that's why."

"Well, you got two strikes on the guy. You're practically parked in her front door. One of these days he'll call up and you'll answer the phone. That will finish him off."

"Yeah, except that he's pitching with good looks, a foreign car, half the money in the state, and time to pitch. And what have I got?" Harvey looked at himself in the mirror.

"I got to admit you're no Gregory Peck."

"You aren't supposed to agree with me," Harvey said. "It isn't good manners."

"But you're no goon either. You might use the offer-it-up-and-take-it-away technique."

"Huh?"

"We used to do that when I was repairing fountain pens for a living. You offer the sucker a deal, and then, while he's trying to make up his mind, withdraw the offer. All of a sudden he's frantic, trying to get you to make the original offer again so's he can jump at it."

Harvey lifted his head. "You mean ask her to marry me, and while she's trying to make up her mind, tell her I changed mine? Holy Toledo! That's the screwiest idea I ever heard of."

Art sighed. "You got all the finesse of a water buffalo. No, you don't ask her to marry you, you featherhead. You merely make yourself indispensable and then, when you get indispensable, you become unavailable. Before long she'll ask you to marry her."

"Ah-h-h!" Harvey said.

"You got a better idea?"

"Yeah, I'll just pretend she doesn't exist."

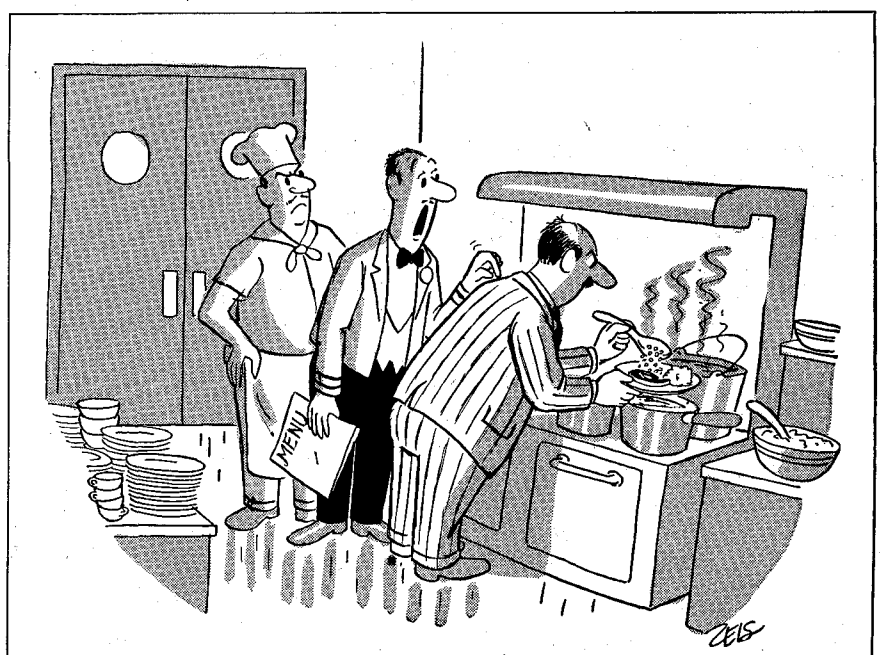
"That's a neat trick," Art said. "Just stick your head in the sand and pretend you're a clam while you're at it."

Harvey went home, determined to pretend that Zizi Malone did not exist. He sat down with a magazine, first looking out the window to see whether Eric's car was out in front.

He read four short stories, a serial, two articles. Then he made some coffee and drank two cups. He looked at his watch. It was one-thirty and there were no signs of life down in front. Well, they were certainly making a night of it. He got into his pajamas, slippers and robe. At two-thirty he went to bed and started reading a book. At three-thirty he finally turned off his light. It figured. If she was going to be that way, she could just jolly well be that way, and he was going to have no part of it. He turned and tossed and finally went to sleep.

Promptly at 7:55 A.M. the sound of a power saw ripping through a board brought him up rigid. His eyes felt like two marbles. He shook his head. The saw growled its way through the board. He heard voices of workmen: "One more turn, Joe! . . . Hold it! . . . All right, let's get that six-by-six over here and ——" Wearily, he climbed out of bed, went into the front room and peered out the window.

There were two trucks with OLSON BROS. painted on the sides. Workmen were swarming around the house, with one eye on their tools and one eye on Miss Zizi Malone, who was wearing some shorts and a halter top and who seemed as gay and alert as a meadow lark. *It's youth that does it*, Harvey thought, as he groggily went (*Continued on Page 62*)



"Isn't someone taking care of your table, sir?"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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AMERICAN BLOWER AIR CONDITIONING

From left: American Blower representative H. B. Prewitt; Consulting Engineers C. S. Leopold and F. H. Buzzard of Charles S. Leopold, Engineers; J. G. Hutchins, chief engineer, Philadelphia Trade and Convention Center; Mechanical Contractor J. M. Anderson of W. M. Anderson Co.

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(*Continued from Page 60*) into the bathroom. He took off his pajamas and recklessly jumped into a cold shower. He immediately regretted his recklessness and jumped out again. *Only youth*, he thought, *could be up past three-thirty and look as she does at eight*. He looked at himself in the mirror and recoiled. *Face it, McCall*, he said, *you just aren't as young as you used to be*.

He turned on the warm water and got back into the shower, then shaved, dressed and made coffee. He carried a cup into the front room and looked out the window. Oh, sure, Eric Winston was already there, straw-bossing the Olson Bros. crew, who seemed to pay him little, if any, attention.

He gulped his coffee and then went down to Zizi's house. She saw him coming and smiled. The smile, plus the nearness of her in those shorts and halter top, completely changed his mind about pretending that she did not exist. *Face it, McCall, you can't ignore the girl, any more than you can dismiss an atomic bomb because you have never seen one.*

"Hi," she said. "Isn't it a beautiful morning?"

Harvey regretfully took his eyes away from her and looked at the morning. It was a beauty, all right. "It's great," he said. She seemed much more friendly. Maybe she had forgiven him his boner of yesterday. He brightened somewhat, even in the presence of Eric Winston. "Sleep well?"

"Oh, I had a wonderful sleep. That ocean just sings me to sleep. I tried to read awhile, but I fell asleep at nine and was up at six."

"Nine?" Harvey said.

"Uh-huh. Eric and I went up to the Copper Room for dinner and then came back here and played double solitaire for a while."

Oh, brother, Harvey thought. "Ugh," he said. *Three-thirty in the morning, McCall, waiting for her to get in. You're going to have to do one of two things—marry the girl, as Art said, or move away. Or make yourself indispensable.* The thought nudged him enough to have him say, "Well, looks as if you're making progress. Anything I can do to help?"

She looked at him as if he had just shingled her house, and said, "Oh, could you, Mr. McCall?"

"Anything," he said. "Anything at all."

"I was wondering how I'd get my trunks from the station. I called the transfer man, but he can't pick them up until tomorrow and ——"

"Why, be glad to call him. I know him well. I'll put on a little pressure ——"

"He went to Cannon Beach. Or maybe Eric ——"

Harvey gave a slight leap. "Oh, no, I'll pick them up."

"That's wonderful. I noticed you had a station wagon. Eric said he'd be glad to do it, but he hurt his back."

Eric put his hand behind him and rubbed his back. "Must have strained it somehow, Harvey, old man, but I told Zizi you'd be glad to help."

"How did you strain it—lifting a coffee cup?" Harvey said. . . . "I'll get the trunks right away, Miss Malone."

He got out his station wagon and drove over to the motor-freight office. No one was there but the wife of the agent. She led him over to the warehouse and pointed at three trunks. Harvey winced. Each would have held Rocky Marciano, with room left over for Sugar Ray Robinson. He backed his station wagon up to the loading dock. He wrestled the first trunk over and eased it on the tail gate. The back of his station wagon dropped a foot. Somehow he got the trunk pushed toward the front. Eventually he loaded the others. He put his hand behind him and felt his back. *What she needs*, he thought, *is an Olympic Games weight lifter*. He drove back to Zizi's house. Eric's car was gone.

With the help of one of the Olson brothers, Harvey got the trunks into the house, which was now resting in a more or less level status with the help of the screw jacks underneath.

He felt rather proud of himself, even if he did feel as if a board were in his back. He beamed at Zizi.

She frowned at him. "I don't think you were a bit nice to Eric."

"What?"

"Asking him if he hurt his back lifting a coffee cup. Growling around like a bear with a sore paw. I think you hurt his feelings."

"Good," Harvey said.

"He tried to get a man to dig a hole for my septic tank, but he couldn't find one."

Well, he, Harvey McCall, wasn't going to be slickered into digging any hole for any septic tank. If Eric Winston was so wonderful, he could dig the hole himself. "That's too bad," he said.

Zizi put her hand on his arm. "I think maybe I could call you 'Harvey' now if you'll call me 'Zizi.'"

Harvey looked down at her. She smiled at him. She was very close. He looked into her eyes and his heart gave a fair imi-

• •

Pessimist's Plaint

The best things in life may
be free, I don't doubt—
But so are the worst ones,
I've sadly found out!

By S. Omar Barker

• •

tation of an engine with a faulty connecting-rod bearing. "Where's the shovel?" he said.

It took him most of the day to dig the hole. The sun came out around noon and it was as hot down in the hole as the hinges of Hades. Eric Winston showed up at three in his swimming trunks. He peered over the edge of the hole.

"Sorry you aren't through, old man," he said. "Zizi and I are going for a dip in the ocean; but then, I know you want to finish before dinner."

"Yeah," Harvey said.

Zizi came to the edge and looked down. "Why, that's wonderful, Harvey! You must be terribly strong to dig that great big hole in such a short time."

Zizi was wearing two pieces of cloth. They covered maybe twenty per cent of Zizi. The other eighty per cent was sleek and suntanned and as devoid of flaws as a new light globe.

"Nothing to it," he said, mentally flexing his muscles. "Have it finished in no time at all."

"Eric did the most wonderful thing," Zizi said.

"He did?"

"Uh-huh. He found two beautiful pieces of driftwood and he's having matching lamps made. They're going to be absolutely exquisite."

"Great," Harvey said morosely. "Just great."

"And he picked out the color scheme." She turned to Eric. "Really, Eric, with your feeling for color, you should be an artist."

"May take it up sometime at that, Zizi. . . . Well, carry on, Harvey. . . . Shall we go, Zizi?"

Harvey, seething, watched them walk away toward the ocean, as carefree as two puppies. Feeling for color—having matching lamps made—ha! If he was so wonderful, why didn't he get on the business end of a shovel? Harvey threw sand much faster than he intended, and in half an hour had the job done. He climbed out of the hole and stretched, then went up to the house and took a shower. He put on a robe and stretched out on his couch, intending to take a short nap.

When he came awake, it was dark. He looked at his watch. Seven-thirty. He got off the couch and looked down toward Zizi's. There were no lights and Eric's car was gone. *Fine. I beat my brains out, digging a hole for a septic tank, and now she's off somewhere, lallygagging with that overstuffed moneybag.* He dressed and went over to Art's to eat.

"Well," Art said cheerfully, "how you making out?"

"Shut up," Harvey said. He looked at the menu. "Steak sandwich."

"I'll be glad when summer comes and all I have to do is sweat out the tourists," Art said. "It's harder on the feet, but easier on the disposition."

"You and your ideas," Harvey said. "Know what I am? I am an indispensable trunk mover and septic-tank-hole digger. You know what Eric is? He's the guy who does wonderful things like finding driftwood for lamps and picking out color schemes. So who is she out with tonight?"

"Let me think," Art said. "It'll come to me."

"I'm just going to forget about her. So she'll be living right in front of me. Familiarity breeds contempt, you know. After a while I'll look down, see her, and she'll seem just like part of a sand dune."

After he ate his steak sandwich he went home. There were no lights down in front. Wearily he crawled into bed and let his aching muscles settle into the mattress.

He came awake at six-thirty. It was a beautiful spring morning. He got out of bed, tested his back, found out that he would live, showered, shaved and made coffee. He read the morning paper and then the Olson Brothers arrived with their crew. He went out on his patio. Zizi came out of her house and waved.

"Hi, Harvey!" she said. "Isn't it a gorgeous morning?"

He walked down the hill. "Marvelous," he said. He began to make a few plans. Maybe a picnic up the beach by the Peter Iredale, where they wouldn't be disturbed. If they got away early enough, Eric Winston could go over color charts all by himself all day.

One of the Olson brothers joined them. "I staked it out, Miss Malone," he said. "It should go right there." He pointed to a spot near the house. There were four stakes driven into the ground. "Shouldn't take more than three or four hours, and they're bringing the tank over this afternoon. If the hole is finished, they can drop it in right off the truck."

"Oh, darn!" Zizi said.

"Something wrong?" Harvey said.

"It's the oil tank," Zizi said. "It has to be buried." She put her hand on Harvey's arm. "Now you're absolutely not to even think of digging a hole for that oil tank, Harvey. You worked all day yesterday on the septic tank and I simply won't have ——"

An hour later, Harvey leaned on his shovel and thought things over. *What am I doing down in this hole?* Somehow or other, although he had no intention of getting involved in this oil-tank routine, here he was. It seemed to him, although that was ridiculous, that it had been his own idea. He frowned and got to work. It was noon when he finished. He climbed out of the hole, tossed the shovel aside and wiped his forehead. Zizi was nowhere around.

He went home, climbed into swimming trunks and walked down to the beach. He stretched out on the sand, closed his eyes. Presently a shadow crossed his eyes. He opened them. She obscured the sun and the view of the ocean, but he did not mind. This time she was wearing a bathing suit of some metallic gold material that did even more for her than the one of the day before.

He looked around. "Something's missing," he said.

Panicked, she checked her suit.

"Where's Eric?" he said.

She wrinkled her nose at him. "Want to go into the water?"

They walked down to the ocean and ran into the surf, splashing big and yelling. Zizi pushed him into the teeth of a fifteen-foot wave. He came up spitting sand and salt water.

"Hey!" he said. "What's the big idea?"

"That's for calling me a dizzy dame, an eccentric artist, and for being sore about my house."

"Oh."

They were standing waist deep in water. She reached up, took hold of his hair and pulled his face down. She kissed him thoroughly. "That's for digging a hole for my septic tank." She kissed him again. "That's for digging the hole for my oil tank." She turned away from him and walked out of the surf.

He followed her, his brow as wrinkled as a dried fig. "Well, where is Eric?"

She turned, looked at him and stomped her foot on the sand. "Oh!"

"Now what? All I asked was where Eric ——"

"Where's Eric—where's Eric? What are you doing—going steady or something?"

Harvey waved his arms. "He's been covering the joint like a January rain, so it's natural to wonder."

She smiled enigmatically. "Why, you sound jealous!"

Harvey thought it over. *All right, face it, McCall.* "O.K., so I'm jealous."

"Well, it's about time."

"H'm-m-m?"

"I was getting a bit weary of Eric's smoothness, his color charts, his sore back, his air of quiet confidence in himself. But he was the only one available. I really don't think you've suffered enough for your nasty remarks."

"I sent roses," Harvey yelped. "I tried to ——"

"Ha! You didn't think you were going to get off with picking up a phone and ordering a dozen roses, did you? A woman likes more fuss than that. Bill Manion told me you were going to be wild when I dropped that place in front of you. Matter of fact, he let me have it for two hundred down if I'd buy the lot in front of you."

"What?" Harvey screamed.

"He said you were getting too complacent, that you needed stirring up."

He peered at her. "Some little egg-beater he sent along to do the stirring."

She inspected her fingernails. "Well, he did say he'd give twenty dollars to see your face when you found out who your neighbor was."

"Of all the conceited ——" he began. "What did my face look like?"

"You looked stunned," she said. "Absolutely stunned."

Harvey looked at her, took in her eyes, her mouth, her hair. "I'm still stunned."

She patted his cheek. "Don't worry, Harvey. That's the way it's supposed to be. That's what makes the world go around."

"I see," Harvey said. "I often wondered what it was." THE END

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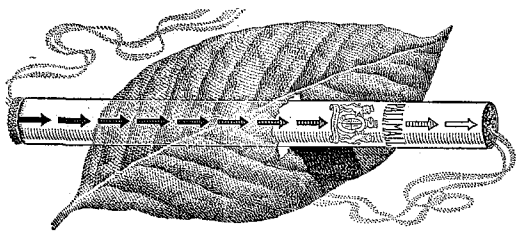

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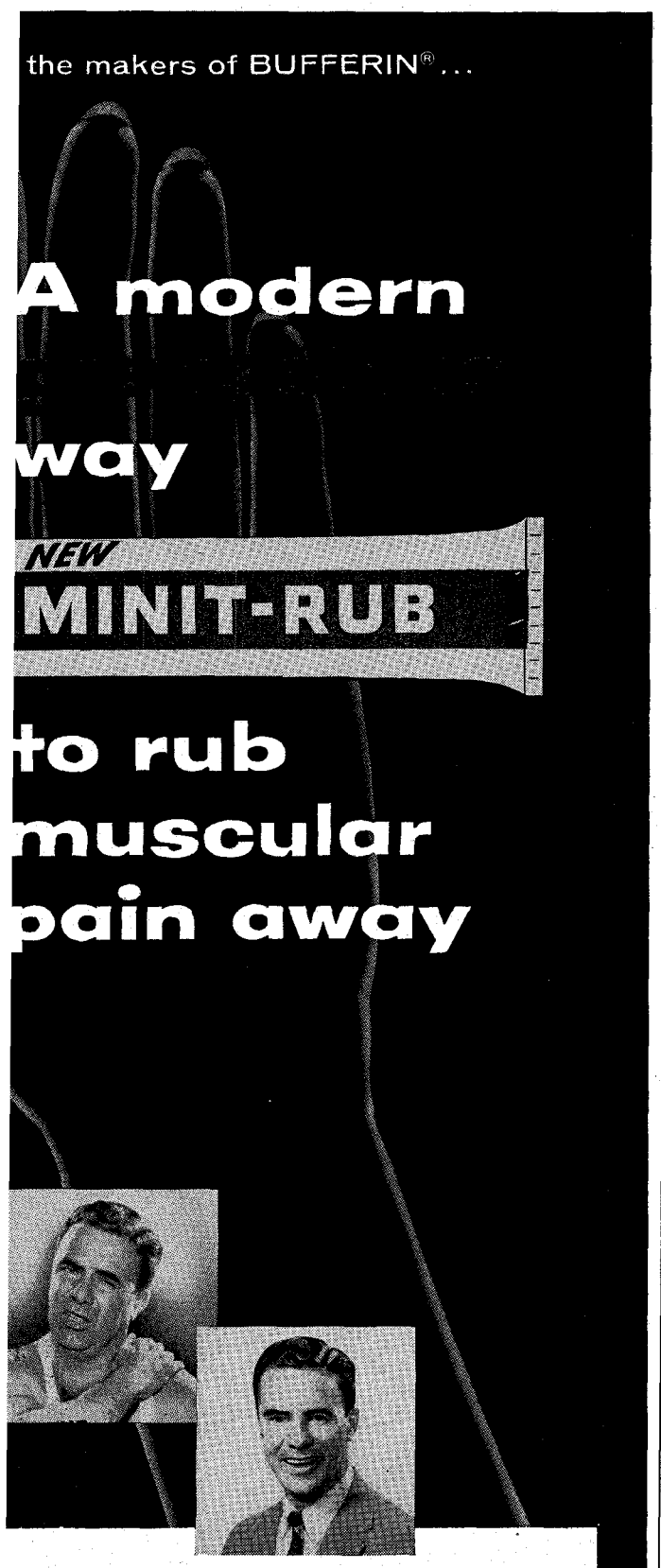

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Inside the Asylum

(Continued from Page 25)

Even so, the average citizen knows little about what goes on in his state hospital. He doesn't know who the patients are or what is the matter with them. And what is done for them? Who are the doctors, and how much do they know? What of the superintendent's burden? These are important questions, to be answered in this article and others to follow. And most of the answers can be found at Columbus State Hospital, which may be taken as representative of many state hospitals in America today.

Columbus State Hospital is like all the other state hospitals in America in many ways—big, overcrowded, short of doctors, nurses and attendants. It is full of human suffering. Columbus State holds 2700 patients. This is not an unmanageable number—Pilgrim State, in New York, has 14,000—but its clinical director said recently, "I'd sure hate to see it get any bigger. You can't treat patients on an assembly-line basis." The 2700 sick people at Columbus State are occupying space big enough for only 1800, by American Psychiatric Association standards. Yet it is not so hideously overcrowded as Toledo State Hospital, where patients sleep on the floor, or Cleveland State, which is so full that new patients must await their turn in the county jail.

Columbus must accept any patient committed to it by court. The hospital tries, not always successfully, to refuse children under sixteen, alcoholics who merely want to sober up, and epileptics and mental defectives unless they are also psychotic. It must take patients who are functionally psychotic—nothing wrong physically, but they have lost their minds—and people suffering from organic disorders: arteriosclerosis of the brain, for example, or paresis. Most of the patients have been here many years. One has been here continuously since 1881. Years ago she used to sing and dance and mop the floors, but today she just sits. So far as the records show, she never has had a visitor in her seventy-five years here.

Columbus State is really several institutions. It is a sort of old-folks' county home. It is a maximum-security hospital for dangerous patients. It is a hospital for the treatment of acute psychotics. And it is custodial home to a host of steadily deteriorating chronic psychotics.

To care for all these patients there are eighteen doctors. This includes administrators and doctors who handle purely medical problems; there are only ten doctors who are actually seeing to the day-to-day psychiatric care of 2700 patients. Not one of these ward doctors is a full-fledged certified psychiatrist—that is, none is fully trained and has passed the examination of the American Board of Psychiatry and Neurology.

There are only three certified psychiatrists at the hospital, and they can give little time to patients; they supervise the work of the ward doctors. Most of the ward doctors are "residents in psychiatry," in training here for board examinations. Attendants are so scarce that frequently at night one attendant must try to handle three wards alone. Three wards comprise a block-long labyrinth of rooms and corridors and locked doors, with up to 250 psychotic patients sleeping in them. And all this is about average for state hospitals in America today; many are much worse off.

When a new patient arrives at Columbus State he is brought into the lobby, which is furnished with a row of old wooden chairs and a soft-drink machine and a showcase of patients' embroidery. Some new patients come in screaming, dragged by police, kicking at the nurses and doctors. But most wait docilely while the switchboard girl calls the admitting doctor over the loud-speaker, "Doctor Dane, Doctor Dane."

Dr. Robert Dane, a quiet, soft-spoken man of twenty-nine, comes to the lobby and sits down beside the new patient and talks to him. How does he feel? Who brought him here? Where is he? What is the date? When was he born? How have things been going at home? Can he subtract three from 100, and three from that, and so on?

From the answers to a few such questions, Doctor Dane can form an impression of what is wrong with the patient. A catatonic schizophrenic, for example, may not answer at all; a man with cerebral arteriosclerosis may be unable to reverse digits. Then a nurse takes the patient by the elbow and leads him to his ward.

A new admission is stripped on arrival, bathed, examined physically and given a short white hospital gown and floppy white overalls. Doctor Dane interviews him again and orders any necessary tests. The tests take about a week. Then the patient gets a chance—and only this one—to be considered by all the doctors on the staff. They (*Continued on Page 66*)

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"Oh! I guess that was my husband at the door . . . hold on a minute, Sue."

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(*Continued from Page 64*) diagnose his illness and prescribe treatment.

Staff meeting is held every morning from ten to noon in a large sunny room. The doctors and social workers, ten or a dozen in all, sit around a long oak table, papers spread before them. At the head of the table is a vacant chair for the patient. One day a while back the patient was a young Negro woman. Before bringing her in, Dr. Wilson P. Shortridge, the young admitting doctor on the female side, recited her history. She was not married to the man she lived with. She had been in the hospital several years ago and had improved on electroshock. Now she had been brought to the hospital after a fight with a neighbor girl who, she said, had put a recording machine in her house to spy on her. "The voices" had told her so.

Shortridge put down his papers, went out into the hall and returned with her. She was a small thin woman in a long dress. She was carrying a toothbrush. She was "oriented"—able to state correctly who she was, where she was, when she had come here and why. She told about the fight with the neighbor.

Shortridge asked, "Do you think it's possible you're not well?"

She said, "I'm nervous," and then, in a strained voice, "I wasn't loved. That's a lot of it. I wasn't loved enough."

Shortridge, his face boyish, said, "Have you felt unhappy?"

"Yes. I couldn't help it. They didn't have enough love. God knows somebody loves me."

Dr. Benjamin Kovitz, the clinical director, took up the questioning. "Does your husband love you?"

"He doesn't care. I have two children. Next time a man wants me he can marry me, he can get a license."

"Why didn't he get a license?"

"Because I had a baby."

"How old were you?"

"Twenty-four. I didn't know any better. I was scared. That's why I did it," and she sobbed deeply. Her sobbing was the only sound in the room.

Kovitz said, "How does your husband treat you?"

"He fights with me. I was going to leave my children and the whole business." Her voice was rising; Kovitz's was soft and even, "Does this recording machine continue to talk to you here?"

"Yes. Sometimes."

"What does it say?"

She sat silent a long time; she seemed to gather herself; you could see her body tautening. "Women's rights! Women's rights, it says." She sank back in her chair wearily.

Kovitz looked swiftly around the table, then said gently, "You're not really well enough to go home, you know. Are you afraid of being here? Afraid of the treatment?"

She looked up, her dark eyes apprehensive, "Yes." (She feared electroshock.)

"Would you try some other kind of treatment?"

"It won't help."

Kovitz said, "I can't promise you it will help, but it helps some people and I can promise you it won't hurt you or frighten you. Will you try it?" She nodded slowly. He said, "Thank you for talking to us. You can wait out in the hall now."

The doctors were silent. Kovitz smiled a little and looked around the table, saying, "Well, what do you think? . . . Doctor Bookspan?" Dr. Saul C. Bookspan said, "She shows the features of a paranoid schizophrenic, but she's not flat enough." Kovitz went on around the table, polling the doctors. One said, "I think I'd vote for paranoid. Though I'm well aware of the catatonic features." Young doctors tend to lay great store by diagnosis. Actually, as an older doctor has said, "Diagnosis is often an academic question—the treatment is the same anyway."

Kovitz said, "Let's call it acute undifferentiated schizophrenia with paranoid and catatonic features. I'd like to hold her off shock and try Frenquel when we get some." (Frenquel is a new drug.) He looked at Dr. Gordon L. Smith, smiling a little. "This is a patient worth spending some time with if you are able to do so." Doctor Smith, who tries to take care of 300 acute women patients, shook his head. Kovitz said to Shortridge, "Maybe you can do it." Shortridge said he would see the patient one hour a week for individual psychotherapy.

There are twenty-eight wards in the main building. The new patient goes to one of the acute wards. Here he receives treatment for a few weeks or months. If he responds well, he goes home. If he doesn't, he is moved to a chronic ward. As patients fail to recover they tend to get moved upstairs and farther and farther back in the building, until finally they are shoved clear out of the main building and into the cottages. Nearly all state hospitals concentrate treatment on the acute wards. A patient's best chance to recover comes as soon as he reaches the hospital. The trouble with concentrating on new patients, of course, is that others are neglected. Doctor Kovitz has said, "You've got to try on everybody, and you've only got so many doctors and so much medicine and so much time."

At the time of our visit about a third of all patients at Columbus were getting some kind of treatment. This is a generous estimate and seems to include every patient who at some time sees a movie or is given a magazine to read—"recreational therapy." It includes only 117 patients on shock treatment, 213 on the new tranquilizing drugs, twenty-four on individual psychotherapy, thirty-one on group psychotherapy—a total of 385, out of 2700, on active treatment. Doctor Kovitz has estimated that perhaps another 1400 might benefit from treatment if it were available. About 900 patients are purely custodial. This is probably an average treatment record for a state hospital. One doctor says, "Sometimes it almost seems as though they get well in spite of the hospital."

The whole hospital is divided into halves. The wards in the north wing are for women, those in the south wing for men. In the acute men's wards, the windows are high and narrow and steel-barred. Psychotic patients wander about aimlessly, dim figures moving silently in gloomy passageways. Walking through a doorway, you come upon a man standing rigid in a corner, frozen in catatonic trance, squeezed tight against the wall as though hoping to press himself into the wall and so into oblivion. In a little toilet room a dozen men are crowded—they are forbidden to smoke on the ward, as its floors are wood, so they smoke in the toilet, where the floor is tile. In the hall a television set is blatting away; a dozen patients are sitting with their backs turned to it. The patients are not in bed, as in a general hospital. Their daily routine resembles that of prisoners, not of patients.

Upstairs, 683 male patients live on the chronic wards. Doctor Bookspan, a talkative mustached man of forty, takes care of 285 of them—all four wards on the third floor. He spends most of his time making out accident reports, doling out Thorazine, dressing a lip split in a fight, ordering an X ray of a swollen hand, resolving problems—the hospital kitchen insists that the man with the swollen hand come back to work, as no other patient can brew coffee so well, but Bookspan says the hand must be treated first.

Ward 24 is the chronic disturbed ward. "The only really dangerous men in the hospital are on Twenty-four," says a doctor. The ward is bare—few chairs, no tables or flowerpots. You can tell by the number of flowerpots what kind of patients are on a ward. Flowerpots are dangerous on a disturbed ward. The odor noticeable on any ward is stronger here—a heavy odor compounded of disinfectant, perspiration, urine and feces—and it is overpowering in one of the bare seclusion rooms. Inspecting this room, Bookspan tells the attendant somewhat sharply that it should be cleaned.

Most of the ward's ninety patients are on the porch, a new addition with detention-sash windows on three sides, and there they sit all day, packed tightly together. A husky attendant watches over them. Most have been sick at least ten years. Bookspan halts in front of a tall man with bulging eyes and hostile expression, and asks how he feels. No answer. Has he been doing any reading? No answer. Once he was a college dean, but in the hospital he has steadfastly maintained that he is illiterate.

A tall powerful man approaches slowly, picking his way over the legs of sprawling patients. He says, "When can I go home, doctor?"

Bookspan says, "We'll see—whenever you're well enough," and he moves on, remarking, "When he gets upset he can chase eight attendants out of here. He's on Serpasil now, and it's holding him so far."

Anybody who happens to come near a schizophrenic who is excited by hallucinated threatening voices may get hit, because he is the embodiment of the phantom in the patient's mind. "This man is still very delusional," Bookspan says. "The drugs don't destroy the delusions, but they keep him from acting on them. He used to try to kill. Now he can wander around the ward safely. So the new drugs do help, at least from a management viewpoint."

Bookspan stops before a huge Negro, the only man on the ward still in restraint. Heavy leather straps bind his arms to his abdomen. They are powerful arms. He is a very tall Negro, with a small head. Doctor Bookspan says softly, "Sometimes Roland hurts people. We don't think he means to, but sometimes he does anyway." Roland stares straight ahead. "Until he began getting Thorazine, he had been in seclusion or restraint most of the time all his life."

Roland Smith, as we shall call him—all names of patients are fictitious—came here in 1919, seemingly without a past. He was an anonymous drifter, picked up by the police for vagrancy. He did not know where he came from or when he had fallen ill. He once said he worked for a circus and hurt his head. He told a doctor, "My right name is King, God, Jesus Christ. I have solid fire in my body. My hands aggravate me. They jump around. I have got the tree of life in my body. I talk to Jesus Christ and men who have left this earth." He said he had two heart beats, one impelling him to do good, and the other evil, and they pulled at him until sometimes he became "plumb crazy." He said that he could cause a lightning storm by putting his hand on his knee and crossing his other leg over it.

Smith was diagnosed schizophrenia, catatonic type. It was his habit to sit mute and frozen in catatonic stupor, and then without warning spring upon anybody who passed near. Columbus couldn't handle him. He was sent to the Lima State Hospital for the Criminally Insane. There, with few exceptions, he was kept locked up in a room alone for more than twenty years. In 1931 a doctor wrote, "This patient is a dangerous man and acts more like an enraged beast than a human being." By 1944 he was easier to handle. Lima sent him back to Columbus. He sits on the same spot on the same bench on the porch, every day. Sometimes he plays with a Teddy bear. He rarely speaks. Now and then he arises and tries to fight. He is secluded at night. In 1951 an attendant noticed his face was swollen; he had a fractured skull. It healed. In 1952 he started smoking cigarettes. There is nothing more to say about him.

Behind the main hospital building, near its powerhouse and shops and garage and laundry, are clustered six cottages, four for women, two for men. In them live some 900 patients. They are purely custodial cases. They get little or no psychiatric treatment.

Most are elderly, and most will die here. Columbus has, all together, about 650 old folks. Every state hospital in America is full of them and getting fuller. Medicine is continually prolonging life, but not mitigating its terminal miseries. The old folks fill the cottages, which might be used for convalescents—fill them to overflowing, (*Continued on Page 70*)

"Now after you start you may hear rumors about me being hard to get along with . . ."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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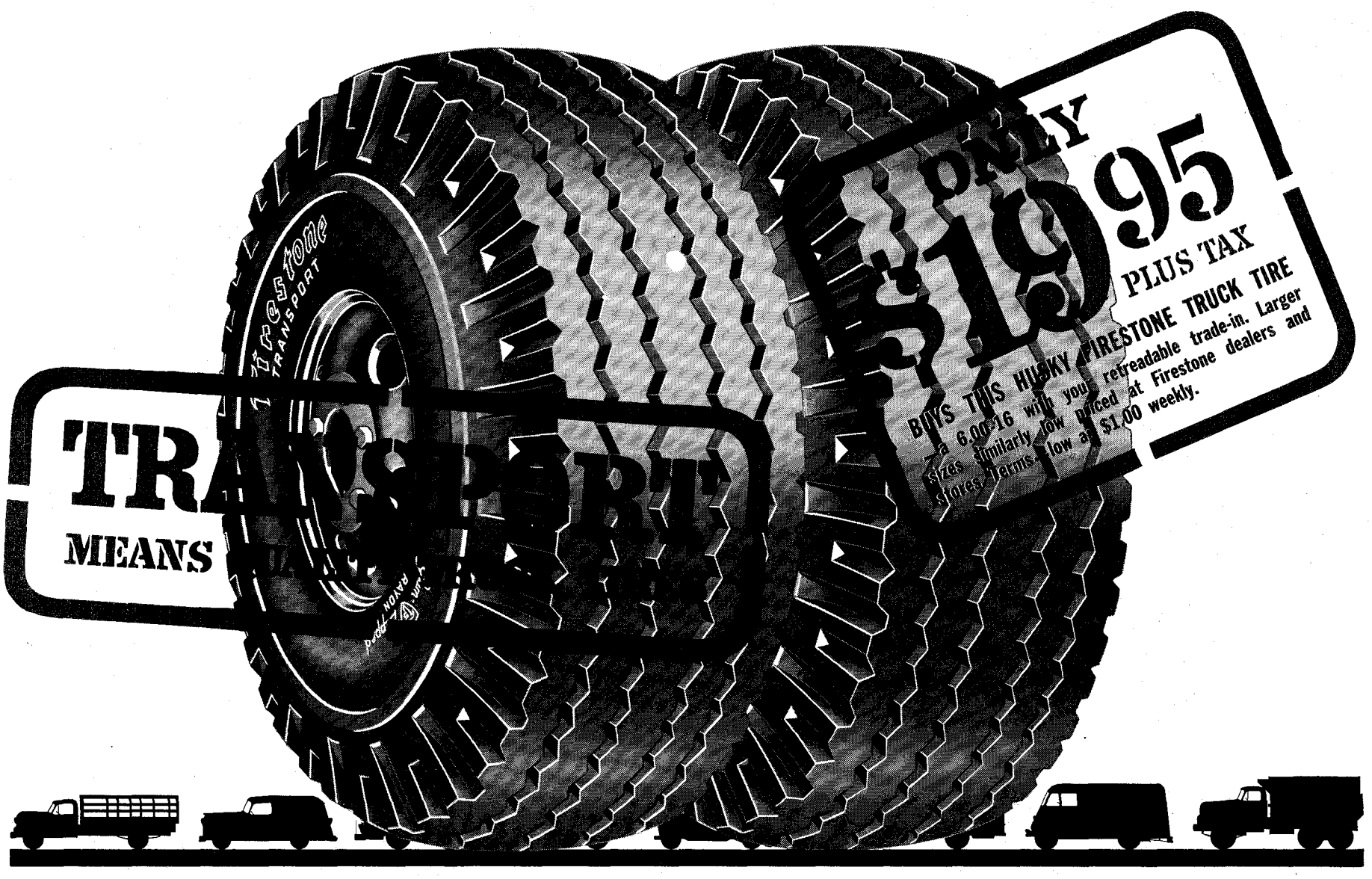
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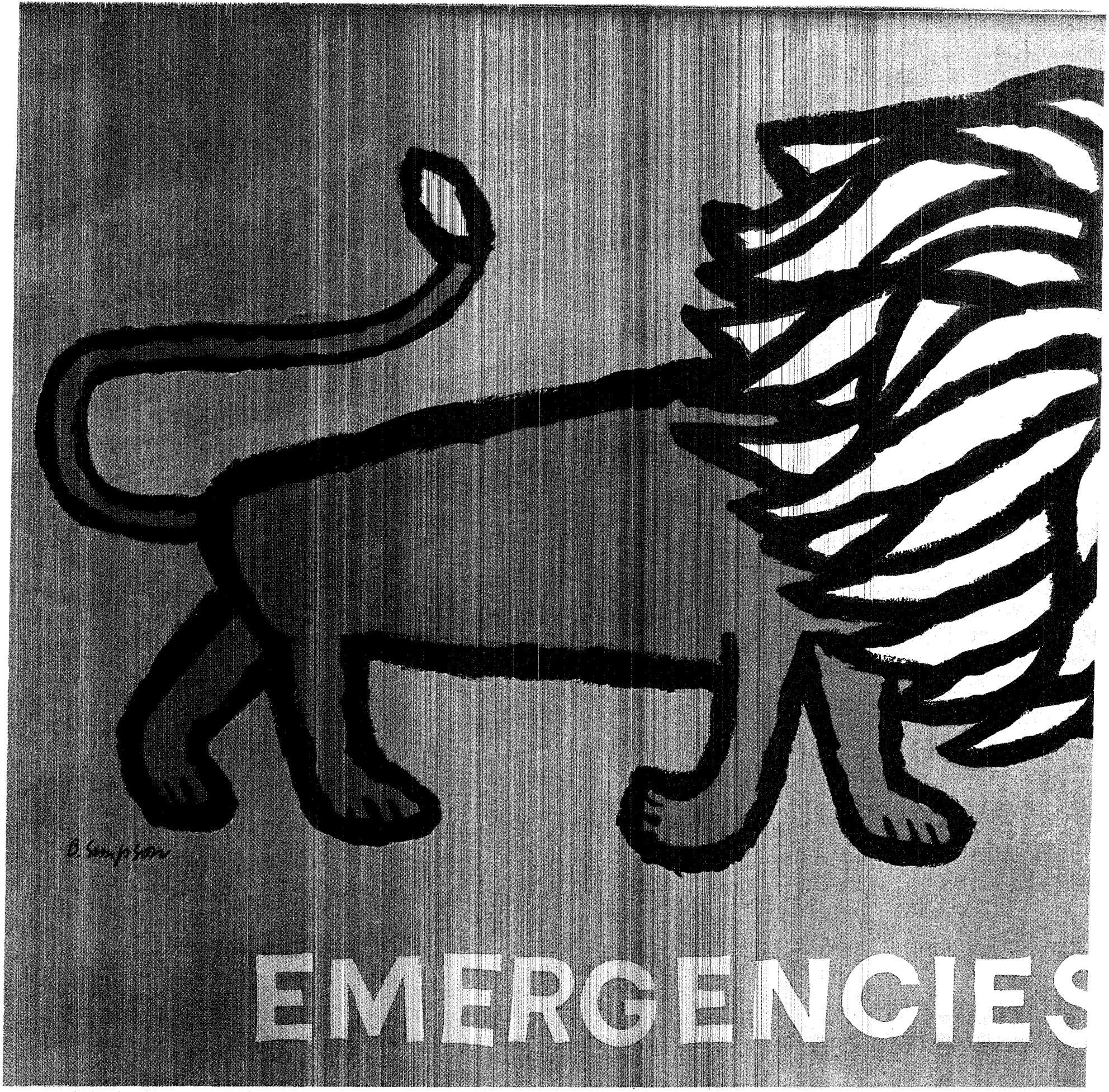

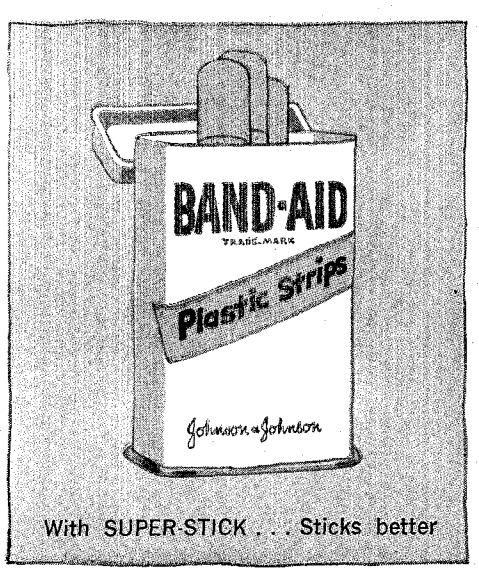

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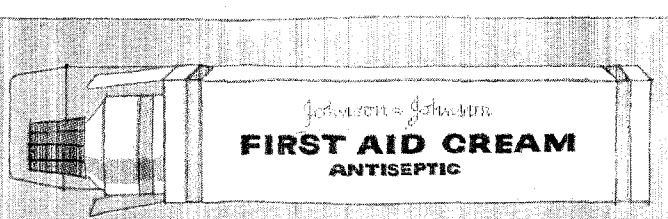

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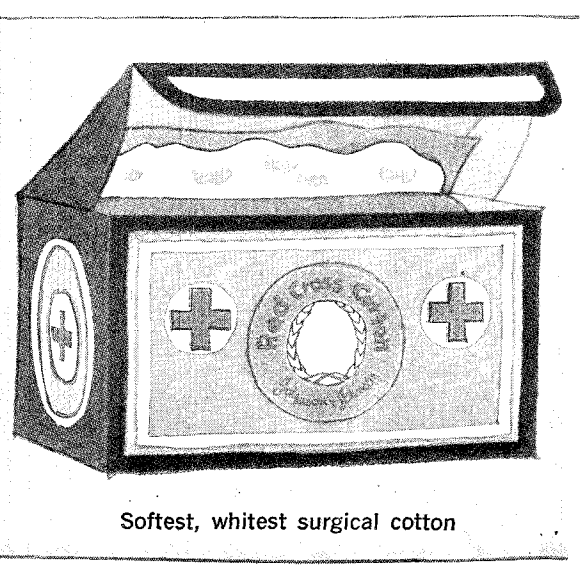

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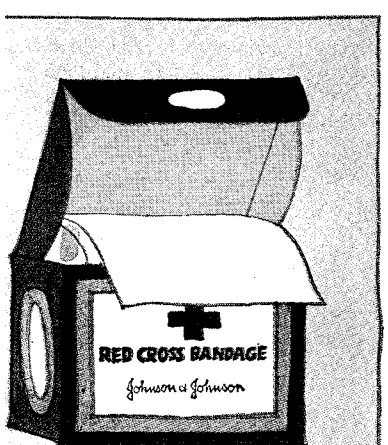

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(*Continued from Page 66*) sleeping in beds jammed closely together. Some, sitting and rocking in a hallway, look like anybody's grandmother. Some, demented, naked, sprawled on the floor in a puddle of urine, look like animals. "They are waiting to die," one doctor said. "There are many things worse than death."

Not all are hopelessly deteriorated. Some of the men work in the greenhouse, laundry, kitchen or on the grounds. In all, the hospital employs about 195 patients, paying one dollar a month or more; 500 more work without pay. This is called "industrial therapy." It is primarily a cheap way to run the place. The superintendent deplores it but can't help it.

B Building, a new one-story structure, is the end of the line. It contains 132 aged women, all but one incontinent. It stinks. In the pale daylight a movie is being shown, but only a few patients are watching. Some are lying on the floor. Dr. Paul Kirch says, "No matter how often you put them in chairs, they'll get down on the floor and under the beds." In some state hospitals you will see row after row of old people lying in bed, but at Columbus psychiatrists object that once a regressed psychotic is allowed to lie down he is not likely to get up; and so every morning the attendants get them up and dress them and lift them into chairs. About a dozen are strapped to their chairs to keep them from falling. All are quiet.

The attendants and sometimes the patients are mopping, endlessly mopping. There is a great deal more of mopping than of psychotherapy at any mental hospital. An attendant says, "You clean them up and it won't be five minutes till you have to do it all over again. We have four combative patients that kick the others down. It's terrible."

Doctor Kirch, sighing with relief as he leaves the place, says, "You look at these pathetic people day after day ——" He breaks off, then says, "The surgeon can bury his failures, his incurable cases, but the psychiatrist has to look at his day after day."

Superintendent M. R. Wedemeyer, sitting in his office overlooking the front of the hospital, said recently, "What we need above all else is more people to do more things—doctors, nurses, attendants, occupational therapists, everything." Wedemeyer is an affable crew-cut man of forty-seven who describes himself as "a practical man." He is paid $18,500. Originally a small-town doctor and Army doctor, Wedemeyer entered psychiatric residency training ten years ago. He worked as a prison psychiatrist and community-clinic director before becoming superintendent here in 1952. A great deal of his time is taken up with nonpsychiatric work—hiring employees, settling their grievances, dealing with breakdowns at the powerhouse, making speeches in town, drawing up his budget.

His difficulties are numerous and often odd. Last year the hospital had to replace 1677 panes of glass broken by patients. Patients are unpredictable. Once a patient ran a high temperature, baffled the doctors, and died; an autopsy showed that her stomach had been perforated in thousands of places by seeds she had eaten from a canary cage. The hospital has about one suicide a year. One patient tore up a book and stuffed the pages in her mouth, suffocating. Fire is a nightmare, yet well-meaning relatives give patients matches, even on disturbed wards.

Psychotics are hard to treat for physical illness—they can have pneumonia without a fever, they won't stay in bed and they'll tear the dressing off after an operation. Homicidal attacks are not uncommon. Doctors or attendants find weapons hidden on the wards—a doorknob in a sock, a sharpened spoon, a butcher knife. One night last fall one patient killed another because "the voices" told him to.

This hospital spends $2.60 a day per patient. It feeds its patients for sixteen cents per meal. Stenographers are constantly leaving, for they are paid only $162 a month. "You call up an employment agency and they laugh at you," Wedemeyer says. The hospital records of many cases are inadequate. Wedemeyer can't put patients' records on the wards, where the doctors need them, because he can't buy a filing cabinet for each ward. Two generators in the power plant wore out; it cost $225,000 to replace them, all the money that had been appropriated for a new building. The hospital has no bread slicer, so bread comes to the wards in long loaves and has to be sliced there with sharp knives—on disturbed wards.

"I put a bread slicer in my budget twice and it was cut out," Wedemeyer said recently. Then he exploded, "And I'm going to get one this year if I don't buy another damn thing for the culinary department. And a bean snipper—a bean snipper costs only four or five hundred dollars, but we haven't got one, and every time we have a good crop we have fifty patients standing around snipping beans for two months out of the year."

Patients' relatives make problems. One visitor brought a bottle of wine to the ward, and when Wedemeyer barred her from the hospital, she went to the governor of Ohio. Relatives badger doctors for permission to take a patient home too soon. It is a joke around the hospital that "we ought to give drugs to the family and let the patients go home." A while back a doctor, after working with a patient for months, got him well enough to go home. He so notified his brother, who replied, "I regret to inform you that there are no adequate provisions to accommodate him. . . . Perhaps you could find employment for him around the hospital."

Some relatives, of course, suffer deeply. A widow who received her son home with high hopes was soon obliged to write the superintendent:

Dear Doctor: In regard to [my son] I just wondering what I am to do. . . . You can't tell where you are at with him some days seem real good then again he gets real fussy have to let him have his own way can't talk to him. He still has his three guns loaded and here of late been shooting the revolver off two different times in the alley after I go to work so the neighbors tell me. . . . At the table he handles all the pieces of meat on the plate till he decides what one he wants, then if he don't want it throw it back for you to eat. . . . He worried his Dad to death, now he is gone and I am left to get along the best I can.

The hospital took him back.

When relatives bring a new patient to the hospital, they are given a little booklet telling them what they should know. It closes: "By having the patient admitted here, you and the hospital have embarked on a co-operative plan to help him. You cannot cure the patient alone; neither can we do it without your co-operation. We need each other's help in this and hope that we can be successful in accomplishing what you and the patient want most, his return home to a successful and happy life."

It is a brave, almost heroic, hope, and sometimes it comes true.

Editors' Note—This is the first of six articles. The second will appear next week.

Vacationing Housewife

By Dorothy Brown Thompson

(*Some hotel dining rooms now furnish toasters at breakfast.*)

Your guests who enter,
dripping sables,
Quite possibly prefer the
tables
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Not for me.
This is my day of liberty,
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With every aspect of its
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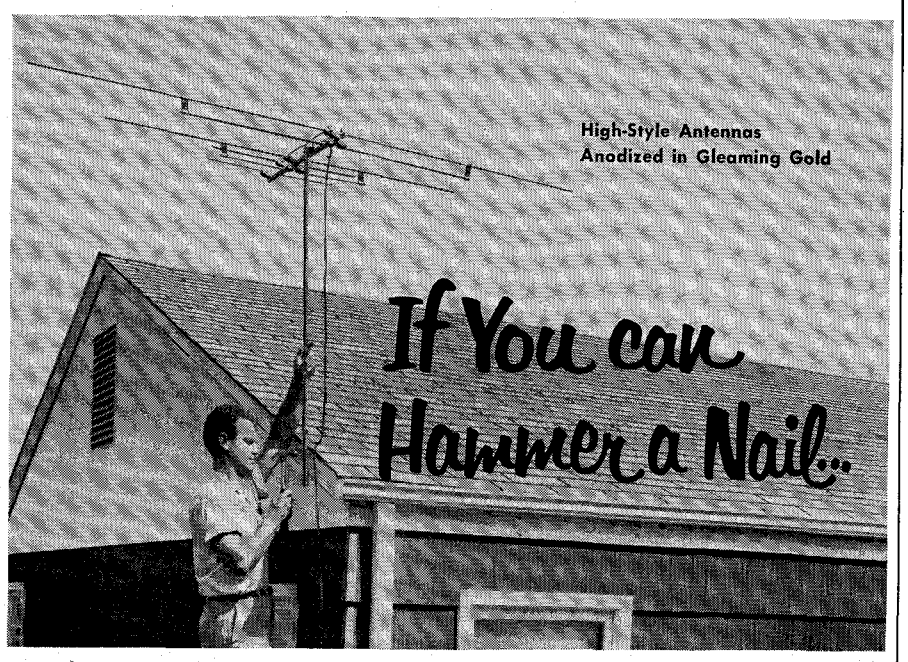

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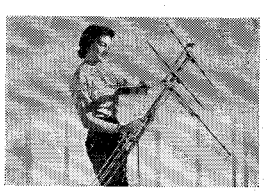
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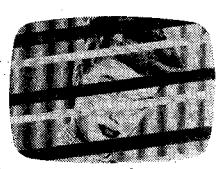
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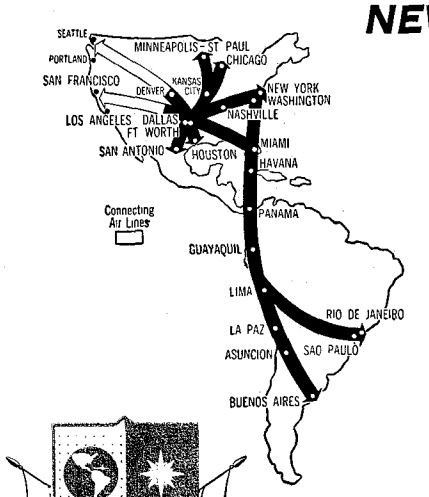

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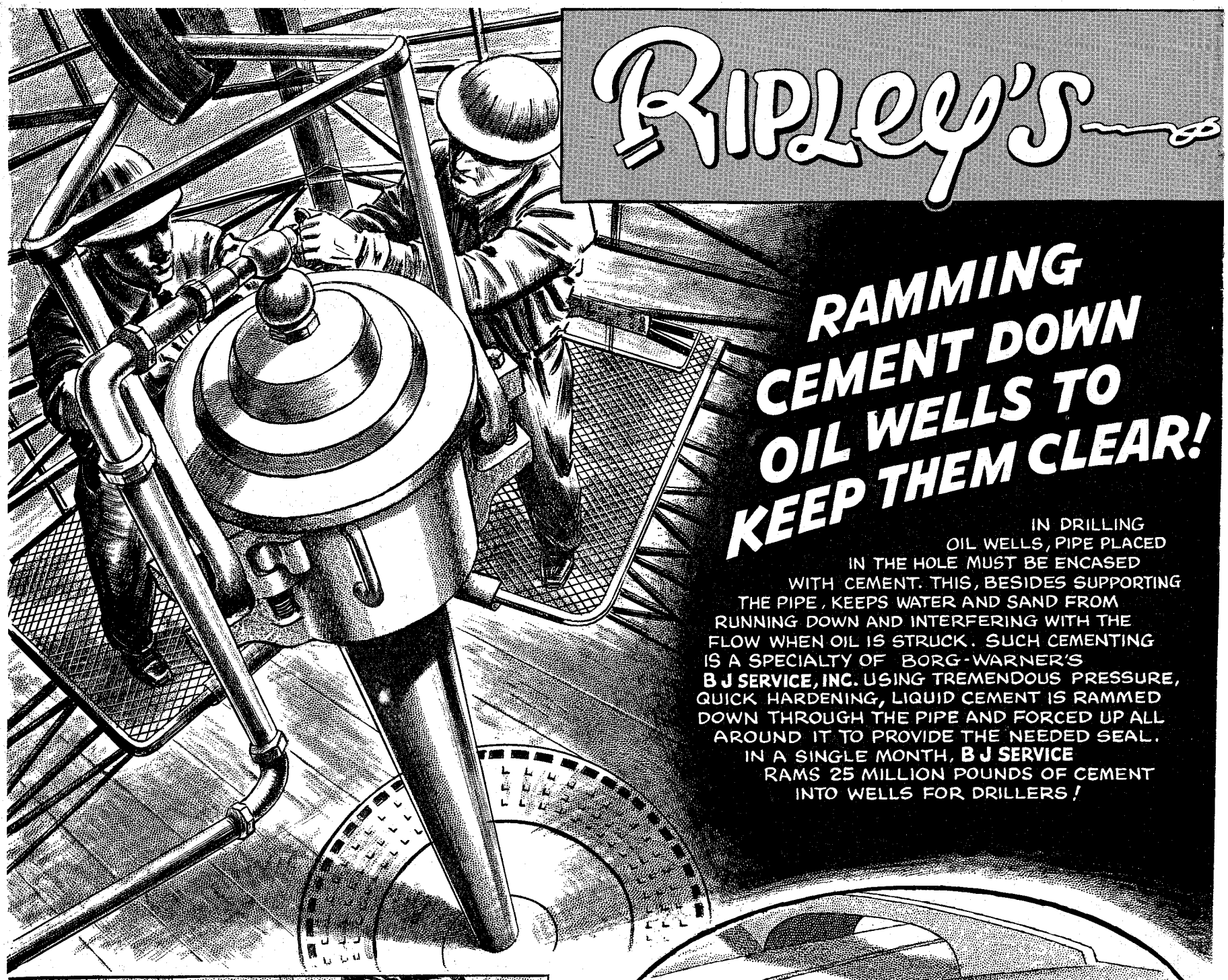

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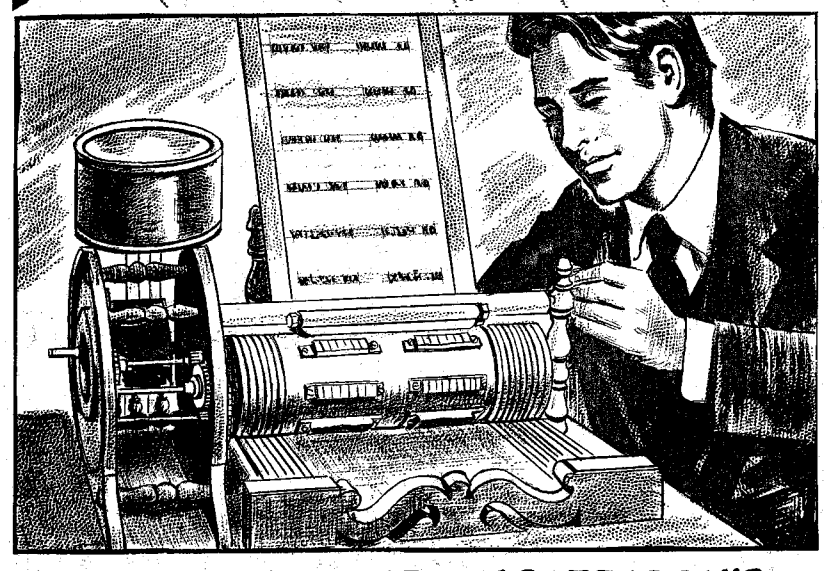

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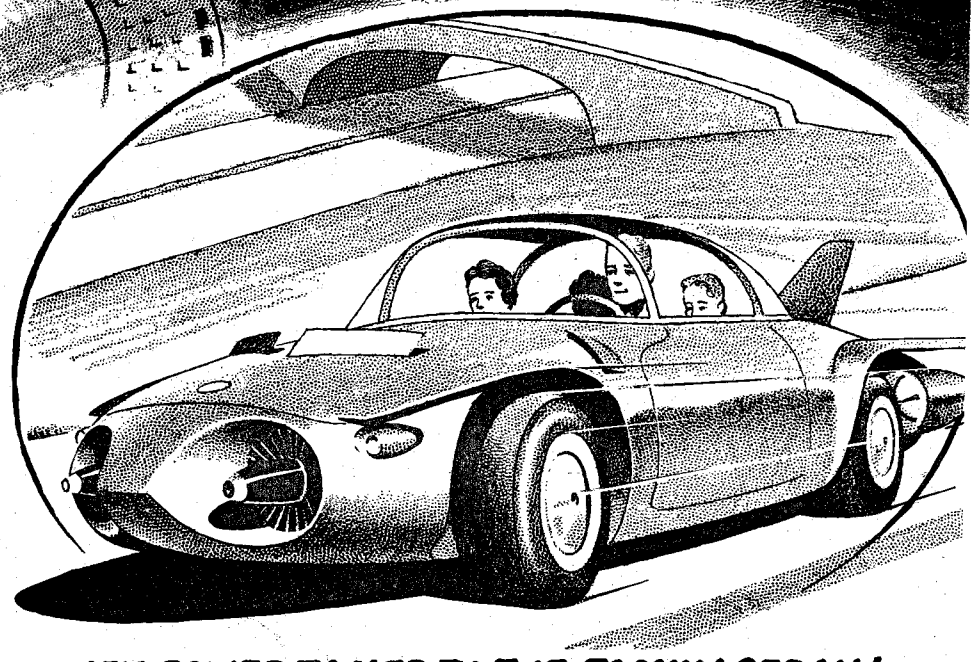

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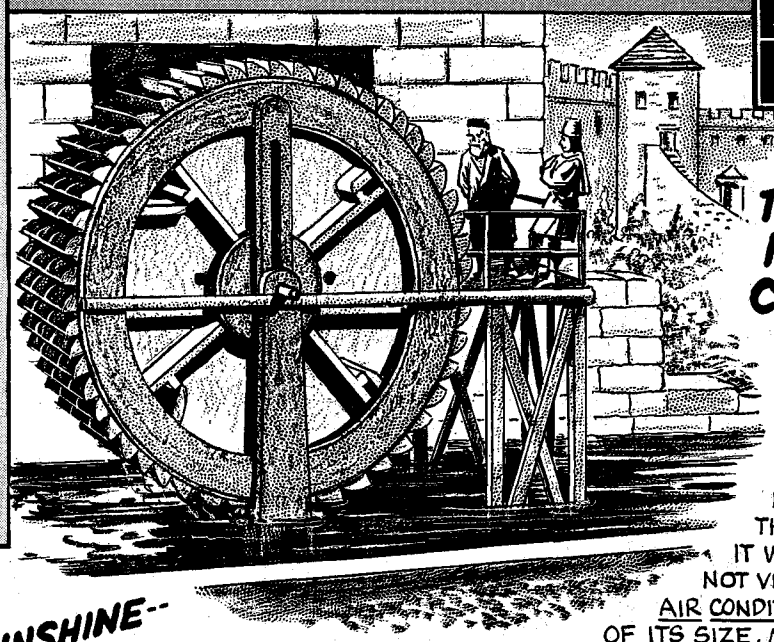

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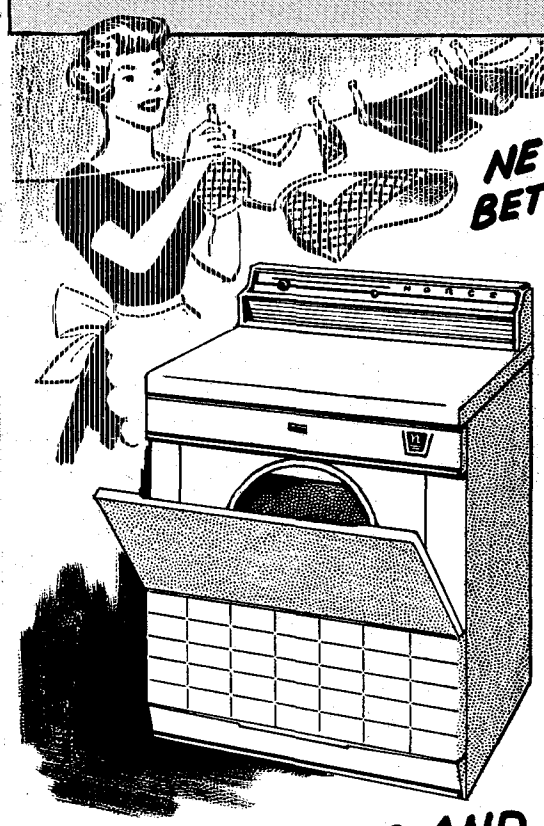

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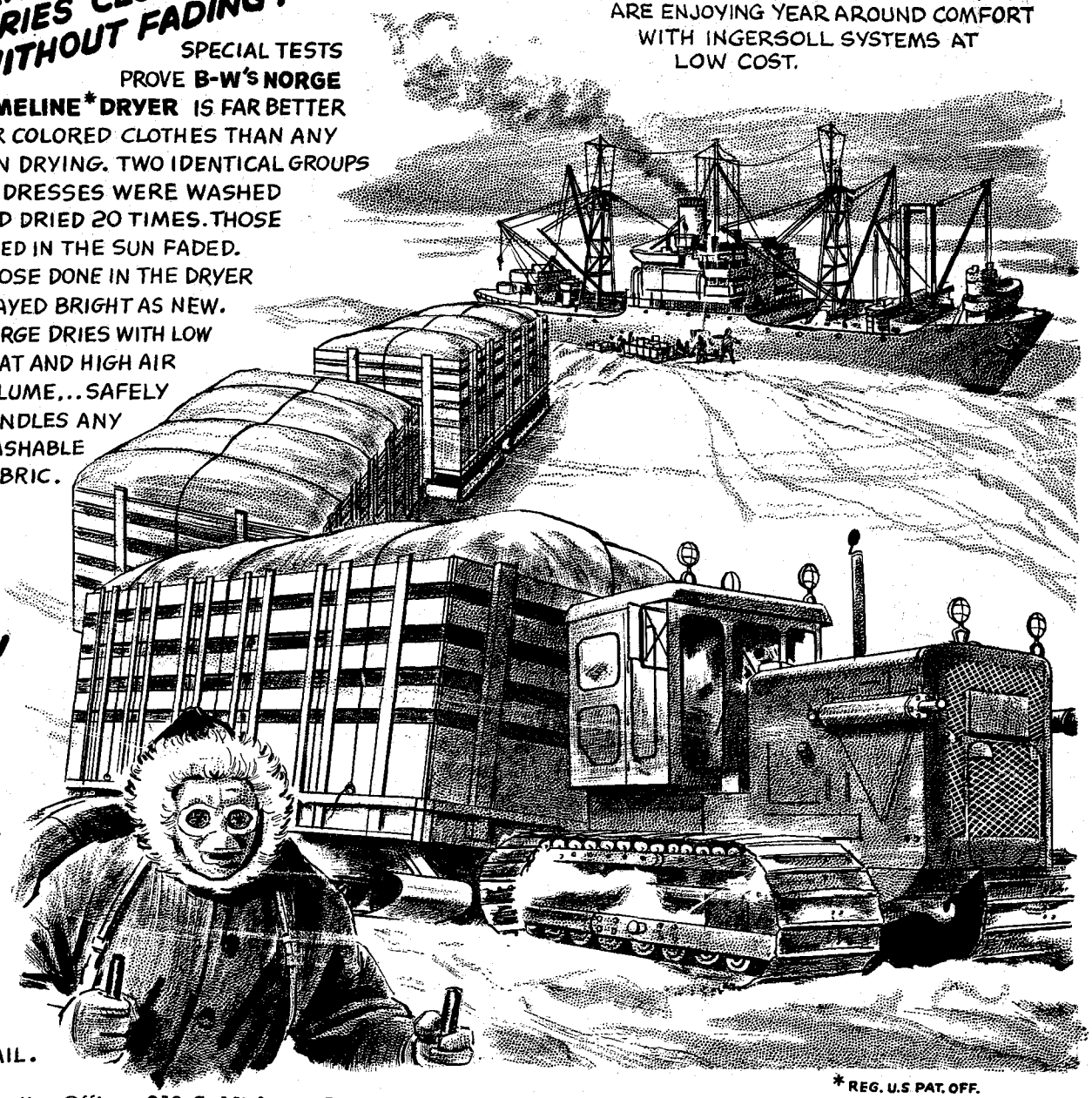

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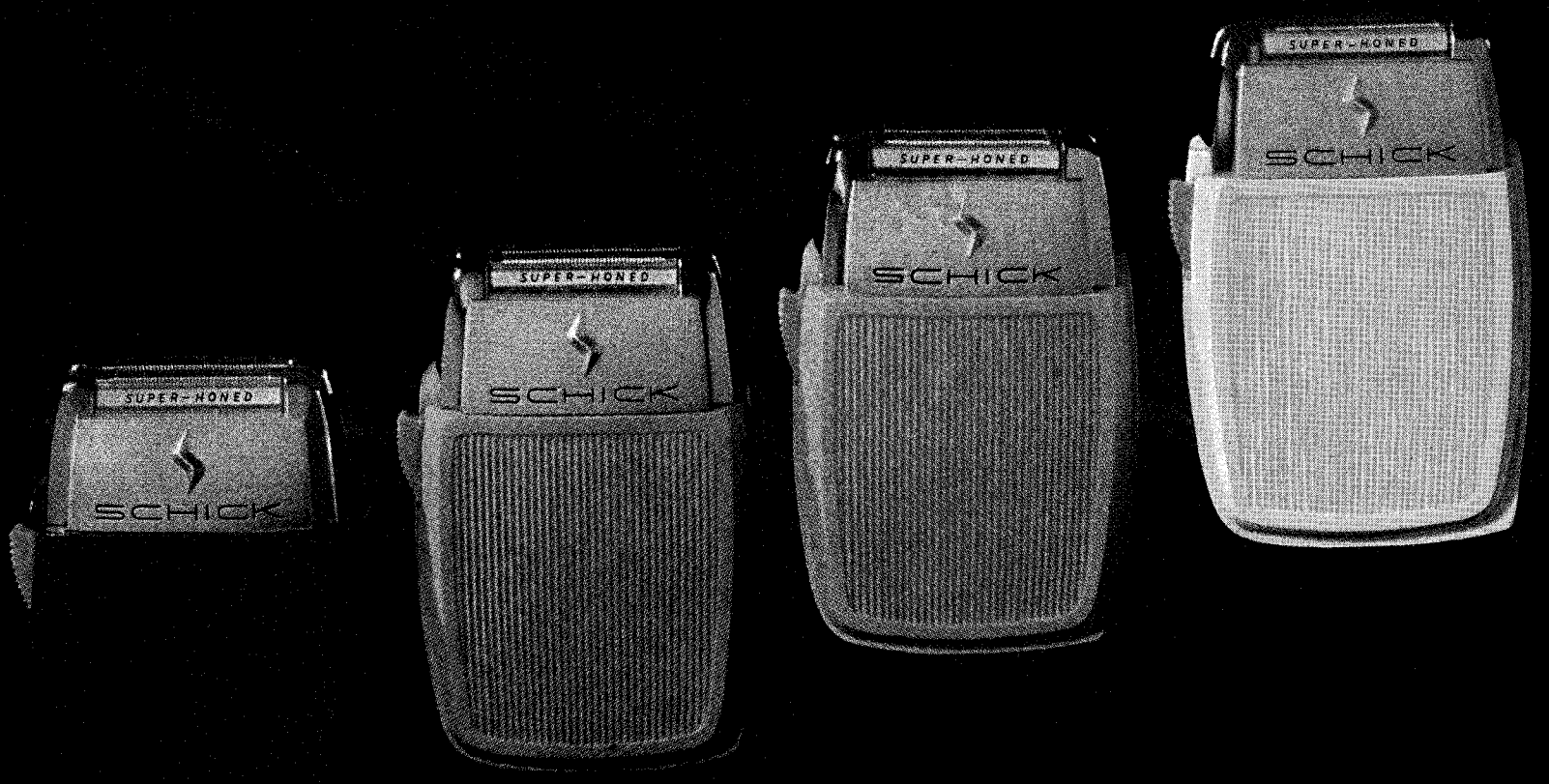

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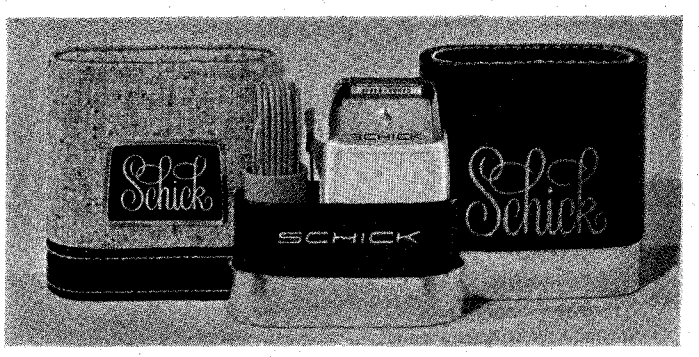

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The Case of the Lucky Loser

(Continued from Page 49)

"No. It was just to tell you that there was trouble and Boles would be seeing you."

"O.K.," Mason said, "I'll see him."

"How did you come out with Florence Ingle?"

"I had a nice talk with her," Mason said.

"You don't seem very happy about it."

"I'm not."

The phone rang. Della Street answered it and said, "Yes, just a moment, Mr. Boles; I'm quite certain he'll talk with you." She cupped her hand over the mouthpiece, nodded toward the telephone and said to Perry Mason, "This is Banner Boles on the line now."

Mason picked up the extension phone on his desk, said, "Yes, hello. This is Perry Mason talking."

"Banner Boles, Mr. Mason," a hearty voice at the other end of the line said.

"How are you, Mr. Boles?"

"Did Addison Balfour telephone you about me?"

"I understand he talked with my office," Mason said. "I'm just getting in myself."

"Well, I want to see you."

"So I understand. Come on up."

There was a moment's silence at the other end of the line; then Boles said, "This is rather a delicate matter, Mr. Mason."

"All right, we'll talk it over."

"Not in your office, I'm afraid."

"Why not?" Mason asked.

"I don't go to any man's office with the sort of stuff we're going to talk about."

"Why not?"

"How do I know it isn't bugged?"

"By me?" Mason asked.

"By anybody."

"All right," Mason said. "Where do you want to talk?"

"On neutral grounds," Boles said laughingly, the good nature of his voice robbing the words of any offense. "Tell you what I'll do, Mr. Mason. I'll come up to your office. As soon as I come in, you leave with me. We'll go downstairs. We'll walk as long as you suggest. Then we'll stop and take the first taxicab that comes by. We'll talk in the taxi."

"All right. Have it your own way."

He hung up the telephone, said to Della Street, "One of those things."

"He's coming in?"

"Coming in," Mason said. "And wants to go out where we can talk in privacy."

"Chief, I'm afraid there's a chance they'll try to frame you if you don't do what they want in this thing. These people are big and they play for keeps."

"I've had the same thought," Mason said, pacing the floor.

"You learned something from that Ingle woman, didn't you?"

"Yes."

"What?"

"Let me think it over awhile," Mason said, and continued pacing the floor. Abruptly he stopped and said to Della Street, "I want to know everything there is to know about Jackson Eagan."

"But he's dead."

"I know he's dead. But I want to know everything about him. I want to know what he looked like, where he lived, who his friends were, how it happened he died, where the body's buried, who attended the funeral. I want to know everything."

"He died in Yucatan, Mexico."

Mason said, "I want Drake to find out who identified the body. I want to find out everything about the guy, and I want a copy of that driving license of Eagan's. I want to check his thumb print on the driver's license with that of the dead man."

Della Street nodded, went over to the typewriter and typed out a list of the things Mason wanted. The lawyer continued to pace the floor.

Della said, "I'll take this down the corridor to Paul Drake personally."

"Have one of the girls take it down. I want you waiting here. When Boles comes in, I want you to go out and size him up before I have a talk with him."

"O.K., I'll send one of the girls down right away." Della Street went out to the outer office and was back in a moment, saying, "I sent Stella down to Drake's office. Your man, Boles, came in while I was out there in the outer office. I told him I'd tell you he was here."

"What does he look like?"

"He's rather tall and very good-looking; one of those profile guys who hold their chins up high. He has black, wavy hair and very intense blue eyes. He's well dressed and has an air of assurance. You can see he's quite a diplomat."

"Yes," Mason said, "a trouble shooter for the Balfour enterprises would have to be a smart cooky. Let's have a look at him, Della. Tell him to come in."

Della Street went out and escorted Boles to the office. Boles came forward with a cordial smile, gripped Mason's hand in a hearty handshake and said, "I'm sorry to make a nuisance out of myself, but you know how it is. Having the sort of job I do makes things rather difficult at times. Shall we take a walk?"

"We'll go out if you want, but I can assure you it's all right to talk here."

"No, no, no, no; let's take a walk."

"I see you're not carrying a brief case."

Boles threw back his head and laughed. "You're a smart guy, Mason. I wouldn't pull anything as crude as that on you. I'll admit I have used a concealed tape recorder in a brief case, but I wouldn't try it with a man of your caliber. Moreover, when I play with men like you, I play fair. I wouldn't want you to try to record my conversation and I'll be damned if I'll try to record yours."

"Fair enough," Mason said. He turned to Della Street. "Della, I'll be back about —— Hang that watch! . . . What time is it, Boles?"

Boles instantly shot out his hand, looked at his wrist watch and said, "Ten minutes to three."

"You're way off," Mason told him.

"No, I'm not. It's exactly ten minutes to three."

"Your watch says twelve-thirty," Mason told him.

Boles laughed. "You're wrong."

"Let's take a look," Mason observed.

"I tell you you're wrong," Boles said, suddenly losing his smile.

Mason said, "I either take a look at your wrist watch or we don't talk."

"Oh, all right," Boles said, unstrapping the wrist watch, pulling loose two wires and dropping it in his pocket. "I should have known better than to try it."

"Any other microphones?" Mason asked. "How about behind your tie?"

"Take a look," Boles invited.

Mason felt behind the necktie, patted the inside pocket of the coat, reached inside, pulled out the small, compact wire recorder and said, "Let's take the battery out of this, and then I'll feel better."

"We'll do better than that," Boles said. "You carry the thing in your pocket. I'll keep the microphone that's made to look like a wrist watch."

"All right. Let's go."

They walked silently down the corridor to the elevator and rode down the elevator to the street.

"Which way do you want to go?" Boles asked.

"Suit yourself," Mason told him.

"No, you pick the direction."

"All right. We'll go up this street here."

They walked up the street for a couple of blocks. Abruptly Mason stopped. "All right," he said; "let's catch a cab."

They waited for two or three minutes, then found a cruising cab and climbed in.

"Where to?" the driver asked.

"Straight down the street," Mason told him, "then turn out of traffic someplace. We're closing this window to your compartment because we want to talk."

"Any particular destination?" the cab driver asked.

"No. Just drive around until we tell you to turn back."

"I'm going to keep out of the traffic jams then, if you don't mind."

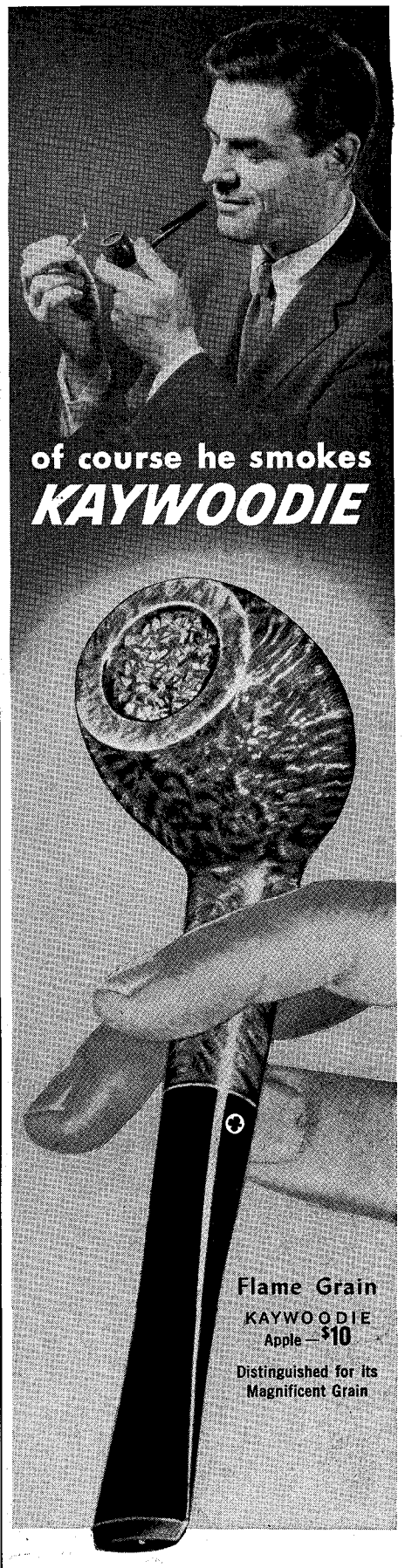
"O.K. by us," Mason told him.

The cab driver pushed the sliding window into place, which shut off the back of the car.

Mason turned to Boles. "All right," he said, "let's have it."

Boles said, "I'm trouble shooter for the whole flock of Balfour enterprises. That means I get in lots of tight spots."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST



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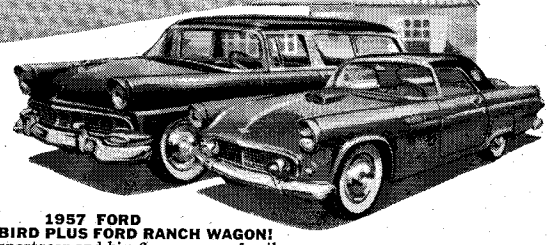

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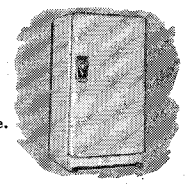

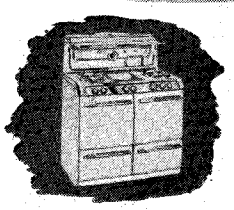

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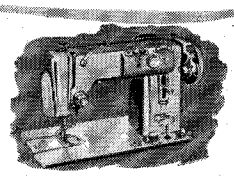

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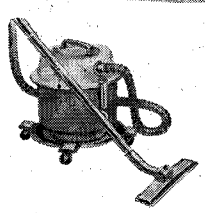

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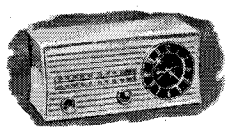

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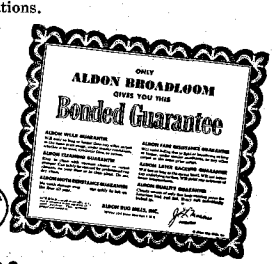

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Mason nodded.

"Guthrie Balfour telephoned. He wanted me to fly down and join him in Chihuahua."

Again Mason nodded.

"Now what I'm going to tell you," Boles said, "has to be absolutely confidential. You can't tell anyone anything about it."

"In talking to me," Mason said, "you are talking to a lawyer who is representing a client. I'll make no promises, bind myself to nothing."

"Remember this," Boles said ominously: "You're being paid by the Balfour enterprises."

"It doesn't make any difference who pays me," Mason said. "I'm representing a client."

Boles regarded him thoughtfully for a moment.

"Does that change the situation?" Mason asked.

"I'm going to tell you certain things," Boles said. "If you're smart, you'll play the game my way. If you try to play it any other way, you may get hurt."

"All right," Mason said. "What's the story?"

Boles said, "You're not to let Mrs. Guthrie Balfour know anything about this conversation."

"She isn't my client," Mason said, "but I make no promises."

"All right," Boles said, "here we go. You want to get some dope on Jackson Eagan, don't you?"

"I'm trying to, yes."

"Here you are," Boles said, reaching in his pocket. "Here's Jackson Eagan's original driving license. Here's the carbon copy of the contract that he had with the drive-yourself car agency that rented him the automobile. Here's the receipt for the unit at the Sleepy Hollow Motel. Here's a wallet with some identification cards, some club cards and around two hundred and seventy-five dollars in currency. Here's a key container with a bunch of keys. Here's a very valuable wrist watch with a broken crystal. The watch isn't running. It is stopped at one-thirty-two."

Boles took the collection from his pocket, handed it across to Mason.

"What about these?" Mason asked.

"Put them in your pocket," Boles said.

Mason hesitated a moment, then dropped the assortment into his pocket. "Where did they come from?" he asked.

"Where do you think?" Boles asked.

Mason flashed a quick glance at the cab driver, saw that the driver was paying no attention to anything except the traffic ahead, then turned to Boles. "I'm listening."

"Balfour Allied Associates is a big corporation," Boles said. "The stock, however, is held entirely by members of the family. On the other hand, the members of the family have virtually no property except that stock. It's the policy of the Balfour empire to throw everything into the corporation.

"The members of the family draw substantial salaries. In addition to that, all of their traveling expenses, a good many of their living expenses and many incidentals are furnished by the company under one excuse or the other, such as entertainment of customers, office rental for home work on Saturdays and Sundays and that sort of stuff."

"Go ahead," Mason said.

"You're a lawyer," Boles went on. "You can see what a setup of that kind means. If anything happened that an outsider got a judgment of any sort against one of the Balfours, an execution would be levied on the stock of the individual Balfour. In that way, unless the company made a settlement, there would be a stockholder who was an outsider. No one wants that."

"To whom are you referring?" Mason asked.

"Dorla Balfour," Boles said shortly.

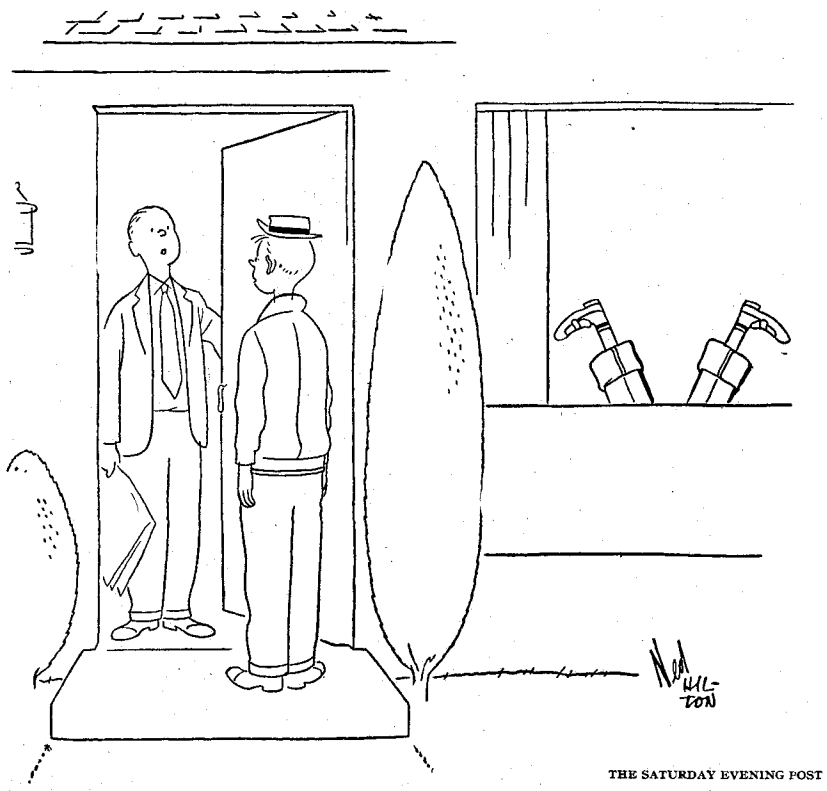
"What about her?"

"Addison Balfour is the business brains of the company," Boles said. "Guthrie doesn't do very much in connection with the property management. Theodore, who was Ted Balfour's father, was pretty much of a right-hand man for Addison, but Guthrie is a total loss as far as the business is concerned.

"Naturally, when Guthrie remarried and picked up a girl like Dorla, Addison regarded the entire transaction with considerable consternation. He attended the wedding, offered his congratulations, kissed the bride; then very quietly started building up a slush fund in the form of cash which he could use to make a property settlement with Dorla when the time came."

"Go on," Mason said.

"However," Boles said, "Dorla couldn't even wait to play the game cleverly. She



"You may have to wait. She's on the phone."

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started playing around. I won't go into details. Naturally, Addison, while he had hardly dared hope for this, was prepared for it. He told me to keep an eye on her. I was ready to get the goods on her which would have taken Guthrie off the hook, when Guthrie somehow or other became suspicious and, like a damn fool, tried to pick up his own evidence. If he'd only come to me, I could have shown him copies of motel registers where she and this Jackson Eagan had registered together dozens of times.

"However, Guthrie wanted to get the evidence his own way. He was going to be smart—the damn fool! Guthrie started out on this trip to Mexico. He told Dorla he wanted her to ride on the train as far as the Pasadena-Alhambra station. That was so she'd know that he was on the train and would get careless."

"It worked?" Mason asked, his voice carefully masked.

"Admirably. She got off one side of the train; Guthrie opened a vestibule door on the other side of the train, dropped off on the blind side, waited until the train had pulled out, walked over to the car that he had rented and followed Dorla. Dorla was in a hurry. She couldn't wait to get to the Sleepy Hollow Motel, where this steady boy friend, Jackson Eagan, was registered. She went in with him, they pitched woo, and then, after a while, Dorla came out. She went home to get some things.

"Guthrie had come prepared for any eventualities. But as it happened, Fate played into his hands. The motel unit next to the one occupied by Jackson was empty. Guthrie had a tape recorder with a very sensitive microphone which fastens up against the wall. He put the mike up against the wall and settled back to listen. That microphone picked up sounds which were inaudible to the ear, but he could plug a pair of earphones in and listen as the tape went over a secondary head, which enabled him to listen to everything that was on the tape."

Mason nodded again.

"He listened to plenty," Boles said. "Then Dorla left in Jackson Eagan's car. She had to go home to get the suitcase that she had already packed, so they could start out on a trip without anyone at the house seeing her packing the suitcase. Lord knows, Ted is dumb enough, but if ever he had seen Dorla packing the minute Guthrie had taken the train, he'd have become suspicious.

"Well, that's when Guthrie Balfour did the most foolish thing of all. He had all the evidence he needed on the tape recorder. But, like a bungling amateur, he thought he could confront Jackson Eagan, take the part of the outraged husband and get Eagan to sign some sort of a confession.

"So Guthrie opened the door and went into the dimly lit motel. Eagan threw a flashlight in his eyes, recognized him. They started fighting. Eagan threw a chair, drew a knife. Guthrie had the twenty-two automatic he had taken from the glove compartment of Ted's car. There was a struggle. The gun went off and Eagan fell to the floor with a bullet in his head. Guthrie got in a panic. He dashed out of the place and ran to the telephone booth that was in front of the office. He called the trouble number. That's where I came in.

"That telephone has right of way over anything. I answered the phone. Guthrie told me he was at the Sleepy Hollow Motel, that he'd had trouble and that it

• • • • • • • • • • • • • • •

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was very serious. I told him to wait and I'd get out there right away. Guthrie was scared stiff. He could hardly talk on the phone. He seemed to be in pretty much of a daze. I got out there in nothing flat. Guthrie was seated in his rented car and was shaking like a leaf. I finally got out of him what had happened."

"So what did you do?" Mason asked.

"I did the only thing a good trouble shooter could have done," Boles said. "Guthrie was supposed to be on a train to El Paso, en route to Chihuahua. Nobody knew he'd got off that train. I told him to take the company plane, fly to Phoenix, and get aboard the train. I told him that I'd arrange to come down later on and pick up the plane. I told him I'd take care of everything and not to bother."

"So what did he do?"

"Started off to get the plane, just as I told him."

"He could fly it himself?"

"Sure, he could fly it himself. He had a key to the hangar. He takes off from a private landing field at the suburban factory. There was absolutely nothing to stand in his way. It was a cinch."

"What did you do?"

"What do you think I did?" Boles said. "I took the body out. I tied it on my car and dragged the face off it. I banged it around so the head was smashed up like an eggshell, took it out and dumped it on the highway, so it would look like a hit-and-run. Fortunately, the gun was a small-caliber gun, there hadn't been any hemorrhage, and what bleeding had taken place had been on the rug in the motel unit. I took that rug, put it in the car and subsequently burned it up. I took the rug out of the unit Balfour had been occupying and put it in the unit Eagan had occupied. Before I'd got very far with what I was doing, Dorla came back."

"What did you tell her?"

"I did what any good trouble shooter should have done under the circumstances," Boles said. "I told her that I'd been the one who was shadowing her, that I knew all about what she was doing, that I had the dope on her, that I had a tape recording that showed her guilty of infidelity. I told her that I had a written statement from Jackson Eagan, that then he'd jumped me after I got the written statement out of him and I'd had to shoot him in self-defense.

"I told Dorla to help me plant the body and make it look like a hit-and-run, and then that she was to take the first plane to Tucson, and get aboard the train Guthrie was on, that she was to tell Guthrie she was in a jam, that she'd been driving while intoxicated and had hit a man with the family car, that it was up to him to protect her, and that he was to swear he'd talked her into staying on the train with him, that she'd been on the train all the time, that he was to take her down to Mexico with him and he was to give her an alibi. In that way, I had Dorla mixed into the thing up to her pretty little eyebrows. I had her really believing that Guthrie had been on the train all the time and that I was the only one who knew anything at all about what had been going on."

"Then she helped you get the car Ted had been driving?" Mason asked.

"Sure. We planted the guy in the right place, and then I had Dorla wait until after Ted came home with the car. Fortunately he was pretty pie-eyed. Marilyn Keith took him upstairs and, I guess, put him to bed. Then she came down, and I'll sure hand it to that kid! She was plucky. She didn't even leave a back trail by calling for a taxicab. She walked out to State Highway and took a chance on hitchhiking a ride home. For an attractive girl like that, that was quite some chance. That's a lot of devotion to her job. I'm going to see that that girl gets a real raise in pay as soon as this thing is over."

"Go on," Mason said. "Then what happened?"

"After that, it was all just a matter of cleaning up details," Boles said. "Dorla took the car out, smashed into the guy. We left a few clues scattered around. Then she took the car back and parked it. I called the cops next morning and gave them an anonymous tip on the Balfour car.

"Now that's where Dorla double-crossed me. She's a smart little trollop. I had it planned so the evidence would point to her as the one who had driven the car and hit the man. She played it smart. Before she took the plane to Tucson, she sneaked into Ted's room and planted the car key in Ted's pocket. Ted was dead to the world. The Keith girl had left him with all his clothes on except his shoes. She'd taken those off. Dorla undressed him, put his pajamas on, and fixed it so he thought he'd gone out for the second time and that the accident probably had happened then. Now then, Mason, that gives you an idea what you're up against."

"One other question," Mason said. "What about the witness, Myrtle Anne Haley?"

"A complete phony," Boles said. "I had a body to account for and we wanted to be certain that Dorla was where she could be charged with the hit-and-run—unless she got Guthrie to back her on her fake alibi. That would put Dorla completely in our power. But the time element became confused, Ted talked too much to the investigating officers and Dorla did too good a job getting Guthrie to back up her phony alibi. So that left Ted holding the bag. I hadn't planned it that way, but Ted shouldn't have had any trouble beating the case. Then that damn fool, Howland, had to louse everything up.

"I got this witness, this Myrtle Anne Haley who is working for the Balfour enterprises. I told her what she had to swear to. The dumb cluck got it pretty well mixed up. I've used her before. She's loyal, even if she isn't smart. For a thousand bucks she'll play along with anything.

"I admit I made a mistake with Howland. I didn't pay him by the day. I paid him by the job. So Howland saw an opportunity to wipe it all off the books by making a deal with the prosecution under which Ted would get a suspended sentence. Now then, there's the story. I've dumped it in your lap."

"What do you expect me to do with it?" Mason asked.

"You've made a good start already," Boles said. "That's one hell of a clever point you made with that once-in-jeopardy business. You go ahead and pull that prior-conviction stuff for all it's worth. Never let them get to trial on the merits. Keep hammering home that point of being once in jeopardy. I think it's a hell of a good point. So does a lawyer whom I've consulted. He says you're tops and you've got a point there that will keep them from ever bringing out the evidence they have. He says you're a genius."

"I may not be able to work it that way," Mason said coldly.

"What do you mean?"

"Suppose I put in a plea of once in jeopardy and the judge overrules it. Then the district attorney goes to trial."

"Exactly," Boles said. "And at that time you don't take any part in the trial at all. You simply sit back and let them handle it all their own way. You refuse to cross-examine witnesses. You refuse to put on any witnesses of your own. You refuse to argue anything except this plea of once in jeopardy. Then, if the jury returns a verdict of guilty, you're in a position to go before the Supreme Court on that once-in-jeopardy point. You will have aroused the sympathy of the Supreme Court because you didn't put on any evidence and didn't make any defense."

"Are you," Mason asked, "telling me how to conduct the case?"

There was a moment's silence. Boles' blue eyes became hard as steel. "You're damn right I am. We're paying the bill."

"You may be paying the bill," Mason told him, "but I'm representing a client. Suppose the Supreme Court doesn't set aside the verdict on my once-in-jeopardy theory. Then young Balfour is convicted of murder."

"A damn sight better to have Ted Balfour convicted of second-degree murder than to have the whole Balfour family rocked by a family scandal and a verdict of first-degree murder. Guthrie could have pleaded self-defense if he'd got in touch with the police the minute it had happened, but he started trying to cover up, and after that there was only one thing to do, and that was to cover all the way. Ted isn't (*Continued on Page 81*)

"I feel so good this morning, I think I'll stay home from work."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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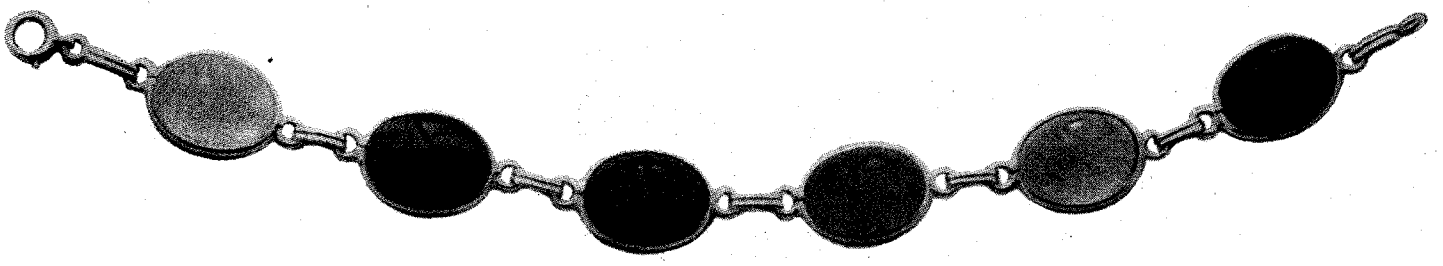

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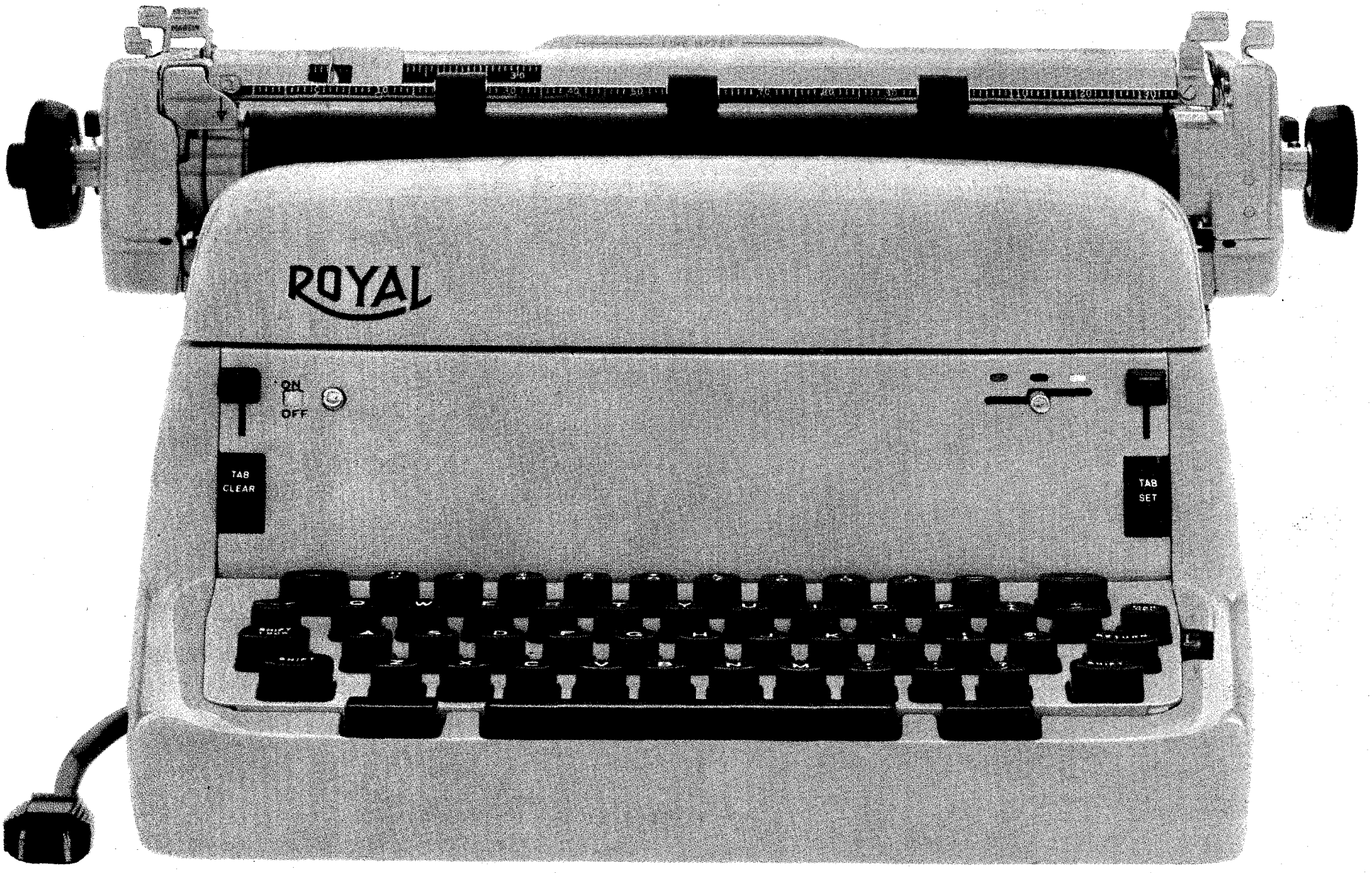

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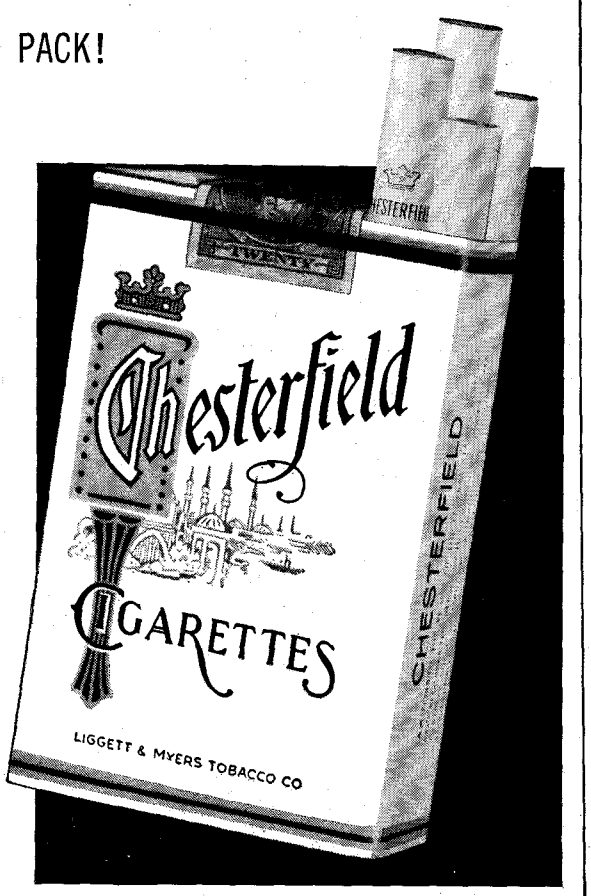

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(*Continued from Page 78*) important. Guthrie Balfour is."

Mason said, "My responsibility is to my client."

"Look," Boles said coldly, "your obligation is to do what I tell you to do. We're paying the freight. I'm the trouble shooter. I'm masterminding this thing. You try to double-cross me and I'll make you the sickest individual in the state of California. And don't ever forget I can do it. You're supposed to be smart and to know your way around. If you had half of the things to contend with that I've had to take in my stride, you'd realize you didn't know anything. Don't think this is the first killing I've had to square. And some of the things have been pretty damn nasty."

"All right," Mason said. "Now I know your position and you know mine. I'll also tell you something to remember: I don't suborn perjury and I don't go for all this crooked business. I rely on the truth. The truth is a better weapon than all these crooked schemes of yours."

Boles said, "You're kicking a chance at a hundred-thousand-dollar fee out the window and you're leaving yourself wide open."

"To hell with the fee," Mason said. "I'm protecting my client. I'll do what I think is for his best interests."

Boles reached forward and tapped on the window of the cab. The driver turned around.

"Stop right here. Let me out," Boles said.

Boles turned to Mason. "Under the circumstances, you can pay for the cab."

Mason whipped a paper from his pocket and shoved it in Boles' hand as Boles stepped out of the cab.

"What's this?" Boles asked.

"A subpoena ordering you to attend court as a witness for the defense," Mason said.

For a moment Boles' jaw sagged open in incredulous surprise; then he said, "Why, you dirty swine!"

Boles slammed the cab door shut with a vigor which rattled the glass.

"Turn around," Mason instructed the cab driver. "Go back to the place where you picked us up."

Perry Mason regarded the letter which Della Street placed on his desk on top of the morning mail.

"You say that came registered mail, special delivery?"

She nodded. "They don't lose any time, do they?"

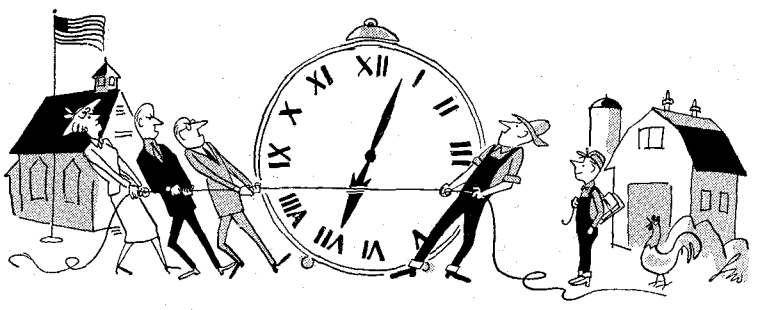
Mason read aloud:

"*Dear Sir:* You are hereby notified that, effective immediately, you are relieved of all duties in connection with the defense of Theodore Balfour, Jr., in the case of People versus Balfour. From now on, the defendant will be represented by Mortimer Dean Howland as his attorney. You will please submit any expenses which you have incurred to date, together with the necessary vouchers showing the nature and extent of those expenses. From the date of receipt of this communication, you will incur no more expenses on behalf of the Balfour Allied Associates, and any such bills as you may submit for your personal compensation to date in connection with said case will be predicated upon a per-diem basis. Otherwise, those bills will be contested. We will allow you a maximum of two hundred and fifty dollars per day for your time.

"Very truly yours,

"BALFOUR ALLIED ASSOCIATES

"per ADDISON BALFOUR."



You be the Judge

By WILLIAM DONALDSON

Farmer Alf Brackett got up with the birds to do his chores and get his children to school classes at 8:30 A.M., standard time. The advent of daylight time, an hour earlier, did not worry him, as a law required the schools to operate on standard time. But to Alf's dismay, the school board set 7:30, standard time, for classes. Indignant, he refused to comply. The board prosecuted him for violating the compulsory-attendance law.

"This crazy board ruling would make me get up an hour ahead of the birds to get my children to school," Alf argued. "The board should go to jail, not me. The law says standard time. By starting classes at seven-thirty standard time, they are really going on daylight time contrary to the law. In refusing to send my children to a school which is run that way, I violate no law myself."

"The case is a simple one," the prosecutor retorted. "Alf won't send his children to school. He has no real excuse for that. So he is guilty as charged."

If you were the judge, would you find Alf guilty?

• • • • • • • • • • • • • • •

Guilty. The court, while sympathizing with Alf's objection, said the board was within the letter of the law. It added that the board could reschedule classes to avoid confusion over standard and daylight time, as the law did not set the hour (standard) at which classes should begin.

Based upon a 1950 Pennsylvania decision.

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"Makes it nice and official, doesn't it?" Mason said.

"What about Ted Balfour? Do you have to withdraw simply because ——"

"Not because Addison Balfour says so," Mason observed. "But put yourself in Ted's place. Boles goes to him and tells him that I won't co-operate and that the Balfour Allied Associates have lost confidence in me, that they're not putting up any more money for his defense as long as I'm connected with the case in any way, that if Mortimer Dean Howland represents him they will go the limit. What would you do under those circumstances?"

"Well, what are you going to do?"

"I'm damned if I know," Mason said thoughtfully. "If I go to young Balfour and tell him the truth, Howland will claim that I'm guilty of unprofessional conduct in trying to solicit employment. The probabilities are that if I even try to see Balfour, I'll be advised that Balfour has stated I am no longer representing him and therefore I have no visitor's privileges."

"So what are you going to do?"

"So," Mason said, "I'm going to put it up to Ted Balfour. At least, I'm going to try to see him."

"And what are you going to tell him?"

"I'm going to shoot the works."

The telephone on Della Street's desk made noise. She picked it up, said, "Just a minute," turned to Mason and said, "Your first client is back. Marilyn Keith. Says she has to see you at once on a matter of the greatest urgency."

"Show her in," Mason said.

Marilyn Keith had quite evidently been crying, but her chin was high and she didn't try to avoid Mason's probing eyes.

Her quick eyes flashed at the pile of mail on Mason's desk. "I see you received your notification," she said.

Mason nodded.

She said, "Mr. Mason, I'm sorry that you had a difference of opinion with Banner Boles. He's—well, he's very, very powerful and he's very, very clever."

Mason merely nodded.

"I know, of course, what it's all about," she said, indicating the notification on the desk. "Mr. Addison Balfour dictated that to me and had me take it to the main post office, so that you'd get it first thing this morning."

Mason said, "Let's be frank, Miss Keith. You're working for the Balfour Allied Associates. A situation has devel-

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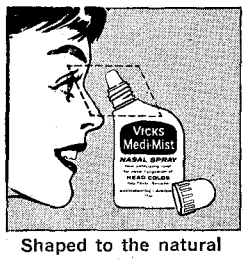

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Waiting for you in this exclusive new Vicks Medi-Mist atomizer is a new, more effective kind of relief from head-cold distress.

Works like a doctor's atomizer. It's the one spray specially designed to carry soothing medication deep into hard-to-reach places in your nose.

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New **Vicks Medi-Mist NASAL SPRAY**

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People are Like That

Safety officials constantly strive to make all motorists conscious of the urgent need for caution in driving. What occupational group do you suppose heeds this advice best: Clergymen, farmers, lawyers, wholesalers, housewives, doctors or armed-forces personnel?

Of 4,000,000 motorists in sixty-four occupational groups whose accident rates were surveyed by their insurer, the State Farm Insurance Companies, wholesalers proved to be the safest drivers. Farmers came fifth, housewives twenty-eighth and doctors thirty-fourth. Near the bottom of the list were lawyers, who ranked fifty-second, and clergymen, who came fifty-sixth. At the very bottom were enlisted servicemen and unemployed persons.

Arthur Larsen

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oped where the interests of Ted Balfour may have become adverse to those of your employer. I don't want you to ——"

"Oh, forget it!" she blazed. "Don't be so stupid!"

Mason raised his eyebrows.

"For your official information," she said, "I am no longer employed by the Balfour Allied Associates."

"What happened?"

She said, "I have been accused of betraying my employer, of being disloyal and of using confidential information which I received in the course of my employment for my personal advantage."

"Mind telling what happened?" Mason asked, the lines of his face softening somewhat. "And do sit down. I have only a minute, but I'm anxious to hear what you have to say."

She said, "I went up to the jail to call on Ted Balfour."

"You did!" Mason exclaimed.

She nodded.

"And what did you tell him?"

"I told him that the Balfour Allied Associates were cutting off all their aid as long as he had you for a lawyer, that if he accepted Mortimer Dean Howland as his lawyer and discharged you, the Balfour Allied Associates would put up all of the money that was necessary to fight his case all the way through the courts on the theory that you had raised—to wit, that he had once been placed in jeopardy and therefore couldn't be tried again. I also told him that, while I didn't know the details, I knew that the Balfour Allied Associates were prepared to toss him to the wolves in order to save their own skins. I told him that if he insisted on keeping you as his attorney, I was satisfied that you would loyally represent his interests to the best of your ability."

"And what did he do?"

"Well," she said, "he wanted to keep you if there was any way of paying you."

"He told you that?"

"Yes."

"So what did you do?"

She opened her purse, said, "I made out a check to you in an amount of five hundred and twenty-five dollars. That's every cent I have in the world, Mr. Mason, and I don't know when you're going to get any more. I know that's not the type of fee you get in a murder case. It's just on account."

Mason took the check and studied it for a moment.

"I'll get another job somewhere," she said bravely, "and I'll set aside a regular percentage of my pay check. I'll give you a promissory note, Mr. Mason, and ——"

Mason said, "You're not apt to get another job with the Balfour Allied Associates making charges that you used confidential information for your own personal gain."

She fought back tears. "I'm not foolish enough to try it here," she said. "I'm going to some other city and I'm not going to tell them anything about having been with Balfour Allied Associates."

Mason stood thoughtfully regarding her.

"Will you do it, Mr. Mason? Will you, please? Oh, will you please represent Ted?"

"He wants me to?" Mason asked.

"Very much," she said. "It's an uphill battle, but you'll be honest. And you'll have a terrific fight. You have no idea of the ruthless power of the Balfour Allied Associates or the manner in which Banner Boles uses that power. Boles was educated as an attorney, although he never practiced. He's been a lobbyist and he knows his way around. You give that man unlimited money and all the power of the Balfour Associates back of him, and anything that he can't buy out of his way he'll club out of his way."

"Do you think Ted will want me after Boles has been to see him?"

"That's why I had to see you now," she said. "You go and see Ted. Go and see him right now. Tell him that you're going to stay with him. But please, Mr. Mason, please don't tell him that I am paying anything. Oh, I know it's pitifully inadequate. But if you only can—if you only will——"

Mason took her check, tore it in half, tore the halves into quarters, dropped the pieces in the wastebasket and then walked over and put his arm around her shoulder.

"You poor kid," he said. "Forget it. I'll go and see Ted Balfour and tell him that I'll stand by him. You save your money for a cushion until you can get another job. You'll need it."

She looked up at him for a moment, then lost all semblance of trying to maintain her poise. Her head came forward on the lawyer's shoulder and her body was shaken by sobs.

Della Street very tactfully eased out of the room.

TO BE CONTINUED

"I'd like to combine all my little obligations into one backbreaking load."

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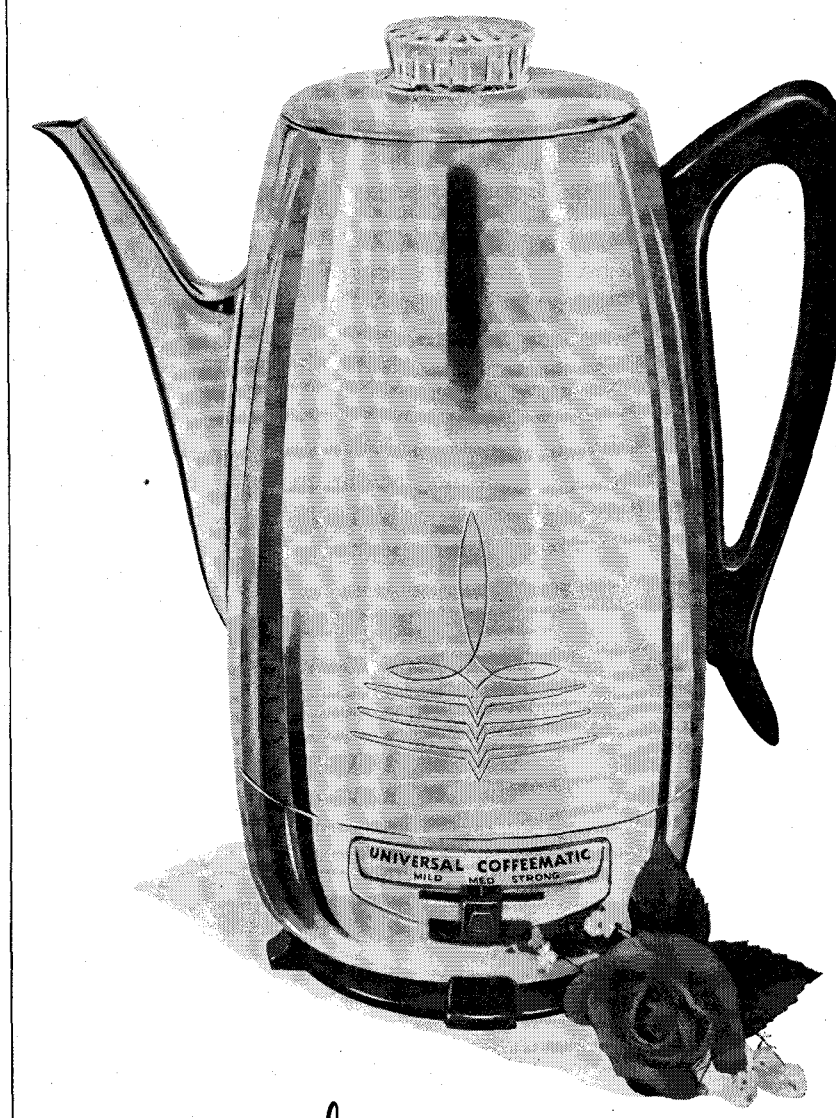

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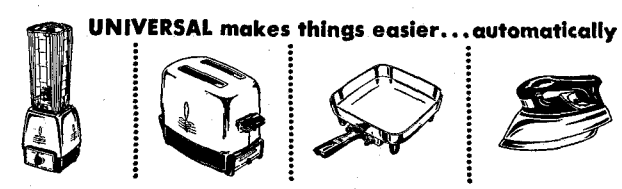

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The Guns of Navarone

(Continued from Page 45)

were no signs of the others. And with seventy pounds on his back, he wasn't making such good time himself.

It wasn't all his fault. The returning German patrol, after the first shock of discovery, had searched the cliff top again, methodically and with exasperating slowness. After an unrewarding search, they had debated for an unconscionable time as to what they should do next. Finally they had done nothing. A replacement guard was left, and the rest made off along the cliff, carrying their rescue equipment with them.

The three men ahead had made surprisingly good time, although the conditions, admittedly, were now much easier. The heavy fall of boulders at the foot of the slope had petered out after another fifty yards, giving way to broken scree and rain-washed rubble. In the end Mallory almost literally stumbled upon both men and shelter when he heard the murmur of voices beneath him and saw a tiny glimmer of light behind the canvas stretching down from the overhang of the far wall of the tiny ravine at his feet.

Miller started violently and swung round as he felt the hand on his shoulder; the automatic was halfway out of his pocket before he saw who it was.

"Come, come, now, trigger-happy." Thankfully Mallory slid his burden from his aching shoulders and looked across at the softly laughing Andrea. "What's so funny?"

"Our friend here." Andrea grinned again. "I told him that the first thing he would know of your arrival would be when you touched him on the shoulder. I don't think he believed me."

"You might have coughed or somethin'," Miller said defensively. "It's my nerves, boss," he added plaintively. "They're not what they were forty-eight hours ago."

Mallory looked at him disbelievingly, started to speak; then stopped short as he caught sight of the pale blue of a face propped up against a rucksack. Beneath the white swath of a bandaged forehead the eyes were open, looking steadily at him. Mallory took a step forward, sank down on one knee.

"So you've come round at last!" He smiled into the sunken parchment face, and Stevens smiled back, the bloodless lips whiter than the face itself. He looked ghastly. "How do you feel, Andy?"

"Not too bad, sir. Really I'm not." The bloodshot eyes were dark and filled with pain. His gaze fell and he looked down vacantly at his bandaged leg, looked up again, smiled uncertainly at Mallory. "I'm terribly sorry about all this, sir. What a stupid thing to do."

"It wasn't a stupid thing." Mallory spoke with slow, heavy emphasis. "It was criminal folly." He knew everyone was watching them, but knew, also, that Stevens had eyes for him alone. "Criminal, unforgivable folly," he went on quietly, "and I'm the man in the dock. I'd suspected you'd lost a lot of blood on the boat, but I didn't know you had these big gashes on your forehead. I should have made it my business to find out." He smiled wryly. "You should have heard what these two insubordinate characters had to say to me about it when they got to the top. And they were right. You should never have been asked to bring up the rear in the state you were in. It was madness." He grinned again. "You should have been hauled up like a sack of coals, like the intrepid mountaineering team of Miller and Brown. God knows how you ever made it—I'm sure you'll never know." He leaned forward, touched Stevens' sound knee. "Forgive me, Andy. I honestly didn't realize how far through you were."

Stevens stirred uncomfortably, but the dead pallor of the high-boned cheeks was stained with embarrassed pleasure.

"Please, sir," he pleaded. "Don't talk like that. It was just one of those things." He paused, eyes screwed shut and indrawn breath hissing sharply through his teeth as a wave of pain washed up from his shattered leg. Then he looked at Mallory again. "And there's no credit due to me for the climb," he went on quietly. "I hardly remember a thing. I was scared to death every step of the way up." He was conscious of no surprise, no wonder that he was saying the thing he would have died rather than say. "I've never been so scared in all my life."

Mallory looked down at Stevens and smiled. "I know you are new to this game, Andy." He smiled again. "Maybe you think I was laughing and singing all the way up that cliff? Maybe you think I wasn't scared? Well, I wasn't. 'Scared' isn't the word; I was plain terrified. So was Andrea here. We know too much not to be scared."

"Andrea!" Stevens laughed; then cried out as the movement triggered off a wave of agony in his bone-shattered leg. For a moment Mallory thought he had lost consciousness, but almost at once he spoke again, his voice husky with pain. "Andrea," he whispered. "Scared. I don't believe it."

"Andrea was afraid? Andrea is always afraid. That is why I have lived so long." He stared down at his great hands. "And why so many have died. They were not so afraid as I. They were not afraid of everything a man could be afraid of; there was always something they forgot to fear, to guard against. But Andrea was afraid of everything—and he forgot nothing. It is so simple as that."

Stevens said nothing. His head was sunk on his chest, and his face was hidden. He had seldom felt so happy, seldom so at peace with himself.

Miller cleared his throat noisily. "No more talkin', lieutenant," he said firmly. "You gotta lie down, get yourself some sleep."

Stevens looked at him, then at Mallory in puzzled inquiry.

"Better do what you're told, Andy," Mallory smiled. "Your surgeon and medical adviser talking. He fixed your leg."

"Oh! I didn't know. Thanks, Dusty. Was it very—difficult?"

Miller waved a depreciatory hand. "Not for a man of my experience. Just a simple break," he lied easily. "Almost left it to one of the others. . . . Give him a hand to lie down, will you, Andrea?" He jerked his head toward Mallory. "Boss?"

The two men moved outside, turning their backs to the icy wind.

"We gotta get a fire, dry clothing for that kid," Miller said urgently. "His pulse is about a hundred and forty, temperature a hundred and three. He's fevered, and he's losin' ground all the time."

"I know, I know," Mallory said worriedly. "And there's not a hope of getting any fuel on this mountain. Let's go in and see how much dry clothing we can muster between us."

He lifted the edge of the canvas and stepped inside. Stevens was still awake, Brown and Andrea on either side of him.

"We're going to stay here for the night," Mallory announced, "so let's make things as snug as possible. Mind you," he admitted, "we're a bit too near the cliff for comfort, but old Jerry hasn't a clue we're on the island, and we're out of sight of the coast. Might as well make ourselves comfortable."

"Boss ——" Miller made to speak; then fell silent again.

A sudden anxiety, the sure knowledge that something was far wrong, struck at Mallory like a blow.

"What's up?" he demanded sharply.

"We have bad news for you, boss," Miller said carefully. "Remember that sentry you and Andrea shoved over the side?"

Mallory nodded somberly. He knew what was coming.

"He fell on top of that reef, twenty-thirty feet or so from the cliff," Miller went on. "Wasn't much of him left, I guess, but what was was jammed between two rocks. He was really stuck fast."

"I see," Mallory murmured. "I've been wondering all night how you managed to get so wet under your rubber cape."

"I tried four times, boss," Miller said quietly. "The others had a rope round me." He shrugged his shoulders. "Not a chance. Them waves just flung me back against the cliff every time."

"It will be light in three or four hours," Mallory murmured. "In four hours they will know we are on the island. They will see him as soon as it's dawn and send a boat to investigate."

"Does it really matter, sir?" Stevens suggested. "He could still have fallen."

Mallory eased the canvas aside and looked out into the night. It was bitterly cold and the snow was beginning to fall.

"Five minutes," he said absently. "We will leave in five minutes." He looked at Stevens and smiled faintly. "We are forgetful too. We should have told you. Andrea stabbed the sentry through the heart."

The hours that followed were hours plucked from the darkest nightmare; endless, numbing hours of stumbling and tripping and falling and getting up again; of racked bodies and aching, tortured muscles; of dropped loads and frantic pawing around in the deepening snow; of hunger and thirst and exhaustion.

They had retraced their steps now, were heading west northwest back across the shoulder of the mountain—almost certainly the Germans would think they had gone due north, heading for the center of the island. Without compass, stars or moon to guide, Mallory had nothing to orientate them but the feel of the slope of the mountain and the memory of the map Vlachos had shown them in Alexandria. But by and by he was reasonably certain that they had rounded the mountain and were pushing up some narrow gorge into the interior.

About five in the morning, as they were climbing up the steep valley head above the gorge, a treacherous, slippery slope with only a few stunted carob trees for anchor in the sliding scree, Mallory decided that they must rope up for safety's sake. In single file they scrambled and struggled up the ever-steepening slope for the next twenty minutes; Mallory, in the lead, did not even dare to think how Andrea, burdened with Stevens, was getting on behind him. Suddenly the slope eased, flattened out completely, and almost before they realized what was happening, they had crossed the high divide, still roped together and in driving, blinding snow with zero visibility, and were sliding down the valley on the other side.

They came to the cave at dawn, and even then it was no cave, but a dark, narrow tunnel in a great heap of piled volcanic slabs; huge, twisted layers of rock precariously poised in a gully that threaded down the slope toward some broad and unknown valley a thousand, two thousand feet beneath them, a valley still shrouded in the gloom of night.

It was no cave, but it was enough. For frozen, exhausted, sleep-haunted men, it was more than enough, it was more than they had ever hoped for. There was room for them all, the few cracks were quickly blocked (*Continued on Page 86*)

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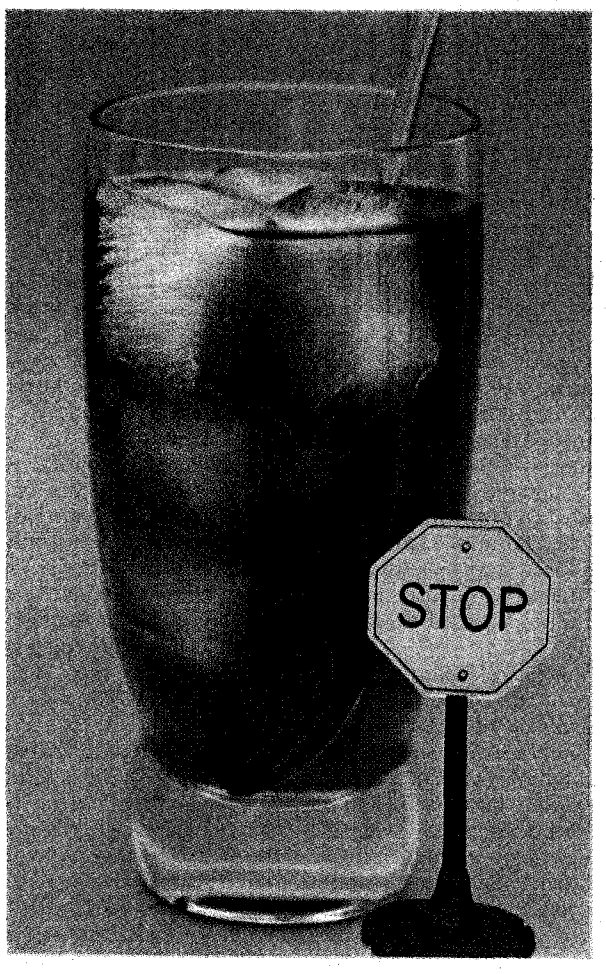

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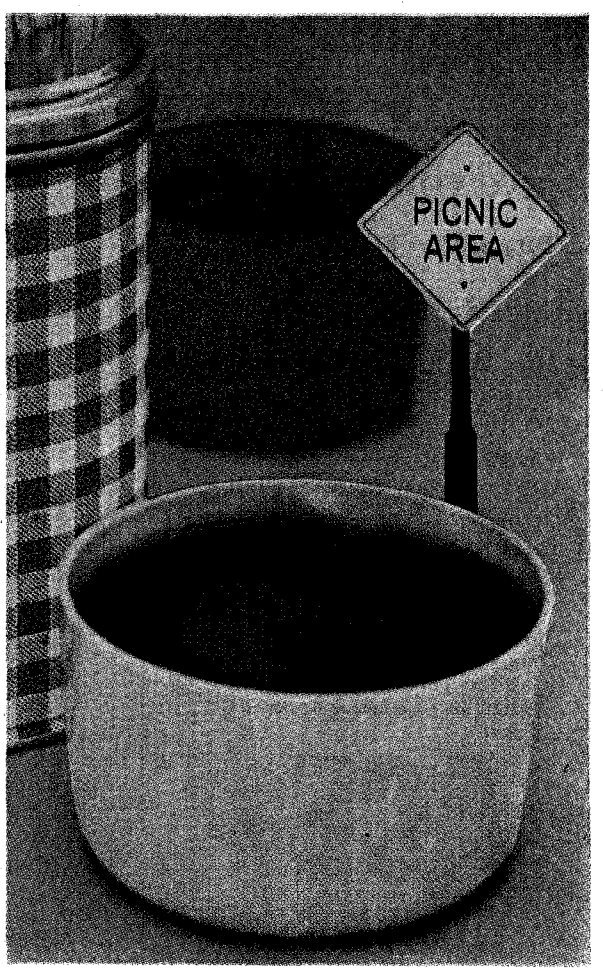

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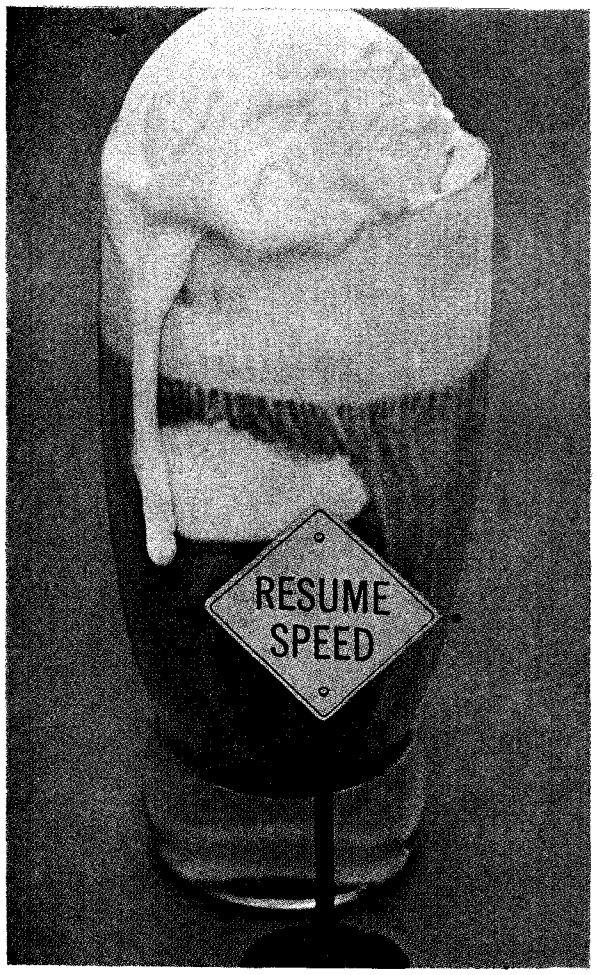

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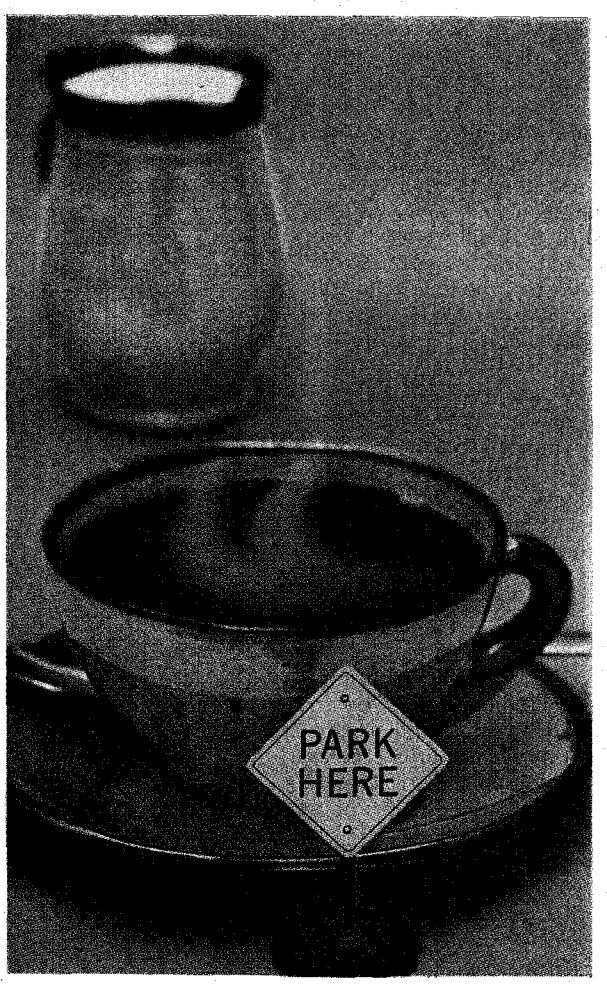

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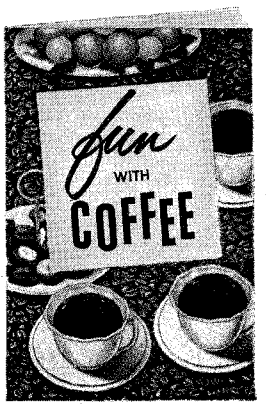

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(*Continued from Page 84*) against the drifting snow, the entrance curtained off by the boulder-weighted tent. Somehow, impossibly almost in the cramped darkness, they stripped Stevens of his sea- and rain-soaked clothes, eased him into a providentially zipped sleeping bag, forced some brandy down his throat and cushioned the blood-stained head on some dry clothing. And then the four men, even the tireless Andrea, slumped down to the sodden, snow-chilled floor of the cave and slept like men already dead, oblivious alike of the rocks on the floor, the cold, their hunger and their clammy, saturated clothing, oblivious even of the agony of returning circulation in their frozen hands and faces. . . .

The sun, rime-ringed and palely luminous behind the drifting cloud rack, was far beyond its zenith and dipping swiftly westward to the snow-limned shoulder of the mountain when Andrea lifted the edge of the tent, pushed it gently aside and peered out warily down the smooth sweep of the mountainside. Then he had flitted noiselessly out of the mouth of the tunnel and reached far up the bank of the gully in half a dozen steps; stretched full length against the snow, he eased himself smoothly up the slope, lifted a cautious eye over the top.

Far below him stretched the great, curved sweep of an almost perfectly symmetrical valley, a valley born abruptly in the cradling embrace of steep-walled mountains and falling away gently to the north. That towering, buttressed giant on his right that brooded darkly over the head of the valley, its peak hidden in the snow clouds—there could be no doubt about that, Andrea thought. Mt. Kostos, the highest mountain in Navarone; they had crossed its western flank during the darkness of the night. Due east and facing his own at perhaps five miles' distance, the third mountain was barely less high, but its northern flank fell away more quickly, debouching onto the plains that lay to the northeast of Navarone. And about four miles away to the north northeast, far beneath the snow line and the isolated shepherds' huts, a tiny, flat-roofed township lay in a fold in the hills. That could only be the village of Margaritha.

Then he heard it, three times in as many seconds, the high-pitched, lonely wheep of a whistle, shrill peremptory blasts that echoed briefly and died along the lower slopes of Mt. Kostos; the final echo still hung faintly on the air as Andrea pushed himself backward and slid down to the floor of the gully.

He was back on the bank within thirty seconds, cheek muscles contracting involuntarily as the ice-chill eyepieces of Mallory's field glasses screwed into his face. There was no mistaking them now, he thought grimly; his first, fleeting impression had been all too accurate. Twenty-five, perhaps thirty soldiers in all, strung out in a long, irregular line, they were advancing slowly across the flank of Kostos, combing every gully, each jumbled confusion of boulders that lay in their path. Every man was clad in a snow suit, but even at a distance of two miles they were easy to locate: the arrowheads of their strapped skis angled up above shoulders and hooded heads.

"Andrea!" The call from the cave mouth was very soft. "Anything wrong?"

Finger to his lips, Andrea twisted round in the snow. Mallory was standing by the canvas screen. Dark-jowled and crumple-clothed, he held up one hand against the glare of the snow while the other rubbed the sleep from his bloodshot eyes. And then he was limping forward in obedience to the crooking of Andrea's finger, wincing in pain at every step he took. His toes were swollen and skinned, gummed together with congealed blood. He had not had his boots off since he had taken them from the feet of the dead German sentry; and now he was almost afraid to remove them, afraid of what he would find. He clambered slowly up the bank of the gully and sank down in the snow beside Andrea.

"Company?"

"The very worst of company," Andrea murmured. "Take a look, my Keith." He handed over the glasses, pointed down to the lower slopes of Mt. Kostos. "Your friend Jensen never told us that they were here."

Slowly, Mallory quartered the slopes with the glasses.

"A *Jäger* battalion," Andrea said. "Alpine Corps—their finest mountain troops. This is most inconvenient."

Mallory lowered the glasses and nodded. "If anyone can find us, they can. And they'll find us." He lifted the glasses to look again at the line of advancing men. "God knows what the Alpine Corps is doing here," Mallory went on. "It's enough that they are here. They must know that we've landed and that we can't have got very far. It's only going to be a matter of time, Andrea."

"A matter of time," Andrea echoed. He glanced up at the sun—a sun all but invisible in a darkening sky. "An hour and a half at the most. They'll be here before the sun goes down. Come, my friend. Let us tell the others the good news."

Miller looked up as the two men came in, letting the canvas screen fall shut behind them. He had opened the side of Stevens' sleeping bag and was working on the mangled leg. A flashlight was propped on a rucksack beside him.

"When are we goin' to do somethin' about this kid, boss?" The voice was abrupt, angry, like his gesture toward the sleep-drugged boy beside him. "This 'waterproof' sleeping bag is soaked right through. So's the kid, and he's about frozen stiff; his leg feels like a side of chilled beef. He's gotta have heat, boss, a warm room and hot drinks, or it's curtains for sure. Twenty-four hours." Miller shivered and looked slowly round the broken walls of the rock shelter. "I reckon he'd have less than an even chance in a first-class general hospital. He's just wastin' his time keepin' on breathin' in this frozen crypt."

"Maybe he'll be hospitalized sooner than you think," Mallory said dryly. "How's his leg?"

"Worse." Miller was blunt. "A lot worse. I've just chucked in another handful of sulpha and tied things up again. Nothing else I can do, boss, and it's just a waste of time anyway. What was that crack about a hospital?" he added suspiciously.

"That was no crack," Mallory said soberly, "but one of the more unpleasant facts of life. There's a German search party heading this way. They mean business. They'll find us, all right."

Miller swore. "That's handy; that's just wonderful," he said bitterly. "How far away, boss?"

"An hour, maybe a little more."

"And what are we goin' to do with Junior here? Leave him? It's his only chance, I reckon."

"Stevens comes with us." There was a flat finality in Mallory's voice. Miller looked at him for a long time in silence; his face was very cold.

"Stevens comes with us," Miller repeated. "We drag him along with us until he's dead—that won't take long—and then we leave him in the snow. Just like that, huh?"

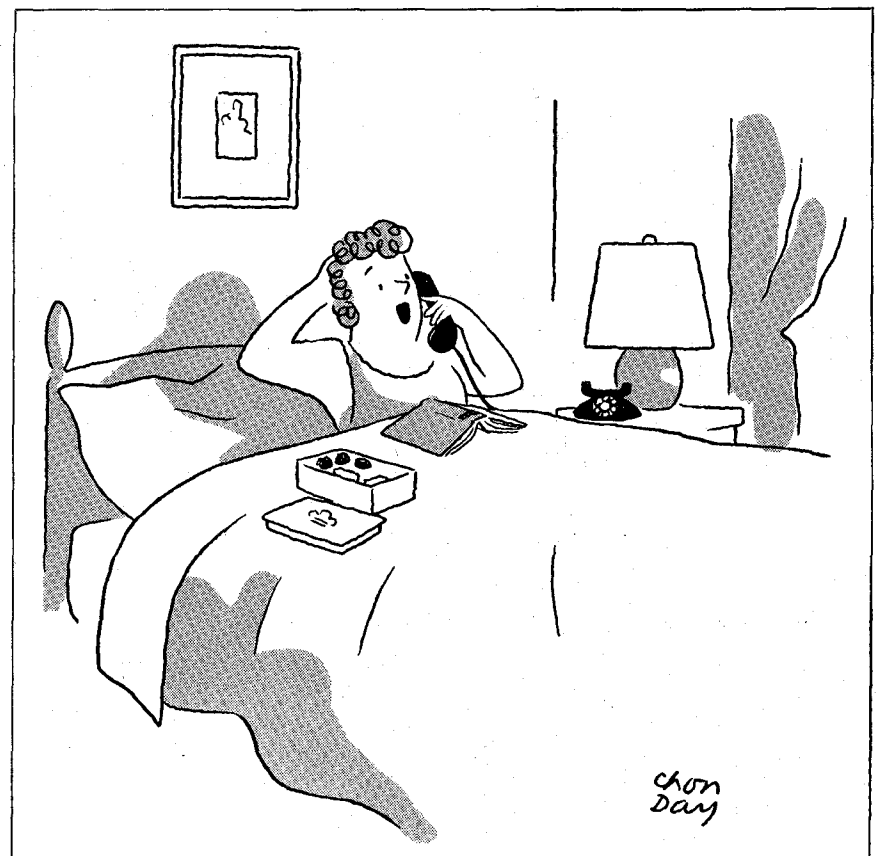
"Just like that, Dusty." Absently Mallory brushed some snow off his clothes and looked again at Miller. "Stevens knows too much. The Germans will have guessed why we're on the island, but they don't know how we propose to get inside the fortress—and they don't know when the navy's coming through. But Stevens does. They'll make him talk. Scopolamine will make anyone talk."

"Scopolamine! On a dying man?" Miller was openly incredulous.

"Why not? I'd do the same myself. If you were the German commandant and you knew that your big guns and half the men in your fortress were liable to be blown up any moment, you'd do the same."

Miller looked at him, grinned wryly, shook his head. "Me and my ——"

"I know. You and your big mouth." Mallory (*Continued on Page 88*)



"Oh, hello, dear—just one moment while
I turn off the vacuum-cleaner . . ."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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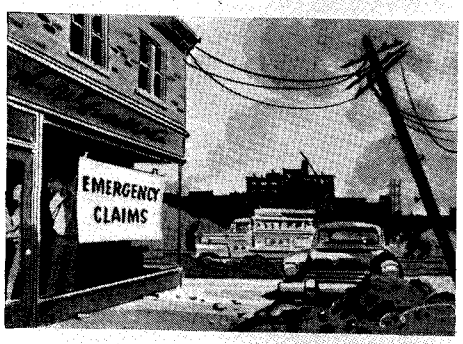
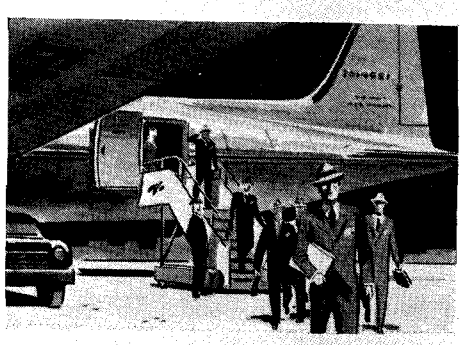
Claims advice is communicated to all.



Emergency claims offices are thrown open.



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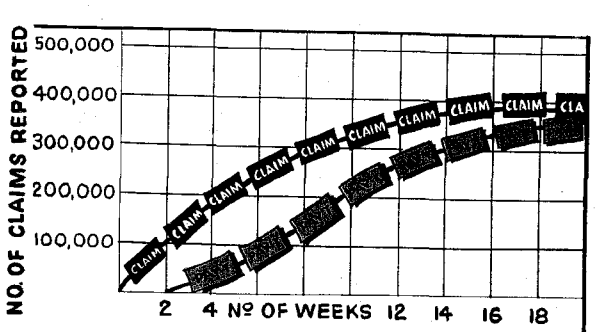

Claims mount—payments quickly follow.

Insurance helps to build anew.

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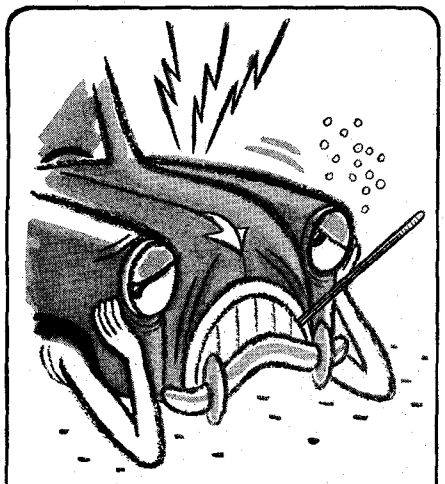

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(*Continued from Page 86*) smiled and clapped him on the shoulder. "I don't like it one little bit more than you do, Dusty." He turned away and crossed to the other side of the cave. "How are you feeling, chief?"

"Not too bad, sir." Casey Brown was only just awake, numbed and shivering in sodden clothes. "Anything wrong?"

"Plenty," Mallory assured him. "Search party moving this way. We'll have to pull out inside half an hour." He looked at his watch. "Just on four o'clock. Do you think you could raise Cairo on the set?"

"Lord only knows," Brown said frankly. He rose stiffly to his feet. "The radio didn't get just the best of treatment yesterday. I'll have a go."

"Thanks, chief. See that your aerial doesn't stick up above the sides of the gully."

Mallory turned to leave the cave, but halted abruptly at the sight of Andrea squatting on a boulder just beside the entrance. His head bent in concentration, the big Greek had just finished screwing telescopic sights onto the barrel of his 7.92 mm. Mauser.

Mallory watched him in silence. Andrea glanced up at him, smiled, rose to his feet and reached out for his rucksack. Within thirty seconds he was drawing tight the pursestrings of his snow hood and easing his feet into the rucked elastic anklets of his canvas boots. Then he picked up the Mauser and smiled slightly.

"I thought I might be taking a little walk, captain," he said apologetically. "With your permission, of course."

Mallory nodded. "You might have told me, Andrea."

"I am sorry." Andrea was half contrite, half smiling. "I should have told you. I thought you understood. It is the best thing to do, yes?"

"It is the only thing to do," Mallory said frankly. "You're going to draw them off up the saddle?"

"There is no other way. With their skis they would overtake me in minutes if I went down into the valley. I cannot come back, of course, until it is dark. You will be here?"

"Some of us will." Mallory glanced across the shelter where a waking Stevens was trying to sit up, heels of his palms screwing into his exhausted eyes. "We must have food and fuel, Andrea," he said softly. "I am going down into the valley tonight."

"Of course, of course. We must do what we can." Andrea's face was grave, his voice only a murmur. "As long as we can. He is only a boy, a child almost. Perhaps it will not be long." He pulled back the curtain, looked out at the evening sky. "I will be back by seven o'clock."

"Seven o'clock," Mallory repeated. The sky, he could see, was darkening already, darkening with the gloom of coming snow. Mallory shivered and caught hold of the massive arm. "For heaven's sake, Andrea," he urged quietly, "look after yourself."

"Myself?" Andrea smiled gently, no mirth in his eyes, and as gently he disengaged his arm. "Do not think about me." The voice was very quiet, with an utter lack of arrogance. The canvas dropped behind him and he was gone.

Mallory crossed the floor of the shelter and knelt in front of Stevens. The boy was propped up against Miller's anxious arm, the eyes lackluster and expressionless, bloodless cheeks deep-sunken in a gray parchment face. Mallory smiled at him; he hoped the shock didn't show in his face.

"Well, well, well. The sleeper awakes at last. Better late than never." He opened his waterproof cigarette case, proffered it to Stevens. "How are you feeling now, Andy?"

"Frozen, sir." Stevens shook his head at the case and tried to grin back at Mallory, a feeble travesty of a smile that made Mallory wince.

"And the leg?"

"I think it must be frozen too." Stevens looked down incuriously at the sheathed whiteness of his shattered leg. "Anyway, I can't feel a thing." For long moments he kept staring down at his leg; then suddenly lifted his head and looked directly at Mallory.

"Look, sir, there's no good kidding ourselves." The voice was soft, quite toneless. "I don't want to seem ungrateful and I hate even the idea of cheap heroics, but —— Well, I'm just a great millstone round your necks and ——"

"Leave you, eh?" Mallory interrupted. "Leave you to die of the cold or be captured by the Germans. Forget it, laddie. We can look after you and those guns at the same time. The subject is closed." He saw the stain high up on the thin cheeks, the glad light that touched the dulled eyes, and felt the self-loathing and the shame well up inside him, shame for the gratitude of a sick man who did not know that their concern stemmed not from solicitude but from fear that he might betray them. Mallory bent forward and began to unlace his high jackboots.

He spoke without looking up, "Dusty?"

"Yeah?"

"Come and have a look at these feet of mine, will you? I'm afraid the sentry's boots haven't done them a great deal of good."

Fifteen painful minutes later Miller snipped off the rough edges of the adhesive bandage that bound Mallory's right foot, straightened up stiffly and contemplated his handiwork with pride.

"Beautiful, Miller; beautiful," he murmured complacently. "Not even in Johns Hopkins in the city of Baltimore ——" He broke off suddenly, frowned down at the thickly bandaged feet and coughed apologetically. "A small point has just occurred to me, boss."

"I thought it might eventually," Mallory said grimly. "Just how do you propose to get my feet into these boots again?" He shivered involuntarily as he pulled on a pair of thick woolen socks, matted and sodden with melted snow, picked up the German sentry's boots, held them at arm's length and examined them in disgust. "Sevens, at the most—and darned small sevens at that!"

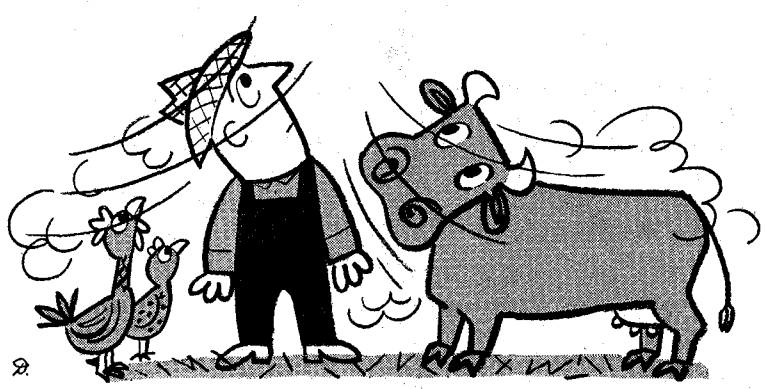
"Nines," Stevens said laconically. He handed over his own jackboots, one of them slit neatly down the side where Andrea had cut it open. "You can fix that tear easily enough, and they're no good to me now. No arguments, sir, please." He began to laugh softly, broke off in a sharply indrawn hiss of pain as the movement jarred the broken bones, took a couple of deep, quivering breaths; then smiled whitely. "My first, and probably my last, contribution to the expedition. What sort of medal do you reckon they'll give me for that, sir?"

Mallory took the boots, looked at Stevens a long moment in silence, then turned as the tarpaulin was pushed aside. Brown stumbled in, lowered the transmitter and telescopic aerial to the floor of the cave and pulled out a tin of cigarettes. They slipped from his frozen fingers, fell into the icy mud at his feet, became brown and sodden on the instant. He swore, briefly and without enthusiasm, beat his numbed hands across his chest, gave it up and sat down heavily on a convenient boulder. He looked tired and cold and thoroughly miserable.

Mallory lit a cigarette and passed it across to him. "How did it go, Casey? Manage to raise them at all?"

"They managed to raise me, more or less. Reception was lousy." Brown drew the grateful tobacco smoke deep down into his lungs. "And I couldn't get through at all. Must be that great hill to the south there."

"Probably," Mallory nodded. "And what news (*Continued on Page 90*)



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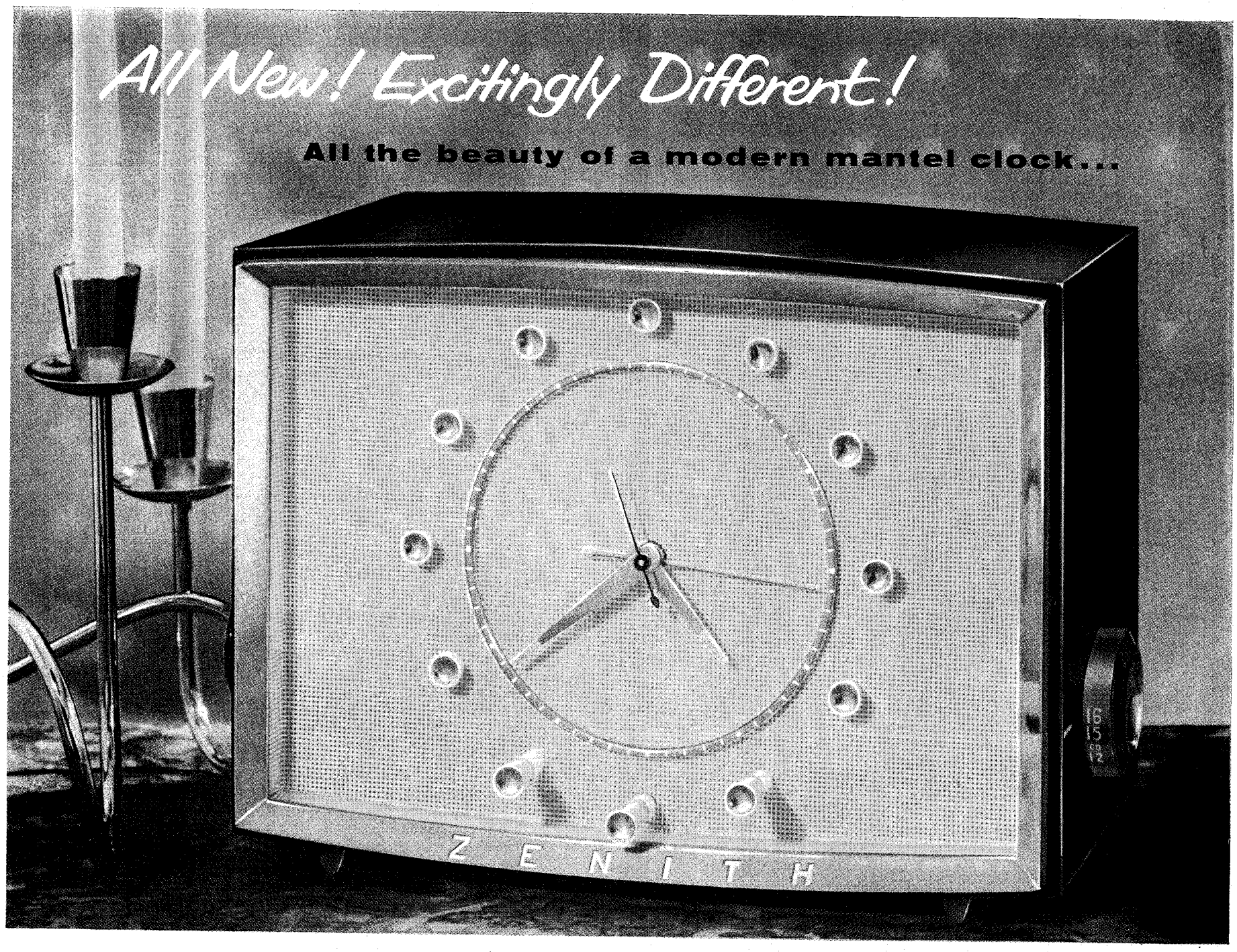

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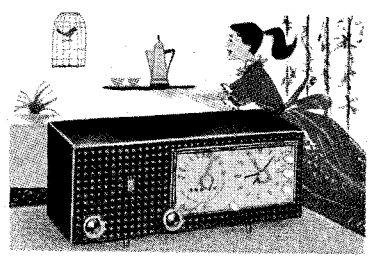

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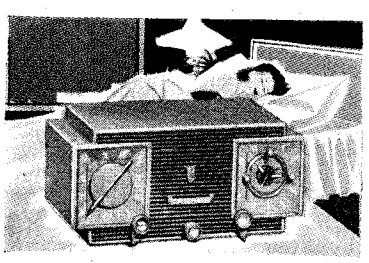

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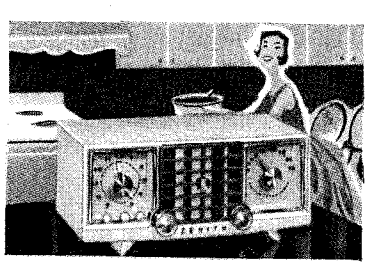

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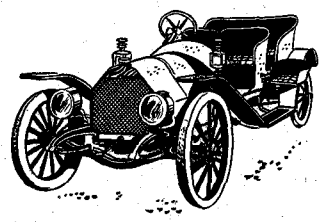

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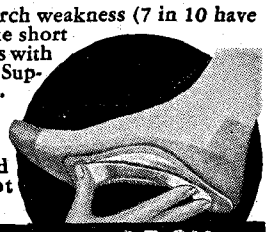


Dr Scholl's ARCH SUPPORTS

(*Continued from Page 88*) from our friends in Cairo? Exhorting us to greater efforts? Telling us to get on with the job?"

"No news at all. Too worried about the silence at this end. Said that from now on they were going to come through every four hours, acknowledgment or no. Repeated that about ten times, then signed off."

"That'll be a great help," Miller said acidly. "Nice to know they're on our side. Nothin' like moral support." He jerked his thumb toward the mouth of the cave. "Reckon them bloodhounds would be scared to death if they knew. Did you take a gander at them before you came in?"

"I didn't have to," Brown said morosely. "I could hear them—sounded like the officer in charge shouting directions." Mechanically, almost, he picked up his automatic rifle, eased the clip in the magazine. "Must be less than a mile away now."

The search party, more closely bunched by this time, was less than a mile, was barely half a mile distant from the cave when the officer in charge lifted his whistle to his mouth. Twice the whistle shrilled out its imperative urgency, the piercing notes echoing flatly along the snow-bound slopes, but the third wheep died at birth. For two or three seconds the officer stood motionless in his tracks, his face shocked and contorted; then he jackknifed violently forward and pitched down into the crusted snow. The burly sergeant near him stared down at the fallen officer, looked up in sudden horrified understanding, opened his mouth to shout, sighed and toppled wearily, the evil, whiplash crack of the Mauser in his ears as he died.

High up on the windmill-dotted slopes of Mount Kostos, wedged in the v between two great boulders, Andrea gazed down the darkening mountainside over the depressed telescopic sights of his rifle and pumped another three rounds into the wavering, disorganized line of searchers. Then he lowered the Mauser, peered through the drifting gun smoke that hung heavily in the frosty evening air. The enemy had vanished completely, rolled behind scattered boulders or burrowed frantically into the blanketing anonymity of the snow. But they were still there, still potentially as dangerous as ever; Andrea knew that they would recover fast from the death of their officer—there were no finer, no more tenacious fighters in Europe than the ski troops of the *Jäger* mountain battalion—and would come after him, catch and kill him if humanly possible. That was why Andrea's first care had been to kill their officer—he might not have come after him, might have stopped to puzzle out the reason for this unprovoked flank attack.

Andrea ducked low in reflex instinct as a sudden burst of automatic fire whined in murderous ricochet off the boulders before him. He had expected this. It was the old classic infantry-attack pattern—advance under covering fire, drop, cover your mate and come again. Swiftly Andrea rammed home another charge into the magazine of his Mauser, dropped flat on his face and inched his way along behind the low line of broken rock that extended to his right—he had chosen his ambush point with care—and then petered out. At the far end he pulled his snow hood down to the level of his brows and edged a wary eye round the corner of the rock.

Another heavy burst of automatic fire smashed into the boulders he had just left, and half a dozen men—three from either end of the line—broke cover, scurried along the slope in a stumbling, crouching run; then pitched forward into the snow again. Along the slope the two parties had run in opposite directions.

Andrea lowered his head and rubbed the back of a massive hand across the stubbled grizzle of his chin. Awkward; darned awkward. No frontal attack for these experts. They were extending their lines on either side, the points hooking round in a great encircling half-moon. Bad enough for himself, but he could have coped with that—a carefully reconnoitered escape gully wound up the slope behind him. But he hadn't foreseen what was obviously going to happen—the curving crescent of line on the right was going to sweep across the rock shelter where Mallory and the others lay hidden.

Andrea twisted over on his back and looked up at the evening sky. It was darkening by the moment, darkening with the gloom of coming snow, and daylight was beginning to fail. He waited no longer. Firing blindly downhill, he launched himself toward the cover of some rocks, forty yards away. Thirty-five yards to go, thirty, twenty, and still not a shot fired, a slip, a stumble on the sliding scree, and then he had dived into shelter to land on chest and stomach with a sickening impact that struck cruelly into his ribs and emptied his lungs with an explosive gasp.

Fighting for breath, he struck the magazine cover, rammed home another charge, risked a quick peep over the top of the rock and catapulted himself to his feet again, all inside ten seconds. The Mauser held across his body opened up again, firing downhill at vicious random, for Andrea had eyes only for the smoothly treacherous ground at his feet, for the scree-lined depression so impossibly far ahead. And then the Mauser was empty, useless in his hand, and every gun far below had opened up, the shells whistling above his head or blinding him with spurting gouts of snow as they ricocheted off the solid rock. But twilight was touching the hill, Andrea was only a blur, a swiftly flitting blur against a ghostly background, and uphill accuracy was notoriously difficult at any time. Even so, the massed fire from below was steadying and converging, and Andrea waited no longer. Unseen hands plucking wickedly at the flying tails of his snow smock, he flung himself almost horizontally forward and slid the last ten feet face down into the waiting depression.

Stretched full length on his back in the hollow, Andrea fished out a steel mirror from his breast pocket and held it gingerly above his head. He saw two, three, and then half a dozen men breaking cover, heading at a clumsy run straight up the face of the hill toward him—and two of them had come from the extreme right of the line and away from the cave. Andrea lowered the mirror and relaxed with a long sigh of relief, eyes crinkling in a smile. Almost lazily he brought out another charger for the Mauser, fed more shells into the magazine.

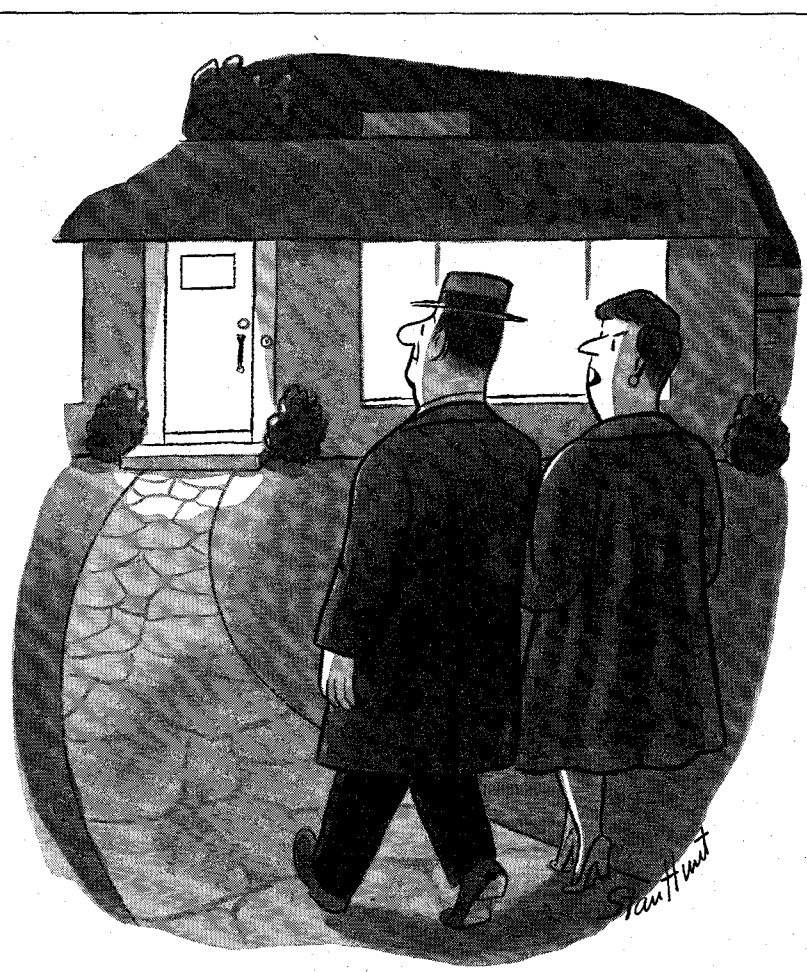
"Boss?" Miller's voice was plaintive.

"Yes? What is it?" Mallory brushed some snow off his face and the collar of his smock and peered into the white darkness ahead.

"Boss, when you were in school did you ever read any stories about folks gettin' lost in a snowstorm and wanderin' round and round in circles for days?"

"Oh, for heaven's sake!" Mallory said impatiently. His feet, even in Stevens' roomy boots, hurt abominably. "How can we be wandering in circles if we're going downhill all the time? What do you think we're on—a spiral staircase?"

Miller walked on in hurt silence, Mallory beside him, both men ankle-deep in the wet, clinging snow that had been falling so silently, so persistently, for the past three hours since Andrea had drawn off the *Jäger* search party. He hadn't reckoned on this when he'd planned on going down to Margaritha for food and fuel, but, even so, it wouldn't have made any difference to his decision. Although in less pain now, (*Continued on Page 93*)



"Remember now, you're his boss. Don't be afraid to bore the hell out of them!"

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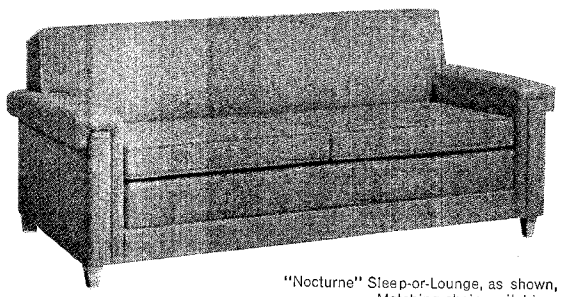

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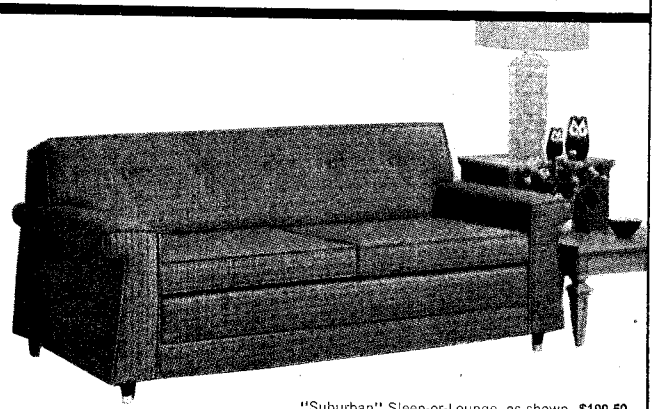

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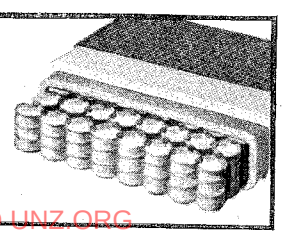

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(*Continued from Page 90*) Stevens was becoming steadily weaker, and the need was desperate.

Mallory smothered an exclamation as Miller's hand closed round his upper arm and dragged him down to his knees in the snow. He lifted his hand as a visor against the snow, peered out narrowly through the wet, velvety curtain of white that swirled and eddied out of the darkness before him. Suddenly he had it—a dark, squat shape only feet away. They had all but walked straight into it.

"It's the hut," he said softly in Miller's ear. He had seen it early in the afternoon, halfway between their cave and Margaritha, and almost in a line with both. He was conscious of relief, an increase in confidence; they would be in the village in less than half an hour. "Elementary navigation, my dear corporal," he murmured. "Lost and wandering in circles, my foot! Just put your faith ——"

He broke off as Miller's fingers dug viciously into his arm, as Miller's head came close to his own. "I heard voices, boss." The words were a mere breath of sound.

"Are you sure?" Miller's silenced gun, Mallory noticed, was still in his pocket.

Miller hesitated.

"Come on. Let's take a look-see." Mallory was on his feet again. "I think you're mistaken." He slipped the safety catch of his Colt, walked slowly, at a half crouch, toward the nearest wall of the hut, Miller at his shoulder.

They reached the hut, put their ears against the frail, tar-paper walls. Ten seconds passed, twenty, half a minute, then Mallory relaxed.

"Nobody at home. Or if they are, they're keeping mighty quiet. But no chances, Dusty. You go that way, I'll go this. Meet at the door—that'll be on the opposite side, facing into the valley. Walk wide at the corners—never fails to baffle the unwary."

A minute later, both men were inside the hut, the door shut behind them. The hooded beam of Mallory's torch probed into every corner of the ramshackle cabin. It was quite empty—an earthen floor, a rough wooden bunk, a dilapidated stove with a rusty lantern standing on it, and that was all. No table, no chair, no chimney, not even a window.

Mallory walked over to the stove, picked up the lamp and sniffed it.

"Hasn't been used for weeks. Still full of kerosene, though. Very useful in that dungeon up there—if we can ever find the place."

He froze into a sudden listening immobility, eyes unfocused and head cocked slightly to one side. Gently, ever so gently, he set the lamp down and walked leisurely across to Miller.

"Remind me to apologize at some future date," he murmured. "We have company. Give me your gun and keep talking."

The silenced automatic balanced at his waist, Mallory walked noiselessly round the hut, four feet out from the walls. He had passed two corners, was just rounding the third when, out of the corner of his eye, he saw a vague figure behind him rising up swiftly from the ground and lunging out with upraised arm. Mallory stepped back quickly under the blow, spun round, swung his fist viciously and backward into the stomach of his attacker. There was a sudden explosive gasp of agony as the man doubled up, moaned and crumpled silently to the ground. Barely in time Mallory arrested the downward, clubbing swipe of his reversed automatic.

Gun reversed again, the butt settled securely in his palm, Mallory stared down unblinkingly at the huddled figure, at the primitive wooden baton still clutched in the gloved right hand, at the unmilitary-looking knapsack strapped to his back. He kept his gun lined up on the fallen body, waiting, but there was no movement, no sound at all.

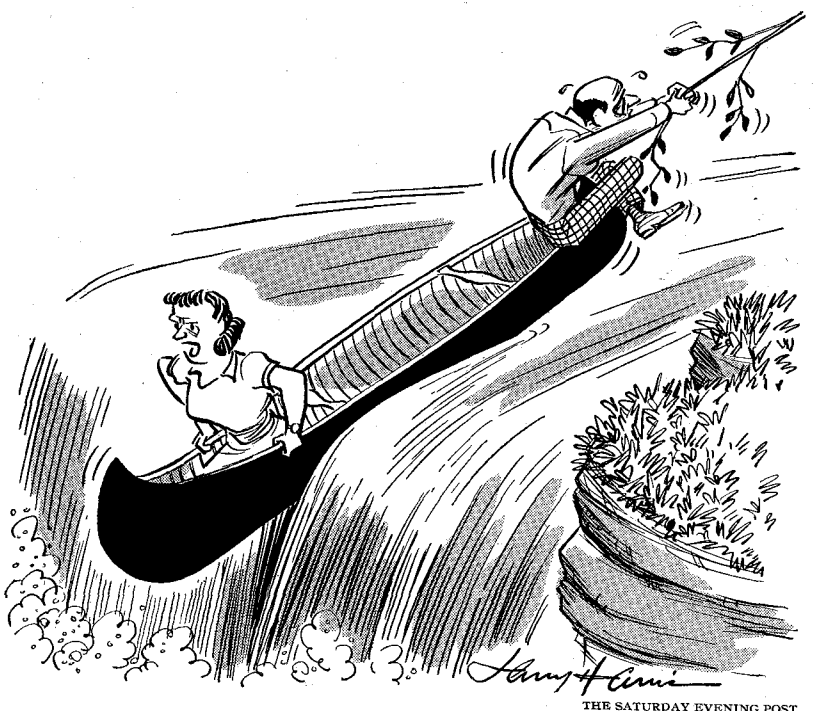
Quickly Mallory stooped, hooked his free hand round the knapsack shoulder straps, straightened and made for the door, half carrying, half dragging his captive. The man was no weight at all.

Miller met him at the open door, stooped wordlessly, caught the unconscious man by the ankles and helped Mallory dump him unceremoniously on the bunk in the far corner of the hut.

"Nice goin', boss," he complimented. "Never heard a thing. Who's the heavyweight champ?"

"No idea." Mallory shook his head in the darkness. "Just skin and bones, that's all; just skin and bones. Shut the door, Dusty, and let's have a look at what we've got."

TO BE CONTINUED



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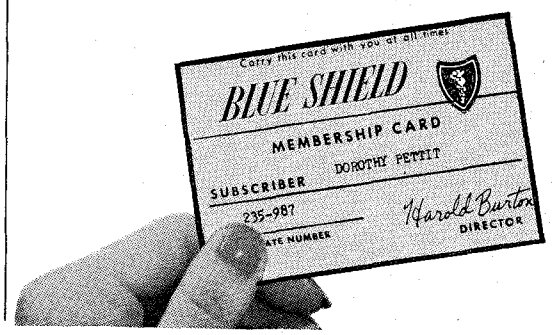

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Hollywood's Melancholy Blonde

(Continued from Page 39)

mail is now averaging 3500 letters a month, and she has had guest shots on the Perry Como, Steve Allen, Dave Garroway, Ed Murrow, What's My Line? and other top-ranking television shows. The columnists have linked her with eligible young millionaires, and she has been asked to endorse bathing suits, sweaters, cosmetics and other items associated with sex appeal. In short, the Columbia executives nurse the happy suspicion that, with certain desirable modifications, they have a counterattraction in the same league with, let's say, Fox's Miss Marilyn Monroe.

One director, carefully anonymous, said with enthusiasm: "What Monroe developed, Novak was born with." He might have paraphrased this cryptic remark by saying that whatever Novak was not born with, she has since developed. The canned biography refers to this evolution as Kim's "interesting contours," but quickly tempers this line of thought by adding: "The girl was eager, however, to grow in other ways."

These other ways occasionally surprise and disconcert the alchemists in charge of the inexorable process by which Hollywood Cinderellas are turned into box-office princesses. One member of the staff calls her a "million-dollar worry wart." Another has said, with some justification, that Kim is what the bop set would call a "crazy, mixed-up kid." Both judgments are valid, for Kim is an aesthetic, cloud-borne girl who, by her own admission, is probably the loneliest star in the Hollywood sky.

Broadway's Josh Logan, who was reluctant to put her in Picnic with veterans William Holden and Rosalind Russell because he felt she lacked depth and experience, has since changed his mind. "She is a sensitive and creative girl," he said recently. "She is as gifted as she is exquisite and can handle anything from boredom to terror with impact."

Off the screen, however, this delicate webbing of emotion has a tendency to tear apart without warning. Kim cries easily anywhere, for instance, and often without provocation. Some members of her entourage—she is almost never left alone in public—confess that at such times they are as helpless as a housewife with broken plumbing. Some weeks ago, Kim attended the Manhattan night-club debut of Roberta Sherwood, then an unknown singer from Miami. Suddenly, while the rest of the audience was noisy and gay, Kim burst into tears.

"What's the matter?" someone asked.

"I don't know," she said.

Later Kim said, "You see, I can all of a sudden start crying without knowing why. Sometimes I feel relieved if it's that kind of crying. But this wasn't that kind. I wanted to be doing something. I wanted to be writing something. Or painting something. Maybe I was crying over lost minutes, wasting time, watching instead of giving. I want so much to give some message. I don't know what."

Another episode upset the Columbia Pictures empire last spring when Kim went East for the première of The Eddy Duchin Story, in which she costars with Tyrone Power. It seems that Kim's alter ego is, or was, a miniature clown whose innards contained a music box which played the Brahms Lullaby. She kept it on the set whenever she worked, guarded it jealously, and took it home at night. She was often heard talking to the clown, and the clown talked to her in the inaudible and mysterious language best understood, perhaps, by little girls and their dolls. When Kim unpacked her things in New York, the clown was missing, and it has never been seen again.

Kim wept and brooded for days, and no vanished human was ever hunted with more desperation. The studio was willing to replace the clown at any price, but Kim refused a substitute, and at the moment sees nothing but dark days ahead. "I don't know what I'll do when I start a picture without him," she says. "He had a little tinkling sound, and I wrote a prayer to go with the Brahms music. He had been with me in every trouble, and every day when I worked I'd wind up his nose and he'd sing. I'm sick about it. He knows me and I know him."

In moments of personal crisis, such as the loss of the clown, Kim eases the tension by flooding notepaper with thousands of words of free verse. "Suddenly I'm overcome by this feeling to write," she says. "It is something that seems to be forced into my hand. They are

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"You seldom see a scarlet tanager that close."

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thoughts I've had; they will come, come, come. It overspills. I scribble so fast and I leave off, and I look at it the next day and sometimes I can't understand what I've written. I've lost two of my favorite poems, but I can't think how they went because I'm not the one who did it, you see. Those words were given to me, and now I've lost them."

No one has been privileged to read Kim's poems, for, as she says: "They are mine and they are special." This literary catharsis often carries over into the night hours, when she talks endlessly in her sleep. One of her former roommates at the Hollywood Studio Club, a Texas girl named Bernadette Whitehead, once risked Kim's displeasure by carefully writing down these dream thoughts, but in the light of day they were too revealing, and were just as carefully destroyed.

There was at least one period, shortly after Kim finished a melodrama titled Five Against the House, with Guy Madison, when her nocturnal chatter kept Bernadette awake for seven successive nights. "I guess I said everything then," Kim relates, "ranging from A to Z."

The Columbia people have made no effort to change Kim's pessimistic outlook on life. On the contrary, they recognize the fact that melancholia, coupled with a hauntingly beautiful face and a 37–23–37 figure, can have a powerful box-office pull.

"You don't have a casting problem with this girl," one director said. "If you've got a woman character who's losing a lover, dying of incurable disease, going to prison or being swindled out of her life savings, then you need Novak. She doesn't have to act. She can just turn on her own worries and frustrations."

It was no mere coincidence that producer Jerry Wald hand-picked her for the part of the late Marjorie Oelrichs Duchin in The Eddy Duchin Story. Mrs. Duchin, who actually died during childbirth, is shown in the script as an unhappy young woman who associates autumn winds, flying leaves, rain and darkness with impending death. Kim's immediate reaction on reading the script was to say, "Oh, I will have such a wonderful, beautiful death."

Some months later, after the critics had praised the remarkable credibility of her performance, Kim confided that she had done nothing more than re-enact her own fears.

"Marjorie Duchin looked sad even when she was smiling," she said. "When I was a little girl they used to call me 'Sad Eyes,' and people tell me now that I have a sad look. I am still frightened of being alone and in the dark. It was worse when I was home alone in my room, especially if it was raining. I don't think I was more sensitive than the other children, but I showed it more. The fall season always depressed me to death because the leaves would fall off the trees. I think of leaves as living things, and the children would jump and stamp on them. It's bad enough that they fell off, but they were dying, and the children quickly rushed them to death, like an airplane ride, doing it quicker. I want Nature to do it. I don't want man doing it."

A few skeptics in the cinema capital have implied that Kim's temperament did not reach its present mercurial state until her fan mail began arriving in bales. Nevertheless, and she has done objective research on this herself, most of the blue notes can be traced back to her childhood days.

Kim was born in St. Anthony's Hospital in Chicago on February 13, 1933, in Room 313 at 3:13 A.M., and was christened Marilyn Pauline Novak. To people who challenge the improbable numerical sequence of her natal day, Kim gives an indulgent smile and says, "Just look at my birth certificate. It really happened." In any case, she has always believed that three and thirteen are her lucky numbers, and often consults numerologists or crystal-gazers in the hope that the digits will turn up in a forecast.

Her parents, Blanche and Joseph Novak—he is a Chicago railroad worker of Czechoslovakian descent—already had another daughter, named Arlene, and the family lived modestly in a small house on South Springdale Avenue. Kim was still a little girl, six or seven years old, perhaps, when she began locking herself in her room at home. She was not close to her parents, and did not like the other neighborhood children. Later, as a gawky, spindle-legged adolescent, Kim was even more timid and insecure, and her sole companion was a pencil-drawn figure of a woman to whom she gave the name Mickey. She talked to this paper friend as she later talked to the clown, and her behavior worried the Novaks.

They sent her to a clinic specializing in emotional disturbances, and a relay of child psychologists worked on her for months.

"I just couldn't get along with other kids," Kim says. "There is such a thing as being very lonely, but liking to be alone. It didn't do much good to see the doctors, I guess. They told me I was jealous of Arlene, but that wasn't really true."

Kim was an indifferent student at both the William Penn Elementary School and the Farragut High School, and had disciplinary problems with her teachers.

"I never liked people telling me: 'Do this' or 'Do that,'" she says. "I was also perfectly willing to cheat at exams to get by, but, of (*Continued on Page 97*)

Old Wharves

By Frederick Ebright

At late night now the piers are
very still,
Old darkened pilings rimed with
silver frost;
An ancient watchman coughs
against the chill
And in the oil-drum stove more
kindling tossed
Evokes in fire again the days of
sail:
Dense masts and rigging, canvas
tightly furled,
A smell of tea and spice, of tar
and whale
On ships returned from far
ports of the world.

Ship fitters, chandlers,
merchants of tattoo,
Great iron drays that clanged
on cobblestones
On bustling mornings when the
wharves were new
Are dreams enough to warm the
aging bones;
Somewhere a distant steeple
clock chimes three:
Six bells, he hears, who goes no
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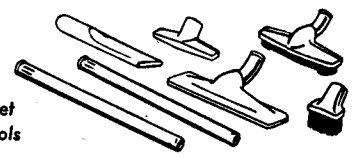

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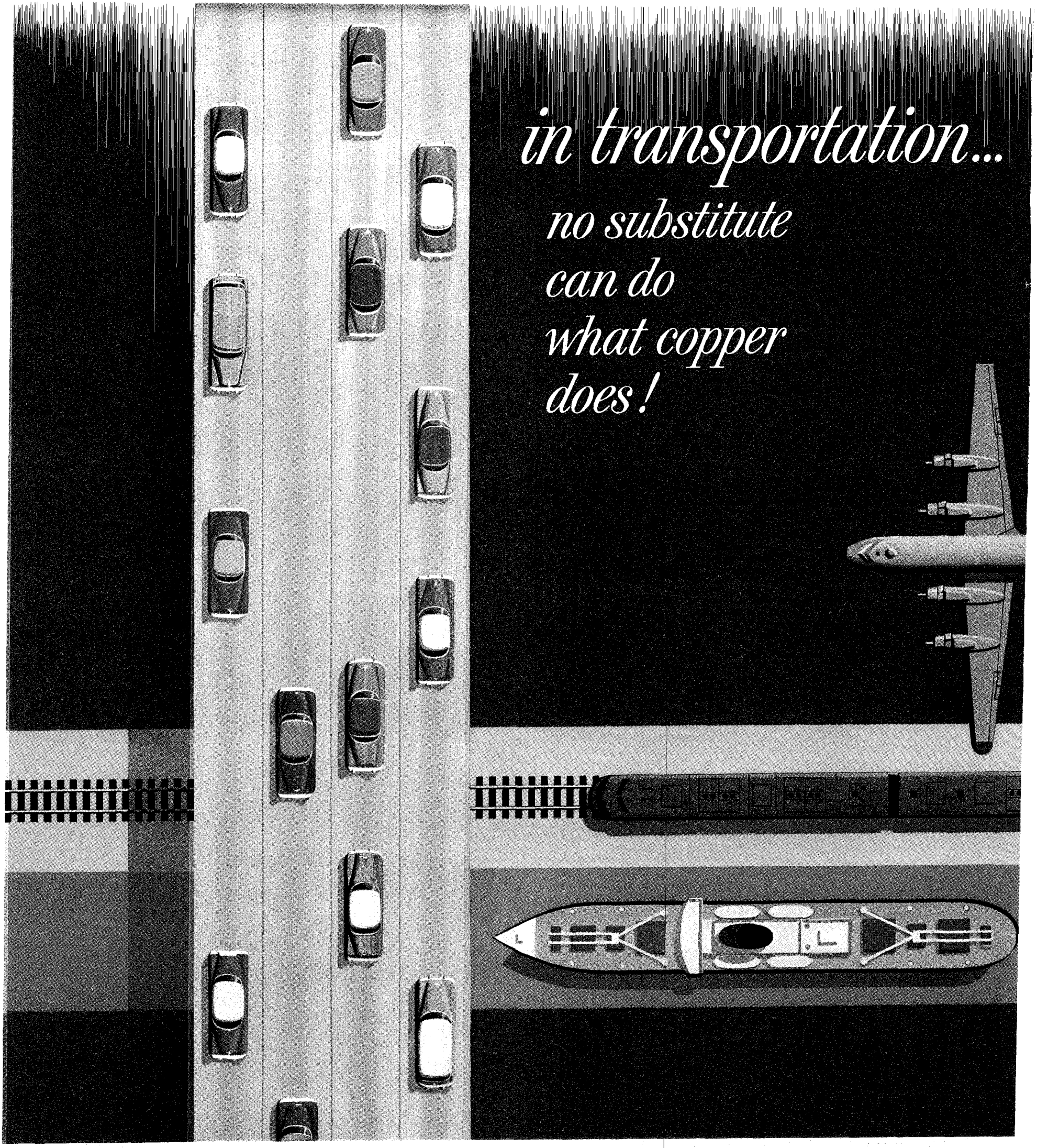

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(*Continued from Page 95*) course, now I'm sorry. I went on this recent European trip, and all of a sudden I find out I don't know who discovered what and where."

In a somewhat turbulent teen-age period, during which she often rode a bicycle to the nearest woods and hid out for hours, Kim was persuaded to join a social group called the Fair Teens Club, sponsored by a Chicago department store. Kim had no interest in the theater or the movies, but took an occasional modeling job to earn spending money. Mrs. Novak permitted the modeling only because she hoped it might help Kim acquire poise and self-confidence. She certainly had no intention of turning Kim into an actress, and has recently watched her daughter's dazzling trajectory with open dismay.

"I was hoping she would stay home like other girls," Mrs. Novak said glumly. "I wanted her to find some nice man right here, and have a home and children."

Kim was a student at Chicago's Wright Junior College when she was hired by an appliance manufacturer to demonstrate washing machines and refrigerators, and was sent on a summer sales tour with three other girls. The long safari broke up in California, and Kim, who was unwilling to go home, luckily found a vacancy in the Hollywood Studio Club, where movie fledglings can get room and meals for $19.50 a week.

Two weeks later, having registered at a model agency, she was one of fifteen girls engaged to walk down a staircase with Jane Russell in The French Line and, during the shooting, dance director Billy Daniel pointed her out to a talent scout from the Louis Shurr Agency. The next day Kim rode a rented bicycle into Beverly Hills, met Shurr at his office and was in turn introduced to Columbia's casting director, Max Arnow.

Arnow, who brought unknown Ernest Borgnine to Hollywood on a hunch and saw him win an Academy Award, had a similarly clairvoyant feeling about Kim, and ordered a screen test. In the first bit, wearing a full-flowing pink dress and a demure Peter Pan collar, Kim read a saccharine passage from The Moon is Blue. In the second scene they gave her a slinky black gown worn by Rita Hayworth in Affair in Trinidad, and asked her to read a monologue from The Devil Passes.

"The words were just the way I felt," Kim recalls. "I told what I wanted out of life: To love and be loved. It was very tender. That was the one that did it."

It may be a mere technicality to add that the Rita Hayworth dress had to be altered for her, and that during the test it clung to her 125 pounds like a frogman suit.

"They had to fix the dress, naturally," Kim says. "Everyone is made differently. Smaller in some places, larger in others. Oh, you know."

It was quickly apparent that while Kim was no Helen Hayes, she did have that magic incandescence which lights up a movie screen and rings cash registers. "And one other little thing," Lou Shurr says dryly. "She was sexy." One month later, having suffered none of the vicissitudes associated with the Cinderella formula, Marilyn Pauline Novak was signed to play the lead opposite Fred MacMurray in a cops-and-robbers quickie called Pushover.

Since there was already another Marilyn of some notoriety splashing around in the developer, the Columbia people sent out a transcontinental interoffice memo and asked name suggestions for their new starlet. Kim herself proposed Lisa or Lynn Novak, because the names added up to nine letters and were thus divisible by three, but both were ruled out.

"After weeks of discussion," Kim says, "the New York office came up with Kit Marlowe. Oh, they were inspired. They said, 'We're going to write stories that they used to call her Kitten as a child, and then, when she grew up, they shortened it to Kit,' and all that horrible stuff. I'm anything but a Kit Marlowe. And when they came up with that, I was hurt."

Kim was so hurt she barged into the office of Mr. Harry Cohn, president of Columbia Pictures, whose mere frown is enough to curdle the milky way for a dozen stars.

"I don't like this Kit Marlowe thing," she said.

"What have you got to say about it?" the head man snapped. "We're deciding."

"Well, it's my name," Kim retorted. "How can you expect me to be around this business long when you give me a gimmick name? I'm no Marlowe. The name has to fit the girl!"

"So what do you suggest?"

"I've been thinking it over," she said. "I like Kim. It's close to Kit, which is what you wanted, and it's got three letters too. And I like my own last name too."

Cohn agreed with a wry smile, and Kim Novak it was.

Kim's debut on celluloid was not entirely auspicious. The night before she was due on the Pushover set, Kim phoned an assistant director at intervals, asking what time she should report. "For heaven's sake, Miss Novak," he finally said with some heat. "Show up whenever you like, but please let me get some sleep." Director Richard Quine also remembers that she was not popular on the set at first because other actors mistook her self-consciousness for conceit.

She muffed lines almost immediately—a failing she has never quite cured—and there was another impasse because one scene called for her to slap MacMurray, and she could not do it.

"Someone slapped my face in high school once, and the humiliation of it almost killed me," she says. "There is nothing worse than hitting someone in the face. It was a real mental block, and I couldn't do it."

After a number of fumbled attempts, MacMurray took her aside and said softly, "Now look, kid; this is no way to get started. You've got to hit me and you've got to make it real."

When Quine called for another take, Kim was so churned up she hit MacMurray a belt that staggered him and made him forget his own lines.

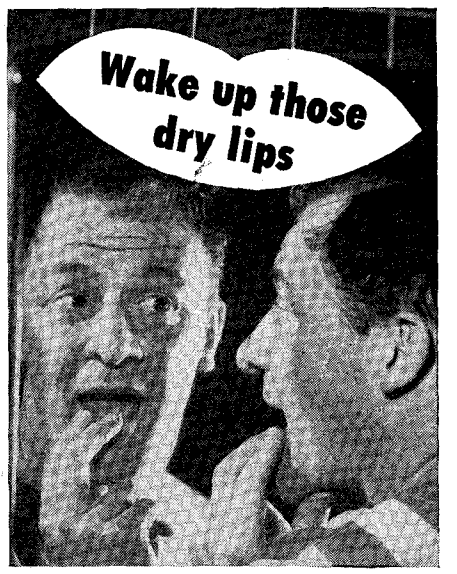
It is generally conceded now that Kim could have suffered total amnesia or committed any other error without jeopardizing her future. When the cameras swung in her direction she flamed like a magnesium flare, and Benno Schneider, Columbia's drama coach, confessed that there wasn't much anyone could do to improve the total effect.

"I'm grateful to Benno," Kim adds, "because he never said, 'Now this is the way to read a line.' When I tried to say something the way I thought an actress would say it, Benno would advise me, 'No, no, Kim! Be yourself. Say it naturally. You don't study acting. Just be yourself. You feel a thought and then you express it.' And that's how it has been in all my pictures. I never studied acting and I hope I never do."

It seems unlikely that Kim will ever have to study anything except fan mail and income-tax forms. The studio knows she is not an actress in the classic mold, and is carefully choosing roles compatible with her talents. To put it another way, Columbia will probably go right on casting Kim Novak as Kim Novak. In Phfft, with Judy Holliday, Kim was a frustrated blond playgirl. In Five Against the House, with Guy Madison, she was a frustrated night-club singer. In Pushover she played a frustrated gang moll. In her three best (*Continued on Page 99*)

"He hasn't actually kissed me yet, but he steamed my glasses a couple of times."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST



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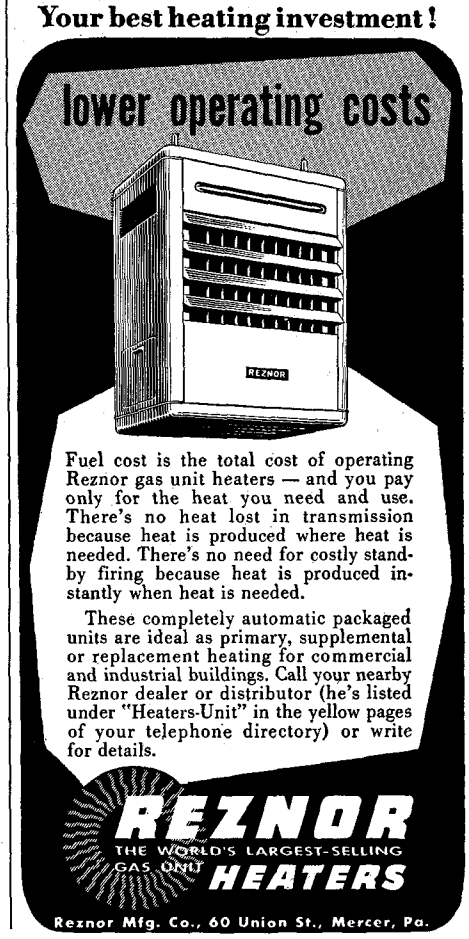
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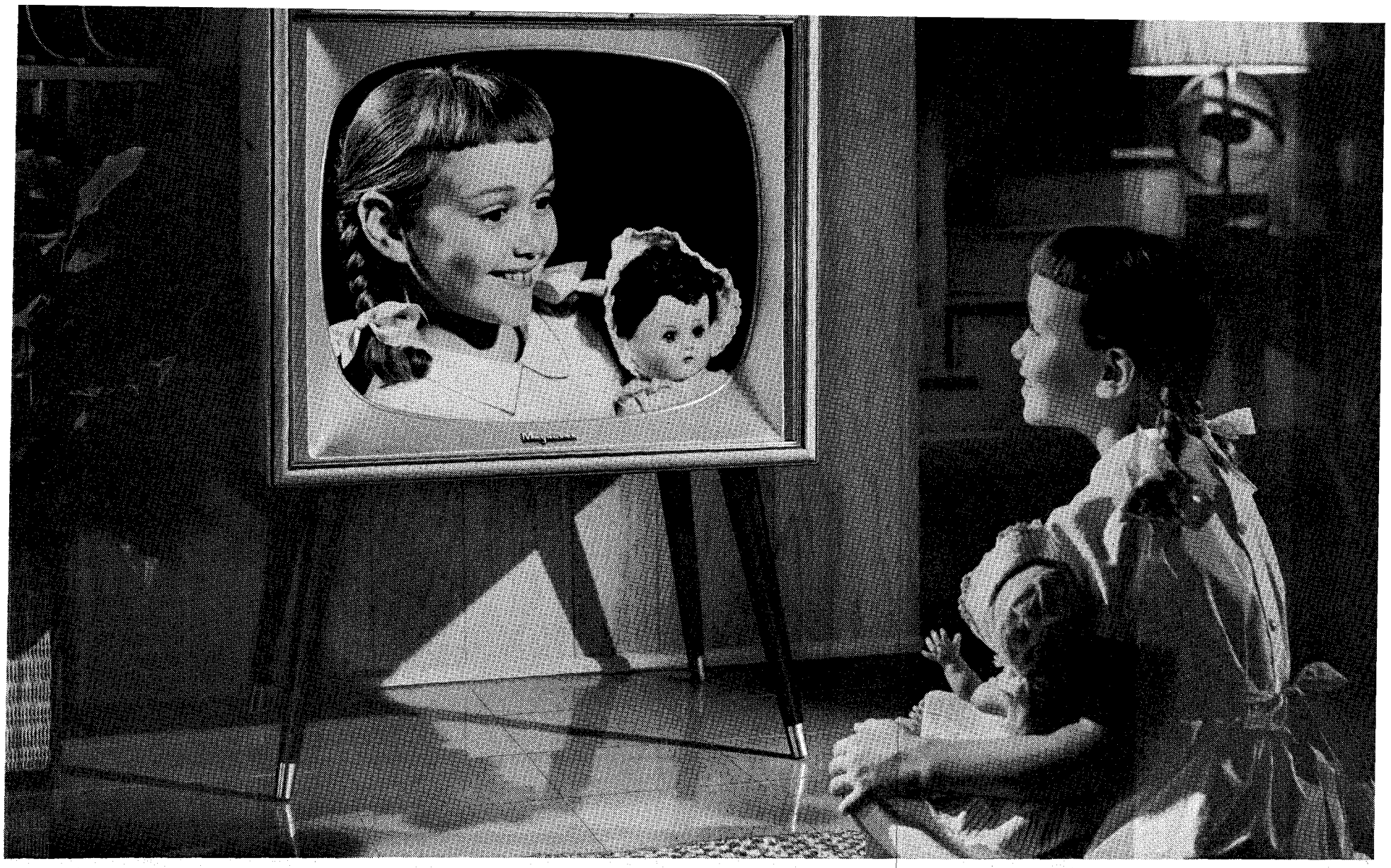

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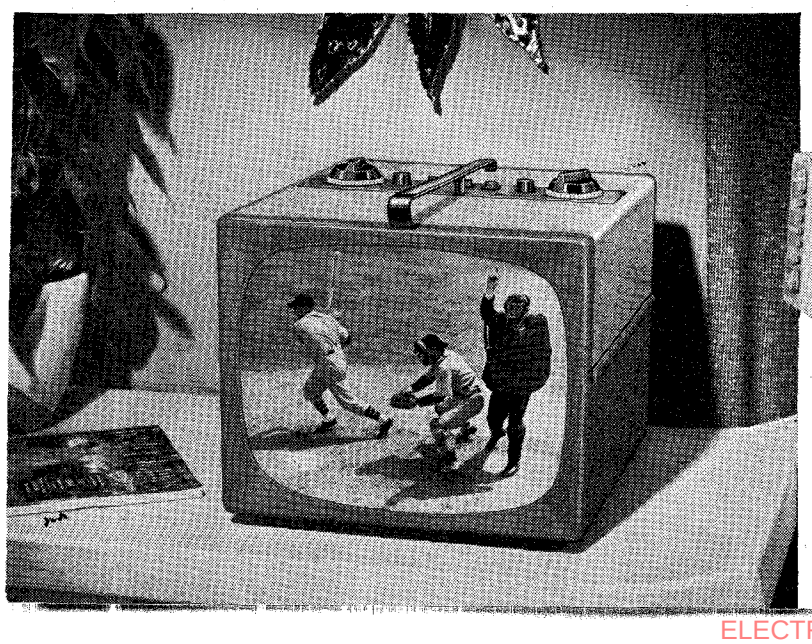

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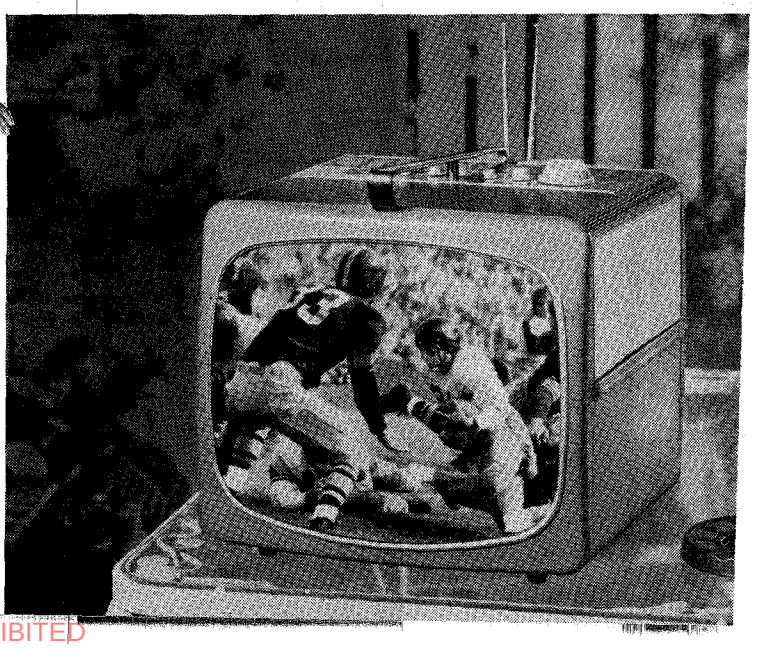

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(*Continued from Page 97*) films—Picnic, The Man With the Golden Arm and The Eddy Duchin Story—she was plenty frustrated.

Frustration without sex appeal is not box office, of course. Consequently, because Kim is not by nature an incendiary sort of girl, the studio has to struggle manfully to maintain the biological aura. The file of press photos includes standard shots of Kim in lacy negligees, snug sweaters, bathing suits and low-cut gowns. Stories are planted here or there to suggest that Kim is a fire hazard or a menace to the American home and husband. During the filming of The Eddy Duchin Story, for instance, the temperature on the set one day soared to 108 degrees, and someone asked Tyrone Power how he liked working in such heat.

"Oh, I'm used to it," he is supposed to have said. "I've been playing love scenes with Kim Novak."

Actually Kim takes a cool stand on the thermal approach in selling Novak to the world. She does not own an evening dress, uses little or no perfume, goes barefooted whenever she can, thinks minks should stay on a ranch, and puts on frilly feminine things only when there is no alternative. She usually wears ordinary loosely fitting lounging pajamas, or slacks, or jeans with floppy shirts. She will not wear hats and says, "I don't like my head confined." In fact, she does not like to be confined here or there, either, and is an avowed enemy of girdles and all other restraining devices. "I like comfort," she says. "If you have nothing to hide, why hide it?"

Kim's distaste for skirts and dresses puzzles studio counselors who are used to large and often indigestible doses of femininity, but it is no mystery to the star herself. "If I'm true to myself I'm false to no one," she says. "I like to wear slacks, and the whole reason is because I like to be covered up. I don't know why I like to be covered up, but I do. When I feel at all sad I've got a feeling that I want to take a blanket and wrap it around me. To be able to see others, but not to be seen. I don't feel like myself when I'm dressed."

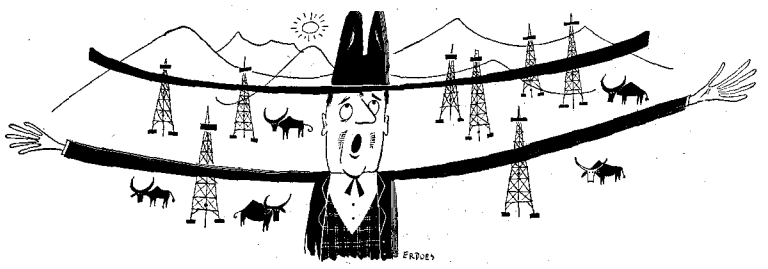
She prefers to do her own hair when there is time, and has her own touch-up formula. "My hair is ash blond," she says, "but in order to put on the lavender rinse I like, which isn't always on really—in order to put it on I have to lighten it somewhat in order to get the lavender on it so it doesn't get too dark."

At the moment, Kim is more interested in literature than in the possible cultural effect of a hair rinse or a nylon nightie. This interest was aroused when she was working with Frank Sinatra in The Man With the Golden Arm and saw a copy of a Thomas Wolfe novel in his dressing room. "I went to a bookstore and they said Frankie buys more books than anybody. I asked him if I could borrow the Wolfe book, and later he gave me a whole set."

Since then Kim has been under a Wolfe spell, and carries one of his books wherever she goes. "I think his books have gotten a little more tame," she says. "They're not quite so drastic, which they are very much anyway." Kim eliminates much of this drastic by underlining, circling or starring excess verbiage. "I just want the meat of it," she explains. "I don't want the little frills and trimmings. I want to look at just the words of wisdom. It's a form of editing, yes, but I don't damage a word. Now Shakespeare, of course, I read regularly all the time. I don't have to cut out one word of his, because every word means something. Thomas Wolfe is a great writer, but to me Shakespeare is everything strained out."

Currently, with her pay check running $750 a week, Kim has given up the simple life at the Hollywood Studio Club and is settling down in a Beverly Hills apartment with lavender-colored walls and touches of purple here and there. On any given day the apartment is likely to be pungent with purple roses, violets, lavender sweet peas or other flowers of the shades that have come to be known at Columbia as "Novak's colors." She has lavender and violet clothes in her closets and her horoscope decrees that she should wear amethysts.

From time to time color experts have implied that an affinity for purple means a latent desire for power. Kim accepts this theory to a degree and says, "You can interpret it many ways, and it might even mean what it does. Well, I do have a desire for something. I don't know what."



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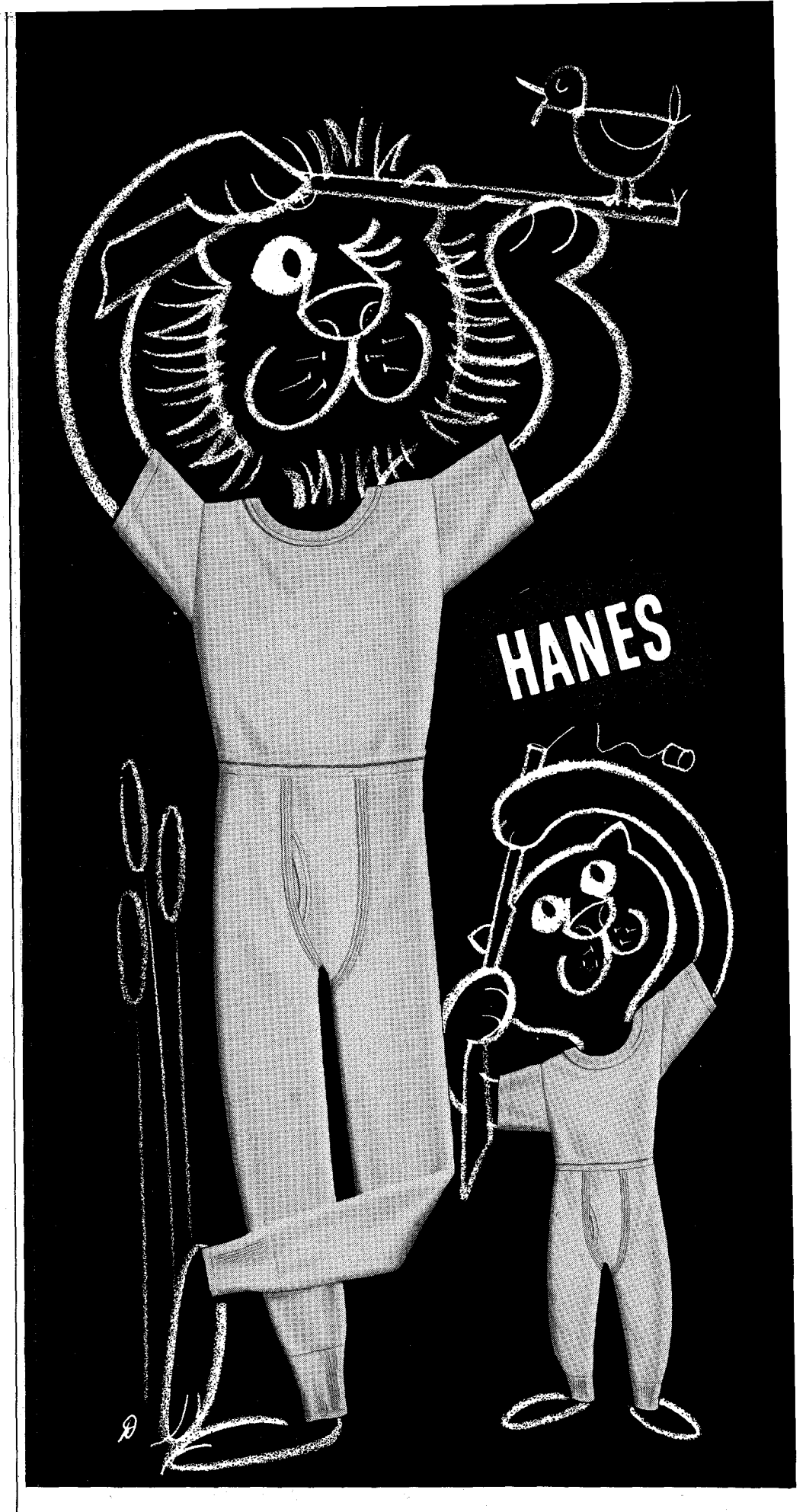
Harold Rolseth



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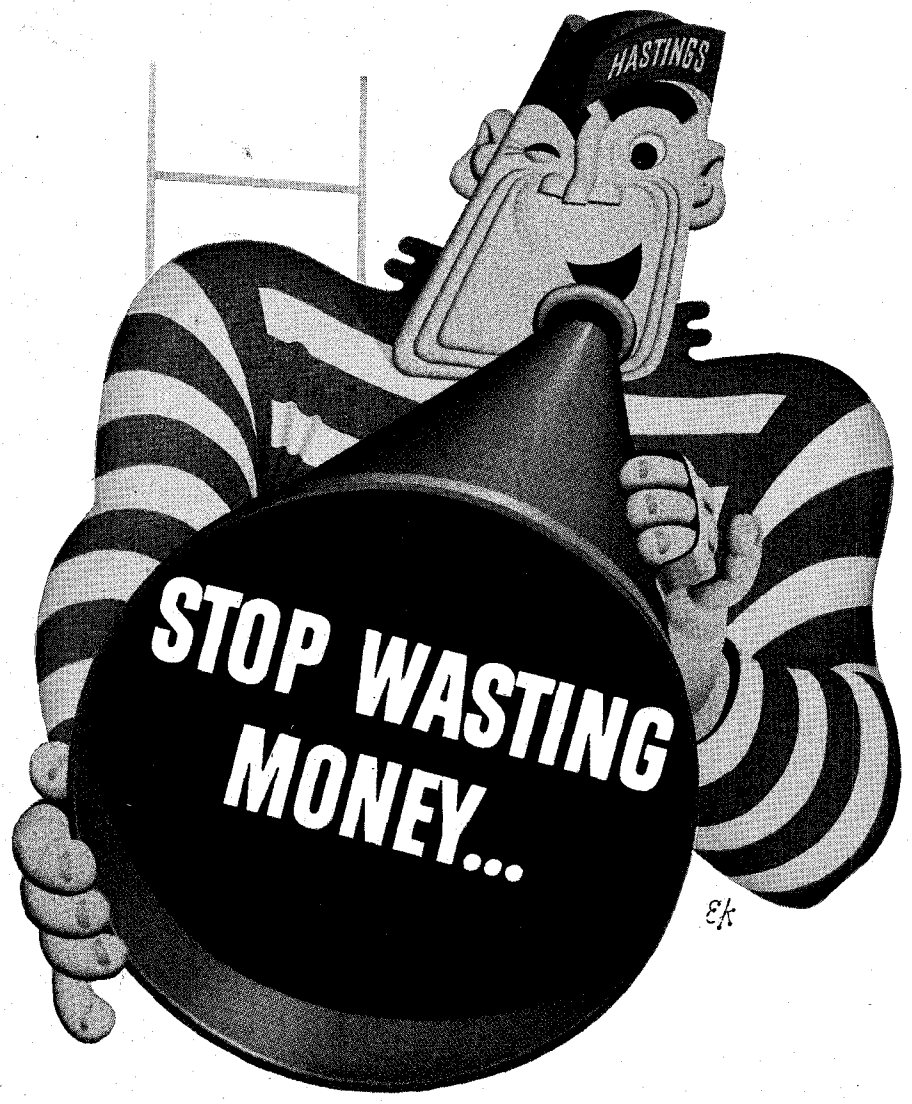

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With her pictures piling up impressive grosses and the studio in a mood to pay more for her fluorescent moments on the screen, it would appear that Kim has no real dilemmas ahead. But money, fame and public adulation have not changed her basic philosophy, and her personal horizon is still a muddy blue.

"You know how most people say that when it's very dark the dawn will soon come?" she says. "Well, I'm just the reverse. When it's so darn bright, I keep worrying, 'Oh, oh, it's going to get dark pretty soon.' I don't want it to hurt me. I want to be prepared."

Kim prepares by looking into the future with fortunetellers, at five dollars a look, by carrying a leather case stuffed with coins, medals, Indian rings and other lucky charms, and by knocking on wood many times a day.

"I have to knock on wood," she explains. "It's a protection. Of course, I don't really believe it, but I don't want to take any chances."

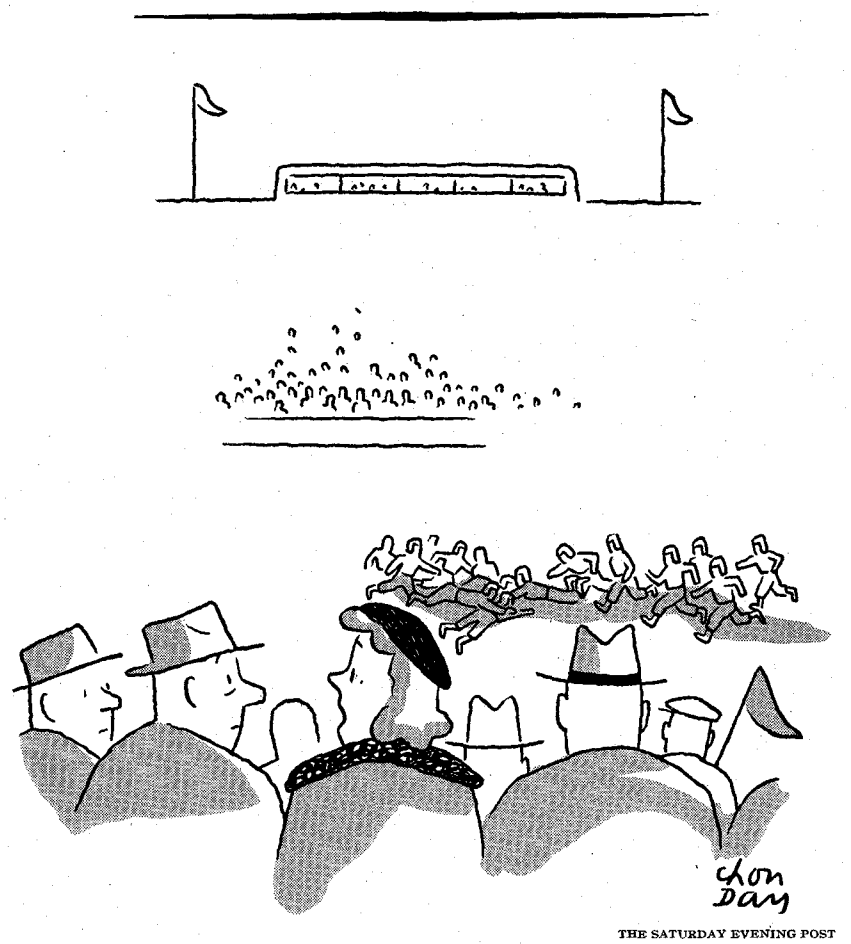
Kim doodles ceaselessly and some of her drawings, eerie and shapeless, might give a psychologist pause for thought. One Hollywood teacher named Michael Thomas—he was Grace Kelly's French instructor before her marriage to Prince Rainier—was so captivated by Kim's doodlings that he collected and numbered a whole batch.

"Oh, he knew psychology," Kim said. "If I didn't remember a word in my French lesson, I would be so upset and I would punish myself worrying. So my sketches would change every day. They showed at first how confused and mixed up I was, and slowly they worked a way out. It's funny how I always draw this kind of thing, and it's funny to see the difference as each one unwound. I was all blocked up." Kim made what she said were analytical sketches of William Holden and Rosalind Russell during the filming of Picnic, and recalls that she thought the drawings were "strange." "Bill would have a new personality every time I drew him," she said. "He would change. I kept those, but the ones of Roz Russell I threw away. I was in a most inspired mood when I did those. The electricity seemed to get into me."

The electricity hasn't got to her yet in so far as it concerns a young Los Angeles investment counselor named Mac Krim, who has been persistently counseling her to invest her future in him. "What a cute name it would make," she concedes. "Kim Krim." So far, while the Columbia front-office gentlemen pace the floor in suspense, Kim has spurned the moonlight-and-purple-roses plot even while acknowledging that he is her only close friend and confidant in her new and spangled world.

"I think I'm in love with Mac," she says with complete detachment. "I also think you can love people in different ways, but I'm not sure what kind this is. Mac was very happy for me when I first got my contract, and he brought me a little dachshund for a present. We called her Bang-Bang for short because she was born on July the Fourth. Dogs weren't allowed at the Studio Club, and I'd hide her under my sweater, so no one would notice. So Mac and I saw each other every day, and before we knew it we were friends."

The neutral observers say slyly that Kim may not know much about love, but that Mac is a patient and understanding man who can wait for her to learn. Some months ago Kim was pursued in Rome by a wealthy bachelor nobleman named Count Mario Bandini. When he kissed her hand, Continental style, she kissed his right back, an artless gesture that threw him into a spin. He deluged her with gifts and phoned nightly after she left, to say he would soon be in America at her side. The gossip columnists were alerted to every detail of this courtship by Kim's ubiquitous press agents, and Hollywood looked for some reprisal strategy from Mac. There wasn't a quote to be had, but when Kim docked in New York, there was a special-delivery letter waiting. "I love you, too," it said, and the signature read: "Count Mac." On the Columbia lot they'll give you odds that the man will be hard to beat. THE END



THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"Why don't they just give each team a ball?"

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The Case for the Democrats

(Continued from Page 33)

all the people. One observer summed it up neatly at the turn of the century. He said that much of American history after the War Between the States was the story of a railroad passing through a town and then dominating it. This was once true of the whole state of Texas and many other states.

Roosevelt's election indicated that the people wanted a Government that would function in the name of all the people; one that would make a living thing of the Jeffersonian principle: "Equal rights for all, special privileges for none." William Allen White, the famous Republican editor of the Emporia, Kansas, Gazette, who had been the friend and confidant of Republican Presidents, put it this way: Roosevelt's victory indicated, he said, "*a firm desire on the part of the American people to use government as an agency for human welfare.*" (My emphasis.)

We offered hope to a disillusioned people. We Democrats took the stone the builders had rejected. We made it a chief cornerstone of government. We built an enduring structure in which there was a place for all the people. Do the people now want to destroy the building we wrought? Or do they want to preserve it and add to it? Let The New York Times, a great newspaper that supported the Republican side in the 1952 presidential campaign, answer. Summing up the nearly four years' record of the present administration, it recently said:

". . . The Eisenhower Administration had brought the Republican Party a long way in a short time toward the acceptance of the New Deal-Fair Deal philosophy. . . ."

Is this enough? The Republican leadership did not dare attempt to repeal the welfare measures we Democrats had enacted. They would accept what they had to accept. But beyond that they would not go. The New York Times continues:

". . . According even to friendly critics they (the Eisenhower Administration) had failed to push ahead into any unexplored territory. *More often, they had rejected any major new concept of social welfare.* The main example of this was their fight in 1956 against lowering the retirement age for women covered by Federal old-age and survivors insurance and against providing benefits for social workers. *These innovations had to be forced on them by a Democratic Congress.*" (My emphasis.)

Are such measures really "innovations," and suggestive, therefore, of something novel? Certainly not. Compassion, human tenderness for the elderly and the needy—are not these qualities commended by our churches and spiritual leaders? They are not new. The newness lies merely in putting them to work instead of prating about them.

During the last Congress, Democrats pushed through bills in this spirit. All women who have paid into the plan may now draw retirement payments at sixty-two instead of sixty-five. Totally disabled persons may receive benefits starting at age fifty. We have so ordered it that Americans now have threefold protection while heretofore they had only retirement and survivor benefits. On the Republican side, Senator Williams, of Delaware, said, "I know the administration is strongly opposed to this disability plan." On the Democratic side, the venerated Senator George, of Georgia, told his colleagues in an emotion-choked voice, "This is the most important question I have ever presented to the Senate" in a career now drawing to a close after thirty-four years.

But if, as The New York Times says, "these innovations had to be forced on them (the Republican leadership) by a Democratic Congress," does it not mean that this leadership has no stomach for measures to improve the well-being of all Americans?

When the Democratic Party was in power, Republican leaders said we were "ruining" the country. When we abandoned the gold standard, a big banker observed, "This is the end of Western civilization." When the national debt approached $45,000,000,000, it was said we were approaching bankruptcy. It is now six times as great, but we are not bankrupt. When we enacted social-security legislation, it was called "socialistic." And it was said of our whole program that it would cause "grass to grow in the streets of Detroit." Maybe so. But I don't know any Texas cattleman who fears the competition of Detroit-grown steers.

If Democratic-enacted welfare legislation is "socialistic," why doesn't the administration denounce it as such and revoke it? Or is the truth this? When Democrats enact welfare laws, they are "socialistic." But when the Republican leadership embraces Democratic-enacted welfare laws, it is evidence of their tender concern for individual human dignity.

> An old-timer is a man who can remember when the world was sitting on nothing more dangerous than a powder keg.
>
> DAN BENNETT

Words can be used to convey meaning or to conceal it. When Franklin Roosevelt was President, everyone could tell you what the New Deal meant to him. He might love it. He might hate it. But he knew its meaning in his own life. Now show me the man, short of a Philadelphia lawyer, who can tell you what the Republican leadership means by its so-called philosophy of "dynamic conservatism."

Does it perhaps mean standing still dynamically? Does it mean the high diver who halts in mid-air because, too dynamic to stand still, he is too conservative to take the plunge? Life magazine, an ardent supporter of the Eisenhower Administration, seems to attach this meaning to the conduct of its foreign-trade policy. Life writes:

"President Eisenhower tends to be lucky, but his luck is not always the nation's. His 'middle of the road' is a safe-and-sane position, but when his administration just wobbles there—or stalls—it can block progress. . . . These sour reflections are prompted by its failure (now three years old) to develop a coherent, long-term foreign economic policy which will command general assent at home and understanding abroad."

At a time when the world needs the inspired and imaginative leadership that the United States could give it, this country is stalled in the middle of the road. That is the most dangerous place to be when the traffic is heavy and the drivers are hell-bent to get where they are going. But let me return to the pleasant task of telling you more about the Democratic Party.

It is, as you know, our only truly national political party with a great following north, south, east, west. *It has endured longer than any comparable political institution in the world today.*

This is an important matter. It is not that whiskers are invariably the badge of wisdom. Yet the people know that "He who cannot see very far backward cannot be trusted to see very far forward."

Time is perhaps the only infallible judge of human affairs, short of the divine. We say that a book, a picture, an institution has "stood the test of time." The Democratic Party has met this test. We began to serve the nation under Thomas Jefferson, our founder, when it was in the teething-ring age. Today, after more than 150 years, we still greatly serve the country. A Republican President sits in the White House. But Democrats, by choice of the people, control both branches of Congress.

It was once our somber privilege to take over the reins of government from the Republican Party in the eye of a hurricane, and to lead the nation safely through its most devastating economic depression. Then bile stood in men's mouths. Fear clutched at women's hearts. Powerful industrialists were become as frightened children.

In the first hundred days of the first administration of Franklin D. Roosevelt, we inaugurated a revolution. The spirit of its creators and of those who opposed it were much as they had been when Jefferson came to office nearly 150 years earlier. He thought of his election as the "Revolution of 1800." It was the expressed recognition of the majority of the people that no one group of men is born booted and spurred to ride them. Democracy became the basis of American life. But the Federalists, who opposed Jefferson, failed to get the point. Hence the people voted them into oblivion. And in 1932, when another group failed to get the point, the people voted them into an exile that long continued.

The revolution we inaugurated in 1933 was huge in scope. It was also—as befits Americans—democratic, peaceful, humanitarian. It had the approval and the prayers of the overwhelming majority of the people. It has continued to meet with their approval. For although it was an unprecedented revolution in American life, it has not met with even the semblance of a counterrevolution.

When we Democrats were in power, the Republican leadership constantly assailed nearly everything we did as immoral, vicious and sure to wreck the country. Did these criticisms flow from mature judgment? Or were they the outpourings of a reckless opposition? Let us again turn to The New York Times. After exhaustively studying the Eisenhower Administration's record, this newspaper says:

". . . The first Republican administration in twenty years has adopted most of the foreign and domestic policies it opposed in the era between Presidents Hoover and Eisenhower."

As Democrats, we are pleased that the Eisenhower Administration has adopted nearly all our policies. As Americans, we are gratified because we believe these policies to be best for the nation. Yet as ordinary men, we think it would be nice if the Republican leaders should make their manners and say, "Thank you, Democrats, for giving us practically every great policy we administer."

But to return to 1933. We Democrats moved to secure for all Americans equality of opportunity. We expanded opportunity's boundaries to embrace such neglected groups as farmers, workingmen, white-collar people. We gave organized labor a high and rightful place among us. In 1933 the relative strength of organized labor was about what it had been in 1908. But the New Deal stood as

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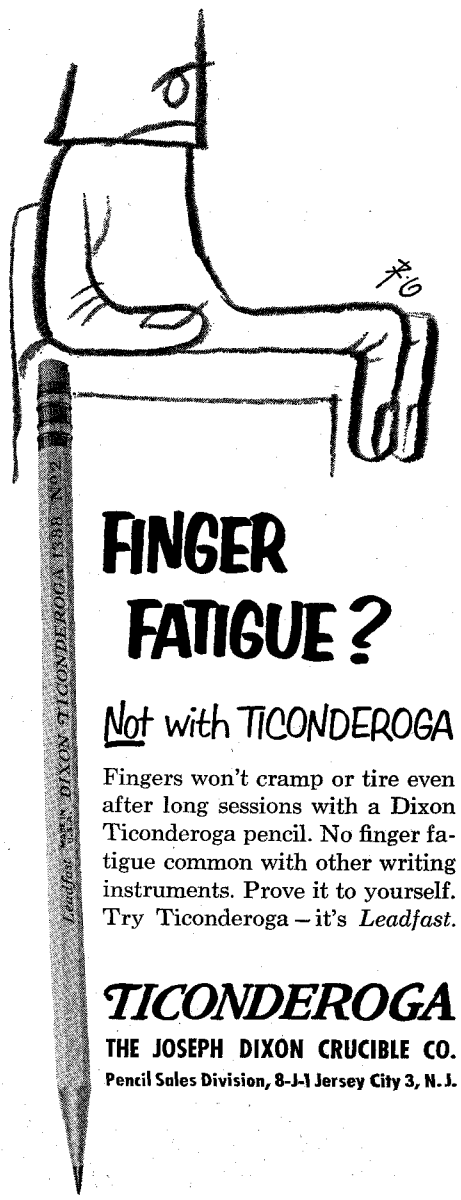
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midwife in the rebirth of labor action. Thus the Wagner Act vested massive economic and political power in organized labor. And today big unions talk on terms of equality with big business.

We helped homeowners to keep and repair their houses. We encouraged house building with Federal financial aid, and embarked upon a wide program of public housing. This is because of our belief that it is part of human dignity to own a home. We know—and you know—that much of our housing still "ain't fitten fur a houn' dawg." We don't believe this condition should exist in rich, democratic America. And we'd like to see it changed as rapidly as possible.

We passed a Social Security Act that provided unemployment and old-age insurance. At a time when millions of bank depositors had their life savings swept away by breaking banks, we passed laws that protected depositors against loss up to $10,000.

We kept farmers from losing their farms. They had long been the stepchildren of our industrial society, even though they were the basis of its prosperity. They had not shared in the nation's prosperity. But we saw to it that henceforth they would rightfully share in it.

We Democrats brought cheap electric power to the people through such a great innovation as the Tennessee Valley Authority. It has profoundly influenced the development of seven Southern states, and has won world-wide admiration. And we created the Rural Electrification Authority to bring electric power at reasonable rates to millions of farm and rural homes. This was a movement sadly overdue. In rich, progressive America, we were almost as backward as the Balkans in some respects. In 1933 only about 10 per cent of our farm homes had electricity. But now 90 per cent of our farm homes have electricity. Electricity on the farm is more than energy. It is the blessing of the lights to the farm wife. It is cheerfulness to the children. It is the servant that takes the burdens of back-breaking labor off both the farmer and his wife.

We created, in short, nearly all those welfare and development measures that Americans now live by. But the United States is not composed solely of farmers, workingmen, white-collar people and small-business men. It also includes big business, and once big business was desperate. Hence the Roosevelt Administration properly rescued it. It lent millions to big businesses of various kinds—many railroads were facing bankruptcy—and kept them on their feet.

We Democrats believe that democracy is a seamless garment. We believe that no group of our people ought to be left out in the cold while others are warm under the blanket. The Democratic garment is meant to extend to all our people. Hence injustice is injustice and the antidemocratic is the antidemocratic whether the victims are the well-to-do or the poor.

We did not equalize poverty. We sought to so order our national affairs that all groups could prosper through a better distribution of income than we ever had before.

In the Democratic book of American assets, the people are incomparably our greatest asset. Yet for a long time a cow, sow, hen or squash had a better chance of being "improved" than millions of Americans.

No farmer would have an "average" (scrub) cow, sow, hen, if he could avoid it. We spent much Federal and state money improving cattle, poultry and fruit breeds. But we seemed content with "average" men and women. Millions of them were eroding on eroded lands. Other millions languished in city slums. Finally, their Government, under Democratic administrations, moved first to heal their wounds and then to help them realize the promises of American life.

We Democrats led the nation through the great depression. We also led the country safely through the two greatest wars in man's experience. Hence, with the sole exception of The War Between the States, the Democratic Party has been charged by the American people with ultimate responsibility—that of guiding them through the most awful dangers they have known. For this we are grateful. No "summer" political party, we are grateful that when all was danger and the way was dark, the nation called upon us to lead it.

"If I may say so . . . and I think I may . . ."
THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

We Democrats do not simply "endure" as a rock upon a hill. You may call us cantankerous, quarrelsome, ornery, or what you will. But you cannot call us pompous, stuffy or "sot" in our ways. Forever old, we are forever young. We have our fair share of amiable idiots. But we have few old fogies and no young fogies. Thus we are constantly changing to meet the changing needs of our times.

Democrats have a huge zest for life and living. Perhaps that is why our family quarrels are sometimes so spectacular and our reconciliations so spontaneous. As any group that pretends to even a grain of sense, we don't suggest that we know all the answers. But we don't think it sensible to let the patient die because you cannot diagnose his disease. We believe in trying things. This means we make mistakes. But it also means, more often, that we get things done.

Our general attitude is illuminated by the remark of an Army colonel at Omaha Beach when our forces landed on French soil in 1944. After surveying the German gun emplacements and other obstacles that made the landings "impossible," he said with wry pride, "Nobody but a lot of damn-fool Americans would have tried to land here."

You can tell a great deal about a political party not only by its professed principles but also by its attitudes. We Democrats have a sense of almost illimitable expansion and potentiality on this continent. Yet when we built the great Northwestern dams, Republican leaders said the power they generate would not be used for decades. You know how foolish that quaint notion has become. We set full employment as our goal. More than ten years ago we said that soon 60,000,000 Americans would be gainfully employed. Then other Republican critics laughed at us for being moonshiny. But today more than 60,000,000 gainfully employed Americans are having the last laugh.

We are not balmy optimists. We don't go around pitching pennies into wishing wells. But we do believe this: there is little we Americans cannot do if only we can imagine ourselves wanting to do it. The more imaginative, then, the political party in power, the nearer will this nation draw to the promised land of its dreams.

We Democrats believe that if men are not hungry, illiterate and frightened, they will be better, happier, kinder. Hence we have tried to remove hunger, illiteracy and fear from our midst. We feel that as man can improve his spiritual estate, he can also make his material world a better place for living. We believe in change not for its own sake but because change is part of the Lord's order and is essential to the satisfaction of men's needs. And we believe in government founded in reason and rooted in conscience.

Common sense is invaluable in the art of governing. When the Constitution was being written, Benjamin Franklin, one of its architects, did not regard it as perfect. But it was essential to get the government going, and if men sought the perfect constitution, they might sit endlessly. Hence, said Franklin, with great good sense, "I agree to this Constitution, with all its faults, if they are such," and asked his colleagues to sign it.

In this sense, we Democrats are not perfectionists in all details of government. Government must look ahead. But it must not look so far ahead that it is blind to what is at hand. Neither should it seek the perfect solution when the moment demands the best solution men can devise.

Hence we Democrats put first things first. A farmer who is about to be dispossessed will hardly appreciate it if you tell him that within ten years farm prices will rise so high that farmers will bathe in cream. Therefore we did not sit for years trying to devise the "perfect" farm bill. We passed the best legislation that we could to keep farmers from losing their farms. Then, later, we passed the best additional legislation that we could to serve the long-range needs of the farmers and the nation.

The same principle sometimes applies to matters of life and death. In 1948 Moscow attempted to thwart the Marshall Plan and prevent the unification of Germany by blockading Berlin. Allied withdrawal from Berlin would have brought a tremendous victory to the Soviet Union. But it never occurred to President Truman to retreat. He said, "We are going to stay." And stay we did. For nearly a year American and British air forces kept a great city going from the air. And the Allies are still in Berlin.

The foreign policy of Roosevelt and Truman was under vicious Republican attack for twenty years. You might believe, then, that a Republican administration would inaugurate some policies of its own. But aside from frightening our

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friends by irresponsible talk about "liberation," "unleashing" and "brink of war," what has it done? The New York Times says of the Eisenhower foreign policy:

"This has not been a presidency of dynamic ideas. President Eisenhower took over most of the policy ideas and vehicles of the Truman Administration. . . . His boldest initiative—the 'open skies' proposal at Geneva—failed to be accepted by the Russians."

What, then, is the score in foreign policy? So far as the Eisenhower Administration has succeeded, it has succeeded by administering Democratic foreign policy. Its one original attempt in this all-important area—the "open skies" proposal—has been a failure.

Here we cannot afford to fail, for at stake is the life or death of the free world. And here I cite the words of a contemporary Republican statesman. Speaking in the United States Senate on March 1, 1948, in support of the Marshall Plan, then being debated, he brought senators and spectators to their feet in applause when he said, "*The greatest nation on earth either justifies or loses its leadership. . . .*" The speaker was the late Sen. Arthur Vandenberg, of Michigan.

I repeat that we Democrats believe in government founded in reason and rooted in conscience. Therefore we have not balked like mules whenever the Republican leadership introduced a measure in Congress. We have not opposed its legislation merely for the empty-headed frivolity of opposing. We have considered administration measures with our heads instead of our spleens. We have made every effort to conduct ourselves as responsible public servants, aware of our grave responsibility in a time of danger when no man knows what the morrow may bring.

The record, I believe, verifies these assertions. Let us now look outside Congress for a moment and watch the Republican leadership. I suggest this not only for the light that the visit may throw upon my assertions but also because the two great political parties do not exist in a vacuum. They function in relation to each other.

During the presidential campaign of 1952 and afterward, Mr. Eisenhower constantly told the country that he must have a Republican Congress in order to discharge his duties effectively. A Democratic Congress, the country was told, would not only obstruct a Republican Administration but would wage "cold war" upon it. What happened?

Mr. Eisenhower got his heart's desire—a Republican Congress. Let us listen to conversations at his Cabinet meetings. Once confidential, they are now public property. They have been recorded, with the Administration's consent, by Mr. Robert J. Donovan, in a book entitled Eisenhower: The Inside Story.

It is 1953. Eight months have passed since the first Republican President in twenty years has occupied the White House. Republicans control both branches of Congress. Democrats could not have waged "cold war" on the Administration even had they so desired. Wouldn't you think, then, that the Administration's cup would be brimming with contentment?

But the President, it appears from the record of his Cabinet meetings, is frustrated. He is unhappy. He is angry. Does his anger stem from ornery conduct on the part of Democrats in Congress? Not at all.

Mr. Donovan tells us that after eight months of frustration by the right wing of the Republican Party, Mr. Eisenhower was extremely upset. So upset was he by these powerful and antagonistic members of his own party that he was driven at least to talk of forming a third party!

This is President Eisenhower with his own party in control of Congress. Let us now see him with Democrats in control of Congress. In 1954 the people elected Democratic majorities to both branches of Congress. Did they then begin to wage cold war upon Mr. Eisenhower merely because he is a Republican President? Let us turn for answer to the distinguished political authority and columnist, Mr. Walter Lippmann. He says:

> A man expects his wife to drive the family car as expertly as he believes he drives it. MILDRED SILVER

"Mr. Eisenhower's success as President began when Republicans lost control of Congress."

Does the President's own party in Congress now support him? Here Mr. Lippmann says:

"To judge by what is happening in Congress to the President's legislative program, he is the unanimous candidate of a party that will not follow him as a leader."

In the forthcoming national elections, the people must consider this grave question: Do they want as their next President a man who is valued by his own political party more as a candidate than as a leader?

As Thomas Jefferson was the founder of the Democratic Party, so also he left a cardinal element to the nation's democratic tradition. It stemmed from his faith in the people. He believed that they could wisely pass upon public matters when all the facts were before them. It follows that whoever suppresses or distorts the facts is as antidemocratic as anyone else who would destroy our form of government.

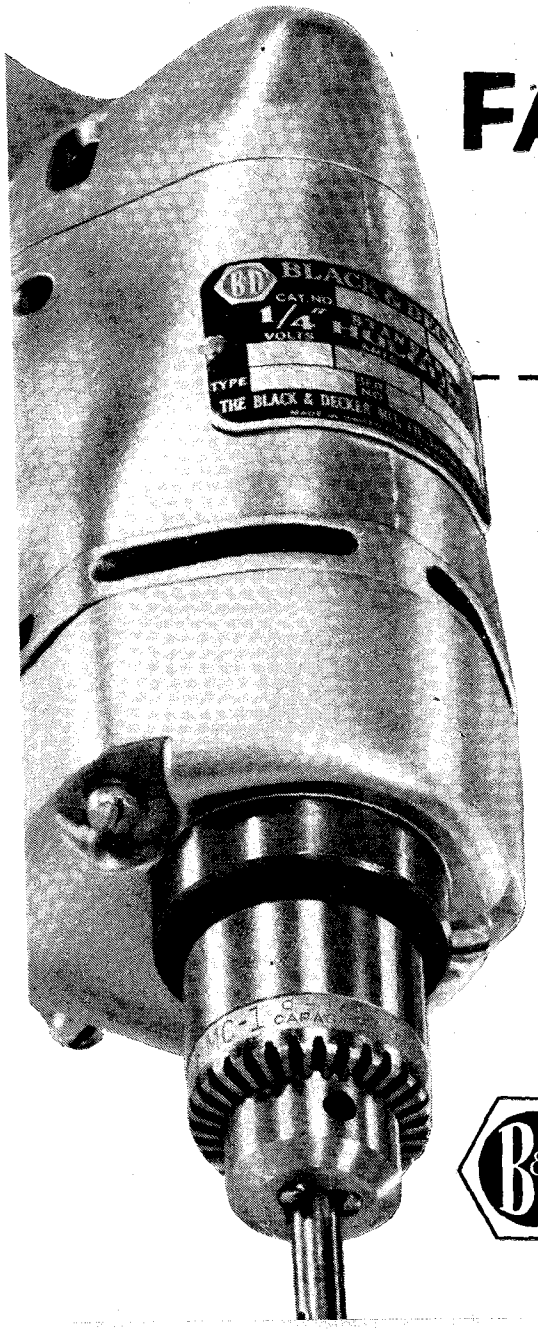
Jefferson trusted the common sense of the people—what he sometimes called their reason. In his heyday the masses of Western Europe were illiterate and many of their rulers regarded them as little better than animals. But Jefferson said:

"Man is a rational animal, endowed by nature with rights and an innate sense of justice; and he can be restrained from wrong and protected in right by moderate powers confined to persons of his own choice and held to their duties by dependence on his own will."

These sentiments are the life and spirit of the Democratic Party today as they have been in the past. All else is commentary.

The Democratic Party and the nation are fortunate that Adlai Stevenson, of Illinois, is the Democratic candidate for the Presidency. A practical man of wide experience in national and international affairs, he is marked also by simple idealism. This is the combination that denominates the American at his best. High-minded, he does not stoop to demagoguery. Experienced, he knows the ways of administration. Articulate, he is able to express America both to Americans and to the world, friendly, hostile, or indifferent, that we must reach in the name of lasting peace. You may depend upon him to wage a campaign that all Americans will be proud of and, if elected, to become a President in the tradition of our great Presidents.

THE END



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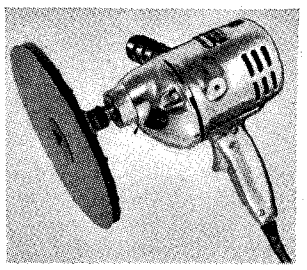

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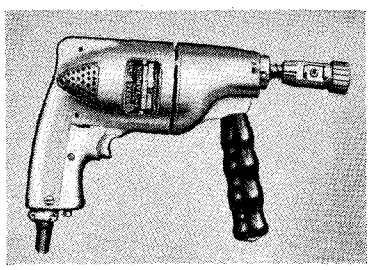

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Don't Call Me a Sissy! (Continued from Page 31)

This is 17 per cent males, and about half again the national average.

The Cohasset Street School, where I teach, is typical of Los Angeles elementary schools in its proportion of teachers: five men and eighteen women.

Most men elementary teachers today are, like myself, veterans in the thirty-to-forty age bracket—young marrieds out of Suburbia. We wear sports clothes, smash our thumbs on do-it-yourself projects, soothe crying babies at night, make small bets on football games and help our wives with Saturday shopping.

Over-all, we're a long jump from the stern, high-collared, knuckle-rapping schoolmasters of a century ago. Until 1820, teaching was strictly a man's job. The Industrial Revolution and the spread of free public instruction after the Civil War destroyed this masculine dominance. Penny-pinching school boards discovered that women could be hired for about half the salaries paid men. In the early 1940's, the pendulum had swung so far that 96 per cent of our grade-school teachers were women.

But soon after World War II a wholly unexpected phenomenon occurred. Ex-servicemen surged into colleges of education and began preparing for teaching careers under the GI Bill of Rights. Not merely those who had served in desk and noncombat jobs but battle-decorated fliers, blue-water Navy men and Ernie Pyle-type doughfoots.

Why?

I heard Dr. Aubrey Berry, manager of the Office of Teacher Placement at the University of California at Los Angeles, give a good reason. "For some, teaching offered a security they'd never known in depression and war," he said. "For many others, the choice was pure idealism: they'd seen the misery of war, and felt their greatest contribution to humanity lay in teaching."

This opinion was nailed down recently in a survey used for an M.A. degree at the University of Southern California by my friend, Herbert C. Anderson—himself a World War II veteran and an elementary teacher.

He asked this key question of several hundred men teachers in the Los Angeles elementary system: "What caused you to enter teaching?" A solid 62 per cent answered: "To work with young children." The rest scattered their replies among such reasons as "security," "working hours," "chance for advancement," and so on.

The Mountain Makers

Mountains out of molehills
Grow with quite a spurt
Every time the gossips
Add a little dirt!

By S. Omar Barker

My own case may serve as an example. As a youth, I had no burning ambition to teach. When I entered U.C.L.A. in the fall of 1941 I intended to be a lawyer or a newspaperman. I played end on the freshman football team and completed a year of university work before enlisting in the Air Force the following spring.

I flew thirty-two missions over Germany as a B-24 flight engineer and top-turret gunner with the 489th Bombardment Group. When the war was over, I was privileged to wear five battle stars, the Distinguished Flying Cross and the Air Medal with three oak-leaf clusters.

In 1946 I re-entered U.C.L.A. and completed my undergraduate studies. To help pay expenses, I worked afternoons and Saturdays at the Wilshire Crest School playground for $1.20 an hour, issuing equipment, refereeing games, supervising crafts. I enjoyed the job and found, to my delight, that I liked kids.

One day principal Ione Swan asked, "Why don't you go into teaching? You have a rare gift for it."

The decision wasn't easy. It meant abandoning a legal career and investing another year and a half in education studies. By now I bore heavier responsibilities: I was married to pretty, golden-haired Glorian Farber, widow of a friend killed in a flying accident in China, and had acquired a stepson.

But I sensed potent magic in teaching the razor-honed minds of youngsters. I felt I could be more effective with eight-, nine- and ten-year-olds than those of high-school age.

"It's going to be rough," I told Glorian. "Even when I get a full-time teaching job, there'll be no mink coats or caviar. Starting salary is twenty-three hundred and eighty dollars, and never will go very high."

"If it's what you want," she said, "I'm for it."

For the past seven years I've taught elementary school. I have definite opinions about what was once a woman's job. At the risk of being clobbered with handbags, umbrellas and other female weapons, I'll argue that America needs more men teachers because they have something special to offer the younger generation.

R. L. Hunt, a school superintendent in Homewood, Illinois, makes the point with a story I like. As he tells it, there was trouble brewing on the reservation. The Indian agent rounded up four or five braves. "We're friends," he said. "What's this all about?"

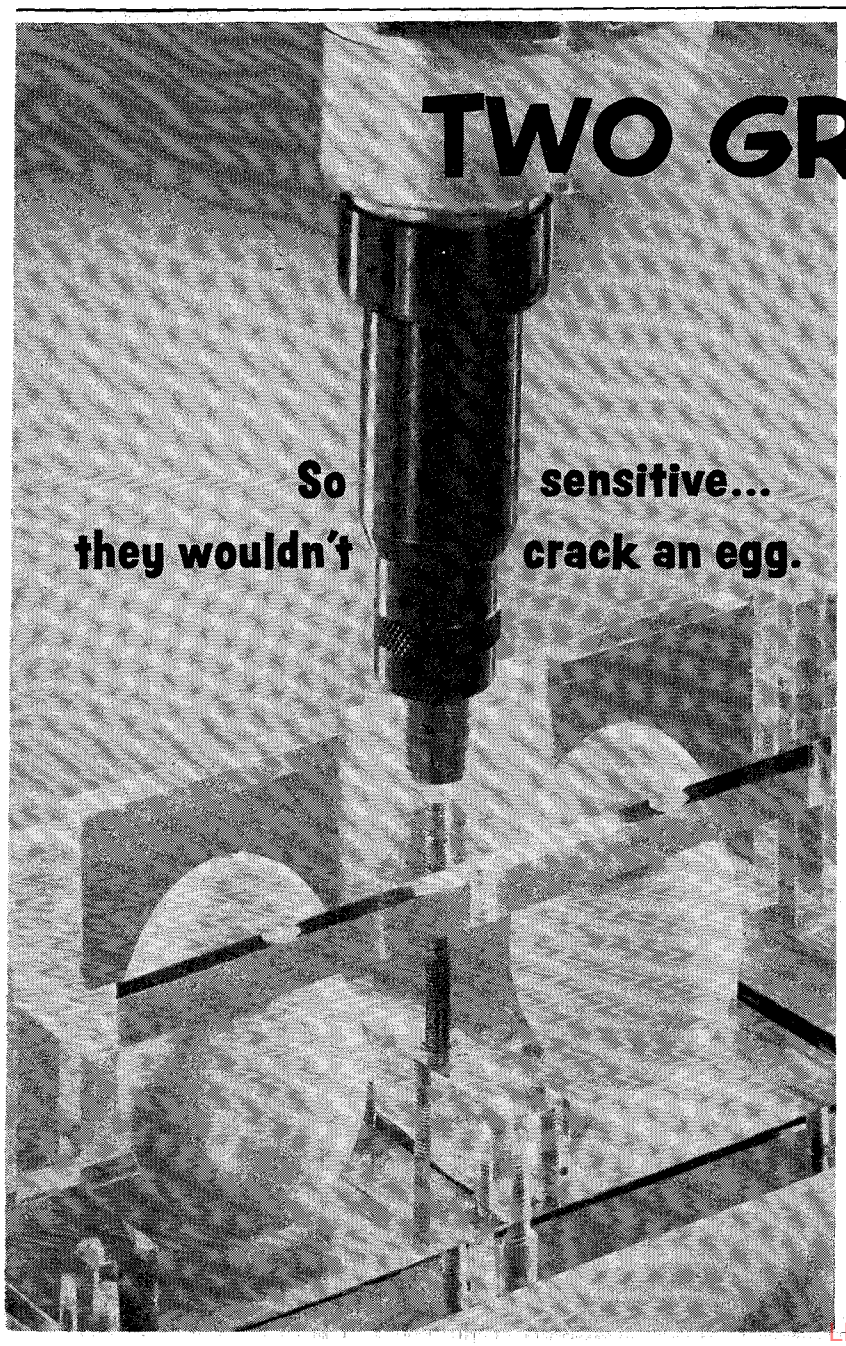
At first, words were slow in coming. Finally, the eldest looked the white man squarely in the eye and grunted, "You build houses—good. You start school—good. You send woman teacher—no good!"

I'm not advocating that women teachers be entirely replaced by men. My reasoning is that a balance of men and women teachers at all levels, including the elementary, will produce a better kind of education for America's 22,000,000 grade-school kids.

In our society, children come into contact with adults of both sexes in the home, the church and the community. It is normal for them, therefore, to have the affection, guidance and understanding of men in school.

Boys, it is generally agreed, need daily contact with men during their formative years. Many city-bred youngsters see little of their fathers, who rush to catch the 7:45 and don't return home until almost bedtime. They're deprived of the comradeship—helping dad to milk the cows, for instance—that exists today only on the farm. In this modern age, a boy's education is often all female: mother, nurse, baby-sitter, teacher, piano instructor, Cub Scout den mother. A few males are needed to untie the apron strings.

Girls likewise benefit from the influence of men teachers. Women tend to be harsher on their own sex and to consider little boys "cute." A man teacher, there-



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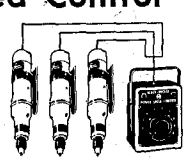

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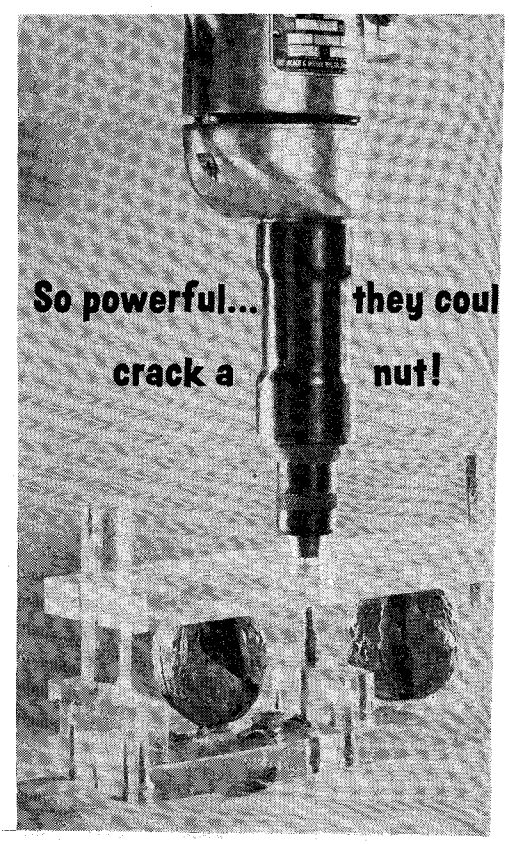

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fore, takes some of this pressure off the girls.

The other day a pigtailed, freckle-faced lass raised her hand in my classroom. "May I sharpen my pencil, daddy?" she asked. Then she clapped her hand to her mouth, blushed and blurted, "I mean 'teacher'!"

Children who come from homes where the male parent is dead or divorced, or those where the father is required to be absent frequently, are in special need of men teachers. Parents almost unanimously approve of males in the classroom.

An office-supplies salesman gripped my hand one day last June and shook it warmly. "I wanted to express my thanks," he said, with feeling. "The wife tells me our boy, Jimmy, behaves much better since he got into your class."

Aside from the father-substitute aspect, is it sound educational practice to place men teachers at the elementary level? Dr. Louis Kaplan, of the Oregon College of Education, sought the views of 438 psychologists and school administrators on this point. Some 83 per cent of the psychologists and 89 per cent of the educators were convinced that men teachers provide today's schools with emotional ballast which results in steadier discipline and a more rounded educational experience.

There is no arguing that men teachers are generally firmer disciplinarians than women. Size and gruffness of voice, plus a fatherly no-nonsense attitude, often suffice to keep children in line during their so-called "most uncivilized age."

Principals prefer to assign men elementary teachers to the fifth and sixth grades because they can sometimes handle discipline problems more effectively. At an elementary school in the San Fernando Valley a couple of years ago, a class of sixth-graders, taught by a woman, got completely out of hand. The classroom period was one continual uproar, and during recess the boys prowled the playground looking for mischief.

"And don't worry about the wheelbarrow, Ethel—return it any time."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

One afternoon three of the biggest boys approached Dave Cooke, the only man teacher in the school.

"We challenge you to a fight," they announced.

"A fight?" asked Cooke incredulously.

"Yeah, all three of us will take you on at the same time."

Cooke, a former combat infantryman in the Battle of the Bulge and in Korea, felt as foolish as if he'd been smacked in the face with a custard pie. But his integrity as a teacher was at stake. He removed his coat, marched out to the playground and wrestled the three youngsters until they were completely bushed.

"After the ringleaders lost face, the sixth-graders gave no more trouble on the playground," says Cooke. "Even in the classroom they were a little more subdued. The problem was finally solved, however, by hiring another man teacher and assigning him to that class."

Occasionally, though, men teachers get their comeuppance. Two boys in the back of one of my classes were talking noisily while I was trying to explain long division. I said sternly, "Edward, why aren't you and Boyd paying attention?"

He grinned. "Boyd's conversation is more interesting than yours."

As for teaching ability, research has shown little difference between the sexes. Some good, some bad, some indifferent. But many men seem to be more successful in creating a climate of interest. Women may disagree, but here are some of the qualities in men teachers that stimulate children's interest in wanting to learn.

Men teachers are better qualified to teach sports, to demonstrate the use of tools, to explain science and mechanics. These are interests that fascinate children of elementary age, especially boys. Men teachers can often reach children through these subjects when other approaches fail.

I know one skinny, towheaded youngster who was shy among his playmates and slow in his studies. He was surely developing a stunted personality until he came under the guidance of a wise man teacher. Despite a heavy classroom schedule, the teacher took time to instruct his fourth-graders in batting, pitching and fielding skills. The towhead thrived on it. He joined a Little League and became a third-string pitcher and in a few months improved his reading skills by two years. He'll never play in Yankee Stadium, but reading will never bother him again.

My friend, Morris Marmon, claims that men teachers are less emotional than women, and further, that they successfully employ more humor in their relations with children. This helps an elementary teacher cope with the tears he sees every day.

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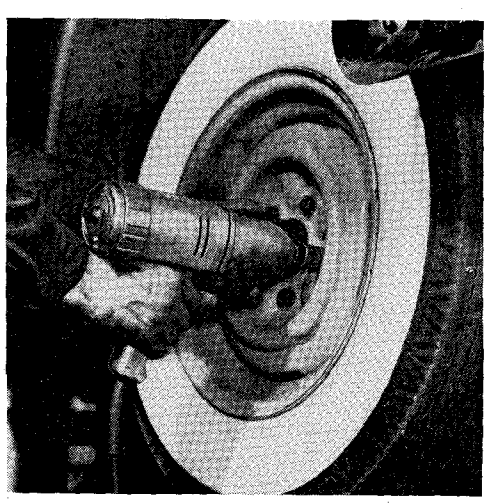

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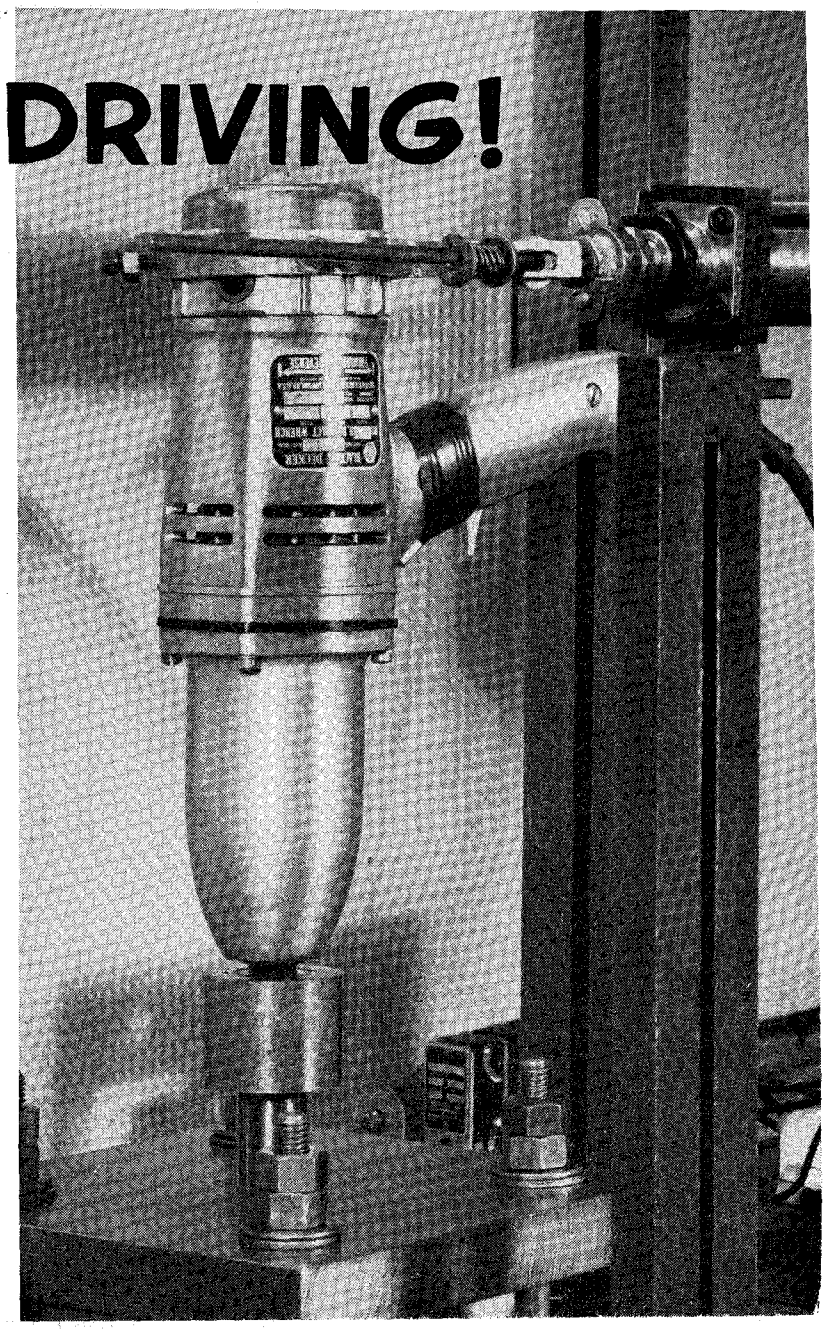

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"When a kid falls and skins his knee, a woman teacher's impulse is to sweep him up in her arms," Marmon says. "A man teacher will try to turn tears into laughter by making a joke out of the situation. A certain amount of sympathy is a good thing. But kids must learn to take their bumps without whimpering, to face facts and accept the consequences."

Men teachers are needed in the field of sex education, according to Dr. William Lucio, associate professor of education at U.C.L.A. "Along about the sixth grade there is no more important thing a man can do," he says, "than to pull up a chair among the boys in his class and discuss bodily functions, why we respect women and how to grow into responsible adult males."

Ideally, a child should learn about sex from his parents. But many parents are either too embarrassed or unable to express themselves clearly on the subject. Some school districts have found that the "team approach" of a respected man and woman teacher addressing the entire class is most successful.

Men teachers are more career-minded than women, and this helps to stabilize the teaching profession. Teaching is often a stopgap until marriage for women; most men look upon it as a lifetime job. You'll invariably find a higher percentage of men trying to improve themselves professionally by enrolling in summer university classes and in-service training programs.

Finally, men teachers tend to put greater emphasis on subject matter. They avoid fripperies and dramatics, and stick closer to fundamentals. I'm not suggesting that men want to confine their teaching entirely to the three R's, but many of us are convinced that a child is cheated unless he first has a thorough grounding in the basic communications skills of our civilization.

On the whole, women teachers and principals welcome men into their ranks and depend heavily upon their masculinity, whether in handling a difficult discipline case or helping to move playground benches. Some jealousy exists. Men are beginning to compete with women for administrative positions as vice principals, principals and superintendents. But most women recognize that men are effective as teachers and bring to education additional vigor and leadership for the critical, jam-packed years ahead.

What about the kids themselves? What do they think of men teachers?

Most of my colleagues report that children are eager to have a man teacher. They show it in various ways. The shiny red apple is still a symbol of approbation, but, like other teachers, I've also received fountain pens, neckties, boxes of candy, shaving lotion and books. One boy told me solemnly, "I felt like a sissy until I got into your class." Youngsters are keenly interested in a man teacher's personal life: they want to know about his wife, his children, what kind of home he lives in, if he owns a pet, what he does outside school hours, where he served in the war.

Thomas W. Hopkins, of Austin, Texas, recalls one afternoon when he had loaded a half-dozen pupils in his disreputable, fifteen-year-old car.

With the candor that only an eight-year-old can muster, one of them piped, "Mr. Hopkins, you sure must be poor. This is an awful old car."

While Hopkins mentally fumbled, another lad leaped to his defense, "Yeah, but I sure bet he has a lot of fun in it. . . . Don't you, Mr. Hopkins?"

I'll never forget a poem composed by a Cohasset Street fifth-grade class, chanted in Greek-chorus style at the end of a school year:

Here comes Haley,
Down the proud, proud aisle.
Here comes Haley,
Smiling all the while.
On his head he wears a crown
That shines for heaven above,
And he knows all of us are full
Of teacherly love.

But no matter how much men enjoy grade-school teaching, and in spite of the compelling need for their special qualities, they are leaving elementary ranks every day for better-paying jobs in business, industry and even education itself.

No. 1 reason, of course, is the salary situation. My annual salary, in one of the highest-paying school systems in the United States, is $5650. This is roughly twice the national average for elementary teachers, but only half what many of my friends are earning in law, engineering or selling. If I put in long hours of study at night or during the summer and earn a Ph.D. degree, I can go to a top of $7800. It's true that a man teacher can earn administrative credentials that will take him up to the $10,000, $12,000 or $15,000-a-year class. But though he's still in education, he loses that direct contact so valuable to children and enjoyable to himself.

The salary situation for a man is more serious than for a woman, principally because he has a family to feed. To pad out my pay check, I've been a house painter, carpenter, bricklayer's helper, shoe salesman, milkman, playground supervisor and house-to-house encyclopedia peddler. Some teachers I've known have driven buses or done janitor work after school hours to maintain a balanced budget. We don't look down our noses at honest toil, but isn't it a waste of teaching manpower?

In addition to low salaries, men are discouraged when their teaching is sometimes called "sissy work." As W. A. Kamrath pointed out in a recent issue of The School Executive, the pronoun "he" is used when referring to a mechanic, a senator or a doctor, but "she" when referring to a teacher. "It's a small thing," he says, "but let's emphasize the masculine."

The derogatory term "sissy work" has never annoyed me. I don't think it bothers most other veterans, especially those who have experienced combat. We've proved, to ourselves at least, the kind of men we are.

What, you may ask, can be done to attract and hold men teachers in our elementary schools?

Last February I was elected president of the Los Angeles Elementary Teachers Club, the first male to wield the gavel of this 4000-member organization since its founding in 1909. Since then, I've talked to scores of teachers, administrators and parents. Here's what I've found:

First, we need better high-school counseling to sell teaching careers. I agree with Dean Robert F. Topp, of the National College of Education in Evanston, Illinois, who says, "It is unfortunate that many high-school counselors take the attitude, 'I want something better for my students than I've had.'" Phi Delta Kappa, professional fraternity for men in education, has prepared for high-school counselors a pamphlet entitled Teaching Is a Man's Job, to give students a better insight into opportunities in education. Kiwanis International, through its 4100 clubs, is carrying out a campaign this year to interest youth in teaching. The Future Teachers of America is an organization of youngsters who carry forward Minerva's flame.

Second, we need more scholarships for students who intend to teach. In 1947, Virginia led the way by creating a thousand $300 scholarships for education students; since then, many other states have followed. The National Congress of Parents and Teachers also supports a fine scholarship program. But rising costs of a college education and the increased demand for men teachers make it imperative that additional scholarships become available.

Third, we must have better understanding on the part of the public. The recent White House Conference on Education, preceded by state conferences throughout the nation, focused attention on school problems. But the public, which spends $8,500,000,000 on public education, will get the kind of elementary teaching for its children that it really wants. It's been stated before, but unless we are willing to spend as much on schools as we do on cigarettes, liquor and cosmetics, education will continue to be in trouble.

Fourth, pay adequate salaries. Some communities offer bonuses of $300 to $500 to men teachers; one Texas community goes as high as $1500. Another scheme, in Ohio, is the payment of a bonus of 5 per cent of a male teacher's salary for each dependent up to three. As might be expected, such "man clauses" are not popular with women teachers, and in Illinois militant feminists saw to it that such financial discrimination was banned by law. The solution lies not in paying bonuses to men, but in raising the salaries of all teachers.

Fifth, build professional status for men in elementary teaching. This will come when teachers get better salaries, more voice in making policy decisions, more status in the community. But this is a two-way proposition. Men teachers can add stature to their profession now by assuming more leadership in their communities in Red Cross drives, church work, Boy Scout activities, and the like.

Sometimes I feel there's a long, rock-strewn road ahead. Last year I attended a Community Chest luncheon. A local tycoon put down his cigar long enough to scoff, "Ah-h-h—you men teachers lead a soft life. A few hours of work a day. Saturdays and Sundays off. Loaf all summer."

Although I knew what he said was partly in jest, I began to sizzle. When I got a grip on my temper, I said something like this:

"Listen, my day begins at eight-thirty in the morning and sometimes doesn't end until eight-thirty at night. I often work all day Saturday and Sunday, too, holding conferences with parents, making out lesson plans, attending teachers' meetings, taking education courses. During the summer my back has ached from painting houses and my feet have blistered from house-to-house selling. But none of these jobs is half so wearying as the strain of ordinary teaching. If it's old-fashioned work you're talking about, I'll match teaching against any job in this room."

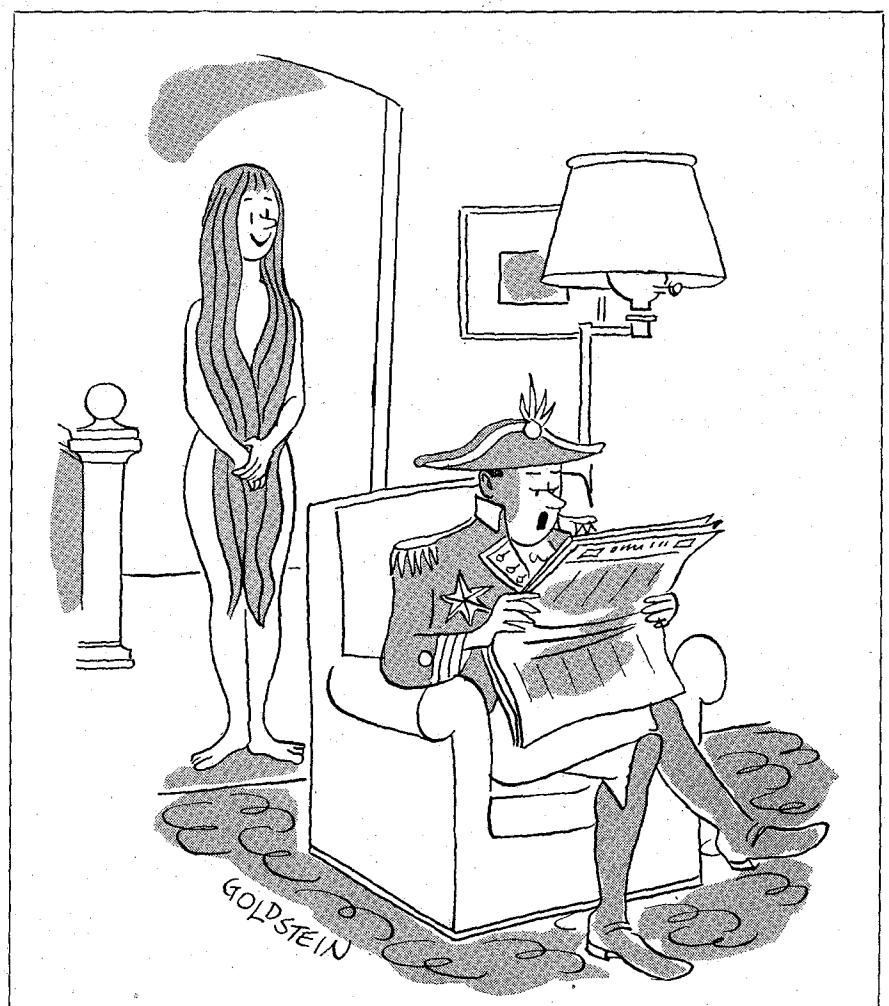
As an elementary teacher, I don't consider myself "dedicated." I'm in this profession because I thoroughly enjoy it. More important, I believe that shaping the character and intellect of young America is the most sacred trust a man can share. You cannot work with boys and girls day in and day out without the conviction that teaching is the most worthy profession of all. "Sissy work" indeed!

If for no other reason, I consider myself a success because of what my sons, Steven, thirteen, and Michael, eight, said the other day. At the dinner table I was describing the geography assignment on Western trails I'd given my class.

Steve looked at me, eyes glowing, and said, "Dad, when I grow up I want to be a teacher."

"Me too," added Mike. "Fifth grade!"

THE END



"You're going as lady who?"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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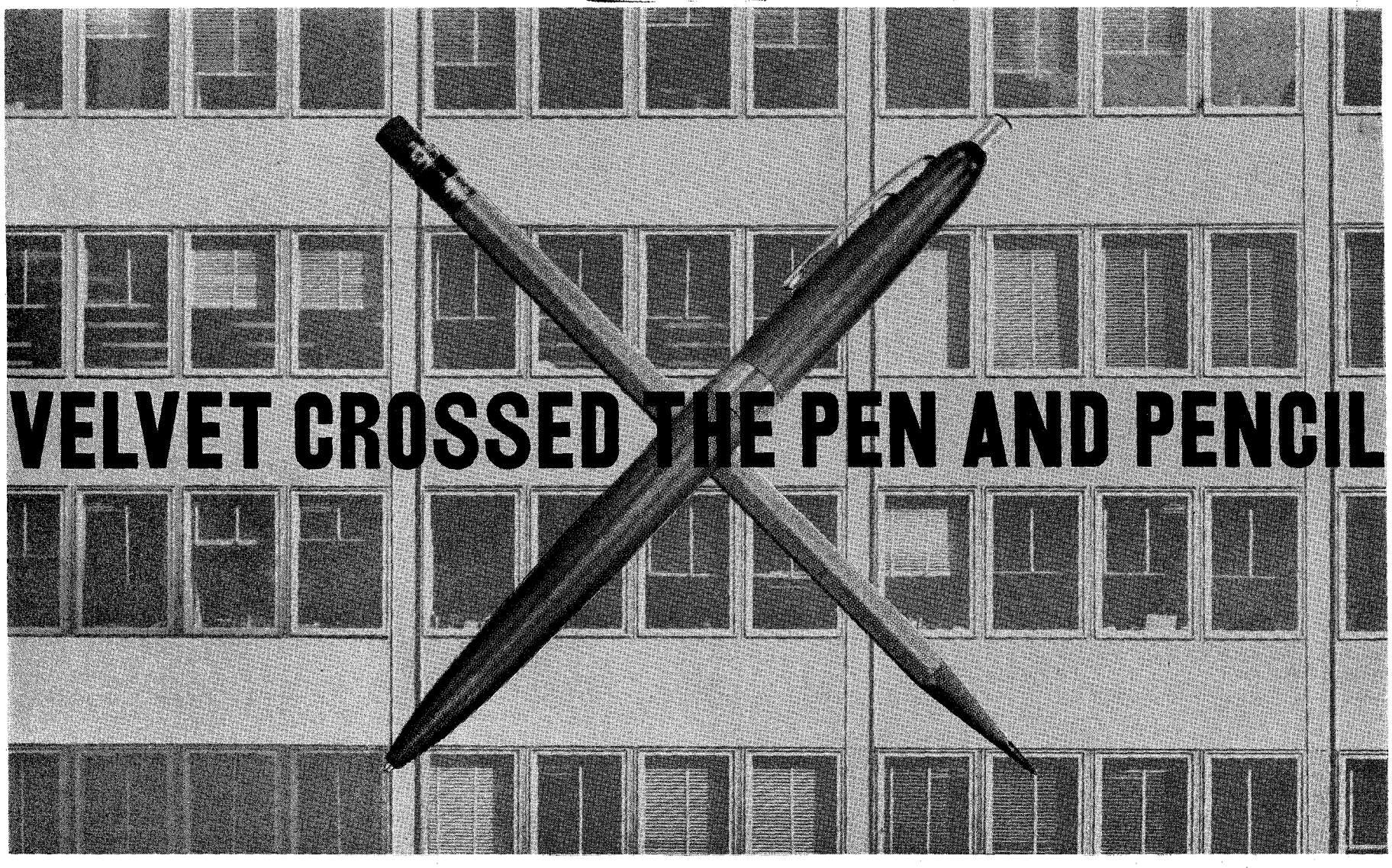

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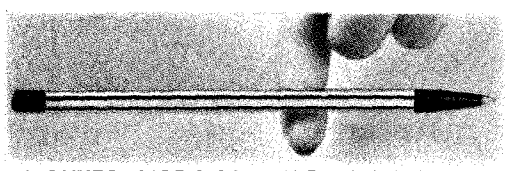
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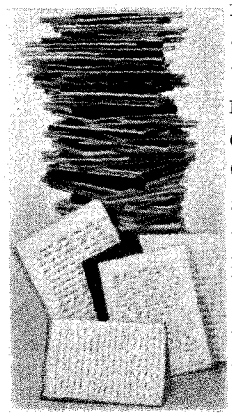
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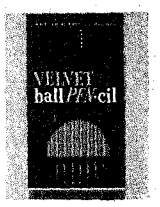

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Mightiest Menu in Manhattan

(Continued from Page 29)

restaurant, although he caters only to the dinner trade. In the mornings he dons apron and chef's hat to fuss over the giant kettles. He assembles the soups and personally prepares the sauces, particularly the Leone shrimp sauce for which he is famous—a ton of shrimp is served each Saturday night in the winter. At five P.M. he changes quickly to a stiff collar and dapper double-breasted suit to assume the role of host.

"Gene Leone feeds four thousand customers a night," commented one regular patron, "and he makes each one feel that he is the most important guest present."

A nervous, busy individual, Leone hops from one table to another, chatting amiably and occasionally sticking the first two fingers of his right hand into somebody's coffee. "This coffee is cold," he may call to a waiter. "Some hot coffee here, please. . . . Nothing is more horrible than cold coffee," he'll add aside to the guest. Another time he may rebuke a waiter for tossing a slice of salami on top of a melon with prosciutto during the preliminary courses.

"Eating is an art," Gene says. "It's just like a beautiful painting or a symphony. There must be no off-key note. Salami and prosciutto, bah!"

Addicts have discovered that eating at Leone's is more than an art—it is a Gargantuan test of capacity and staying power. The rustic two-foot menus, always bearing a picture of the white-haired Mother Leone, list basic Italian foods which are distinctive only in that they have Gene's personal touch. A Leone table is not characterized so much by the rarity of the delicacies as by the overwhelming abundance. Courses crowd the groaning board in such a stream that the operation requires anywhere from two to five hours.

The Leone table is laden—before anyone orders—with a huge chunk of provolone, a platter of fruit, including fresh grapes, oranges, pears and apples, and a salad plate with stalks of celery, green peppers, black and green olives and scallions, plus bread and breadsticks.

These are simply items to nibble on while the waiter is serving the minestrone and the staggering antipasto, which may include Leone's jumbo shrimp—served with double-size ice-cream scoops—melon with ham, hot stuffed clam, mortadella, baked oyster, chopped egg, artichoke vinaigrette, cold eggplant with tomato sauce and cold pepper with anchovies. Then follow dishes of ravioli or spaghetti—or in special cases, whole stuffed squab. All this is intended to whet the appetite for the principal dish, which may be the popular chicken cacciatore or veal scallopine or a dish more exotic—live lobster fra diavolo, filet mignon in Burgundy and saltin'bocca alla Romana with Italian truffles. Saltin'bocca is made by taking a filet of veal, adding a piece of prosciutto and Mozzarella cheese, seasoning with fresh ground pepper and salt, putting on another filet of veal, sprinkling with thin truffles and then sautéing in Marsala wine sauce. If the guest is still willing and able at this point, the dessert might be cold pear in zabaglione or fresh strawberries in sherry.

This might be called Leone's plebeian dinner. He goes to much greater lengths—both in variety and quantity—when he tosses one of his numerous private feasts. Gene has four great pleasures—art, horses, flying, and feeding his friends. One of these friends is President Eisenhower. Ike and Mamie have been guests several times at the Leone country home. Gene and his attractive wife, the former Mary Sullivan, of Brooklyn, know the hospitality of the White House.

For the last six years Leone has entertained Eisenhower's 1915 West Point graduating class at his beloved farm, some twenty miles distant from the Military Academy. He has been made an honorary member in the so-called "Class of Stars" which produced, besides the President, such distinguished generals as Omar Bradley, James Van Fleet, Joseph McNarney, Joe Swing and Thomas Larkin. For the reunion on June fifth of last year, Leone pulled a unique surprise and received a rare cooking lesson. Knowing the President's love for art, Gene stripped his restaurant of its paintings and statues and had them hauled to his farm by truck—a laborious three-day operation. There he had a $50,000 tapestry hung on a barn door between two gigantic oils by the French artist Paul Gustave Doré—scenes from Dante's Inferno. Other paintings festooned the fences of the corral. Marble and bronze statues, including prized nudes by the Italian-American sculptor Attilio Piccirilli were placed around the yard.

The President and other guests met first in the house and then walked outdoors, where they got their first glimpse of the huge fresh-air art gallery and, in the midst of it, saw host Leone broiling steaks on a ten-foot grill. The temptation apparently was too much for the President.

He strolled over and said, "Here, Gene, let me show you how to cook a steak."

"Naturally, I let him take over," Gene says, "and I got a cooking lesson I'll never forget. The President told me that the secret is to burn wood charcoals and get them blazing hot. Rub the steak with salt, then garlic, and finally fresh ground pepper. Never put the steak on the grill, the President insisted. Throw it right on top of the hot coals. Let one this size cook nine minutes on one side. Turn it and cook five to seven minutes on the other. Then serve. The steaks were delicious. They were so good, in fact, that I have given instructions that they be prepared that way hereafter in the restaurant."

Leone says Eisenhower is also an accomplished performer with vegetable soups and salads.

"He is a good eater too," Gene adds. "He especially likes onions—raw onions. I remember seeing him once with a big platter of Italian red onions in front of him. I was horrified. 'Mr. President,' I said, 'you can't eat all those onions. They'll give you indigestion.' He just smiled and went ahead. Finally I told him I'd like a few myself. Mrs. Eisenhower caught on, and she requested some. So did Mary, my wife. The President, chuckling, got up and served us each individually.

"When I heard about the President's heart attack last fall, I was convinced it was just a stomach upset. I know how hard he works and how ravenously he eats. I still think it was a form of acute indigestion."

Eisenhower and his buddies may be the most illustrious group to whom the Italian restaurateur has catered. But Leone's most sumptuous feast, he says, was thrown for a private party earlier this year.

"John Jay Hopkins, the head of General Dynamics, invited me to the Lucullus Society Dinner at The Waldorf-Astoria," Gene says. "It was an elegant affair. I felt it was a personal challenge. So the next evening I invited seven members of the party to my place—a couple of senators and some businessmen. I threw a dilly."

On the table were fresh South African peaches, pears, giant black grapes, provolone and Swiss cheese. One of the numerous Italian proverbs gracing the walls says, in Italian, "Don't tell the peasants how good the cheese is with the pear."

The antipasto consisted of melon with prosciutto, Leone's jumbo shrimp, clam shells stuffed with assorted sea foods and sprinkled with grated Parmesan cheese, plus baked oysters lightly seasoned with parsley and ground pepper.

Then followed hot fresh crab meat sautéed with the finest old cream sherry from Spain, a full squab bathed in succulent oil, and the entree, a three-inch sirloin steak, Eisenhower style, served with a field salad and a special sauce. For dessert, zuppa inglese—a creamy Italian cake sprinkled with chocolate and chunks of citron—liberally soaked with brandy. Finally, 1928 Dom Perignon champagne—known as the "Vatican wine"—poured over the South African peaches, plus Espresso coffee with anisette.

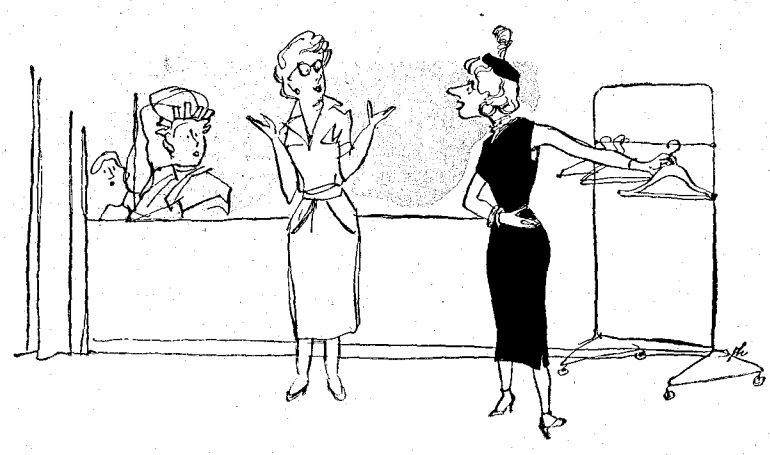
"I cooked everything myself," says Gene proudly. "Afterwards my friends told me I now should retire—I had hit my peak."

This could be the subject of some debate. Guests who attended a dinner for Alfred Gwynne Vanderbilt several years ago when the horseman was named president of Belmont Park tell of being served a whole roast quail on a bed of endive salad, after wading through the usual staggering preliminaries. "We all thought this was the main dish," a member of the group recalls. "When Gene hauled out the sizzling steaks, a lot of people had to get up and take a walk around the block before tackling them."

Two of Leone's most extravagant spreads were the college football Coach of the Year dinners in 1950 and 1955, honoring Oklahoma's Bud Wilkinson and U.C.L.A.'s Red Sanders, respectively. Former President Herbert Hoover was principal speaker at the first of these knock-down, drag-out eating marathons, each attended by some 600 persons. Willard Mullin, the sports cartoonist, recalls that at the 1950 banquet, which lasted close to six hours, only three men were able to finish their steaks. These champion trenchermen were Steve Owen, then coach of the New York Giants; Lynn Waldorf, of the University of California; and Lou Little, of Columbia. "Even Herman Hickman had to pass," says Mullin.

"Herman passed, but not until his third steak," corrects Leone, who regards the former University of Tennessee lineman and Yale coach as the undisputed all-American eater of our times. But Gene says Hickman is a piker in the knife-and-fork league compared with the great Enrico Caruso, who was a charter member of the Leone gourmet club.

Two other events at which food and wine consumption set records were the wedding receptions for Leone's two daughters. Lest he slight even the remotest friend, Gene invited 1800 to the party on June 4, 1949, when his elder daughter, Luisa, was married to Tom Meserau, a strapping six-foot-four former Army football tackle. He sent out 2200 invitations when the younger daughter, Eileen, was married to Ned Bowen, a Fordham (*Continued on Page 110*)



You be the Judge

By JOSÉ SCHORR

Mary hung up her coat herself in the reception room of the beauty parlor. When she came out of a booth an hour later, the coat was gone. The management sympathized with Mary, but refused to pay for it. So Mary sued.

"They invited me to leave my coat there by putting up hooks for customers' coats," Mary said. "Therefore they were responsible for it while I was having my hair done."

"Leaving the coat unprotected in the reception room was Mary's own idea," the management replied. "She did it on her own responsibility, and we never assumed care of the coat."

If you were the judge, would you make the beauty parlor pay for the coat?

• • • • • • • • • • • • • • •

The beauty parlor did not have to pay. The court reasoned that the coat never really was put in charge of the beauty parlor, as Mary hung it up herself. If she had handed it to an attendant, the court added, the beauty parlor would have been responsible for it.

Based upon a 1948 Washington decision.

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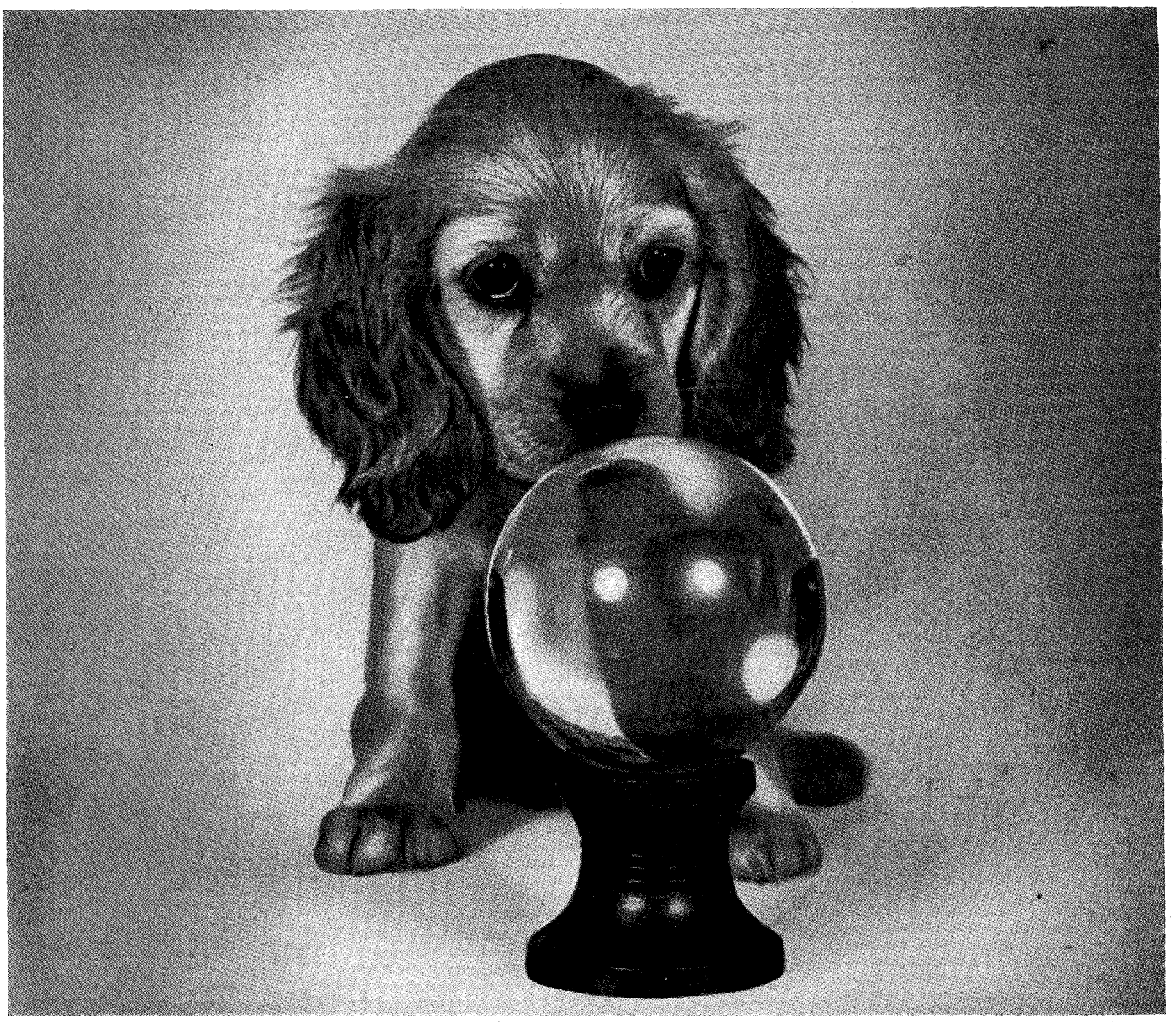

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(*Continued from Page 108*) University graduate, on January 4, 1954. At the latter fete, Gene had a corner of the restaurant transformed into a stall for a donkey—a sign of good luck in Italy. The animal watched festivities placidly from his hay-covered quarters while chewing on cigarettes and washing them down with champagne provided by playful guests. Italian folk singers in native attire wandered through the rooms.

Nothing is much of a surprise at Leone's. Once the place had a well-stocked pool in which customers could fish for their dinners. For many years on New Year's Eve an old-fashioned milk wagon was driven up to the front entrance and guests were handed a quart of milk as they left. When sports writers and columnists began missing deadlines because they lingered too long over Leone food and drink, Gene installed an upstairs press room, complete with tables, typewriters and other equipment.

Last year Leone decided he'd like to have a piece of the Blarney Stone as a souvenir for his Irish wife, whom he courted by taking her for promenades in the clouds in his private plane. He contacted an airlines pilot, Capt. Willie Miller, who made frequent trips to Ireland. Miller got in touch with an Irish friend in Cork, where the famous stone is located. Shortly a ten-inch chunk of the Blarney Stone was resting in the Leone Wishing Well. And on the wall was a framed letter from a disturbed Irishman, Paddy McCurtin, who said: "Never be asking me to do this again. It's agin the law to chip the Blarney Stone and, begorra, I'll be winding up in jail."

Gene Leone was six years old, the second oldest of four brothers, when his father pulled up roots in Bazzana, in the North Italian province of Asti, and brought his family to America in search of profitable vineyards. A restless man, Papa Gerome Leone traveled from New York to California, and then to Brazil and Argentina, before he finally settled in New York at 209 West 38th Street, where he operated a small wine cellar. The Metropolitan Opera was only a block away and most of the singers lived in the Navarre Hotel across the street or at the nearby Knickerbocker.

Papa Leone was a great lover of music and, he fancied, a singer himself—especially after a couple of glasses of wine. He frequented the opera and made friends with Caruso, Madame Schumann-Heink and Victor Herbert. Soon he was bringing them home for some of Mamma Leone's excellent cooking, washed down with best Italian wines.

Gene recalls that he used to look on with popeyed wonder as Caruso downed three whole chickens, plus all the trimmings, at one sitting. Victor Herbert's favorite was pot roast stewed five hours in red wine. Some said Mother Leone decided to open the restaurant in defense against her husband's free-loading musical friends. Others said Caruso and Victor Herbert persuaded her that her culinary talents belonged to the world. At any rate, on April 27, 1906, she opened a restaurant in a room over the wine cellar at the West 38th Street address. The capacity was eighteen people. Gene, only eight years old at the time, served as a kitchen helper and waiter.

Mother Leone served a meal consisting of minestrone, the antipasto, ravioli or spaghetti, a meat course of chicken cacciatore or veal scallopine plus cheese, spumoni and coffee. The entire meal, including a pint of California wine, cost thirty-five cents. "Later she raised the price to fifty cents and was afraid she'd scare away all her customers," Gene recalls.

Caruso and Victor Herbert continued to come in almost nightly. Victor Herbert would play his favorite, Kiss Me Again, on the piano and Caruso, after a heavy meal, would sing Vesti la Giubba while sitting down—there was some doubt that he could stand. This is a tradition still practiced, to a degree, by the Metropolitan Opera stars. A couple of years ago Leone discovered all his waiters missing from the upper floors. A hurried search located them cluttered on the steps of the wine cellar, listening to Ferruccio Tagliavini lead an opera group in singing various parts from La Bohème.

The elder Leone died in 1914, but Mother Leone held the restaurant and her four boys together. In 1917 she bought a small piece of property, twenty by one hundred feet, and moved to the present location, where she could increase the capacity to forty or fifty people. Will Rogers was a faithful customer during his Ziegfeld Follies days. The cowboy humorist would come in after a show, take a seat by himself and order roast chicken and "vino." Later, he ate upstairs with the family, entertaining the Leone grandchildren with tales of his adventures on the range, in the theater and in the air. Rogers' last three dinners in New York were eaten at Leone's. Jimmy Walker, the dapper mayor of New York who first used the name "Mother Leone," made the restaurant his evening headquarters until his death. W. C. Fields had a special gallon goblet behind the bar on which was inscribed: "For Milk Only."

Mother Leone died May 4, 1944. The oldest son, Joe, died in 1947, after operating a restaurant on Sunset Boulevard in Hollywood. The two younger brothers also branched out. Celestine operates a restaurant in Miami, Florida, while Frank, baby of the family, has one in Port Washington, on Long Island. Gene thus took full responsibility for the original business, which he now shares with his two sons-in-law.

From its humble beginning, Leone's has grown piecemeal until today it has nine rooms, with four main dining areas, each intimate and well decorated. An enlargement program already under way will increase the capacity from 1000 to 1500. The restaurant has a staff of 250, a payroll of $500,000 a year and an annual gross income of $3,000,000. Leone recently rejected a $2,500,000 cash offer for the enterprise.

During this period Gene's personal tastes have veered slightly from opera, which he still loves, to sports, which he loves even more. They say he will never be a perfectly contented man until he has a Kentucky Derby winner and a heavyweight boxing champion. Both goals appear remote.

In 1948 Gene fell heir—as an outright gift—to a sway-backed Thoroughbred named Pounditout, a clumsy but highly publicized creature which Alfred Vanderbilt originally turned over to columnist Joe Williams and nineteen other members of the New York World Telegram and Sun sports department as a promotional jest of sorts. When Pounditout failed to win a race the newspapermen gave the reluctant racer to Gene. In the spring of 1950 Leone formally retired the animal and received a plaque from Ashley Cole, chairman of the New York Racing Commission, as "the man who did the most for racing in 1950."

Pounditout, however, became a celebrity. A book was written about him and he was brought to Leone's for a press conference. Tethered to the front bar, he chewed hay contentedly while giving his autograph with hoof prints. Shortly

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"I had every intention of putting that $739,000 back."

afterwards Leone found himself holding one-eighth interest in a filly by Whirlaway named Saucy, probably the most incorporated race horse of all time. The original owner, Dick C. Andrade, wealthy Dallas oil man, distributed the other shares among 148 friends, including sports writers and such personalities as Bob Hope, Bing Crosby, Dan Topping, George Jessel and Greer Garson—each proportionately responsible for the filly's upkeep. Saucy ran nineteenth in a nineteen-horse field her first time out. She managed to win a couple of insignificant races, but the regiment of owners lost interest. They decided to turn her entirely over to Leone, who retired her to his farm. "When she drops a foal, we may get a Derby winner yet," says the optimistic restaurateur.

Leone's experience with heavyweight fighters has been equally unrewarding. Once he advertised in Texas and Kansas newspapers for a "strong young farm boy with ring ambitions." Another time he tried to lure his wife's brother, a big, handsome Irishman, into the ring, but abandoned the project when Mrs. Leone found out about it and almost broke up his home. He had Jimmy Bronson, Gene Tunney's old handler, giving lessons to a Swede in a barn up on his farm, but the Swede got too fat on Leone cooking.

Gene's biggest disappointment, however, was a former Army and professional football player named Tex Coulter. Gene figured Tex was "just the man to take the fading Joe Louis." Leone got busy and bought Coulter's contract from Al Weill, later manager of Rocky Marciano. Gene was happy as a schoolboy in June. Then he received a letter from Coulter in Dallas. "I don't want to be a fighter," Coulter wrote. "I've decided to be a cartoonist." So far as is known, Coulter's only qualification for such a career is his inability to spell.

During the 1950–51 season the New York Rangers got off to an atrocious start in the National Hockey League—on December twentieth they had a record of four victories, thirteen defeats and twelve ties. "We've got to do something," said Gene, who went into hiding and concocted a mysterious brew which became known as "Leone's Black Bottle." Before each game the Rangers were compelled to take a shot of the stuff, the formula for which Leone kept secret, except to say it was "nonalcoholic and non-narcotic." The bottle was flown to Toronto. There the Rangers scored three goals in six minutes and beat the Maple Leafs at home for the first time in three years, 4–2. In the next fourteen games the Rangers won ten, tied three and lost one. "They'd never have stopped winning if they'd kept on their training schedule," says Leone. Somehow, the Rangers got off the bottle.

When Wes Santee, the American mile ace, lost three races in the winter of 1955, Leone put him on a diet of celery, tomatoes, steak and hot tea. Santee proceeded to take the next four races in a row, running the mile in 4:00.5 in the Texas Relays on April second of that year—the fastest ever run by an American.

Gene is ever on the alert for something new and different. Two years ago he took a trip to Europe specifically in search of the secret of Italian bread, which he considers the best, but which never has been baked to his satisfaction since Mother Leone passed on. He returned instead with a truffle hound, supposedly the second of its kind in America. (Bing Crosby owns the other.)

This is a sad-eyed canine beast which is supposed to sniff out truffles, a rare delicacy found in the ground under certain trees in Spain, France and Italy. Gene thinks he can find them in New York and save importing expense.

And truffles?

"Very tangy and tasty, looks like a shriveled old potato with a lot of eyes," says Gene. "Well, you take a truffle and shave it very fine. Mix with fresh beluga caviar in an iced bowl. Put in a pinch of lemon and add a bit of the finest refined olive oil. Serve on Melba toast with champagne. This is the appetizer for what I call my 'Chairman of the Board' Dinner—for men who have arrived. You go on from there."

THE END

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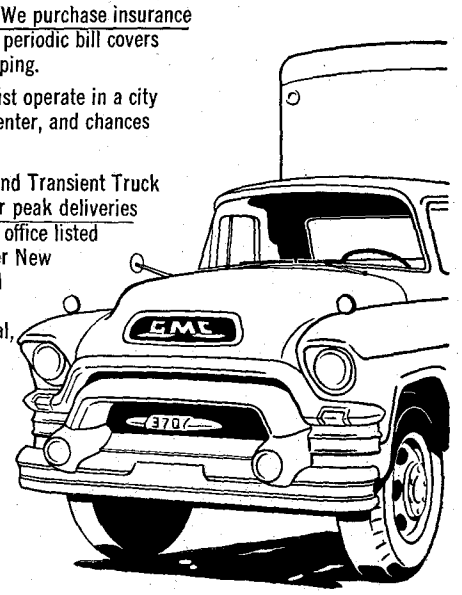

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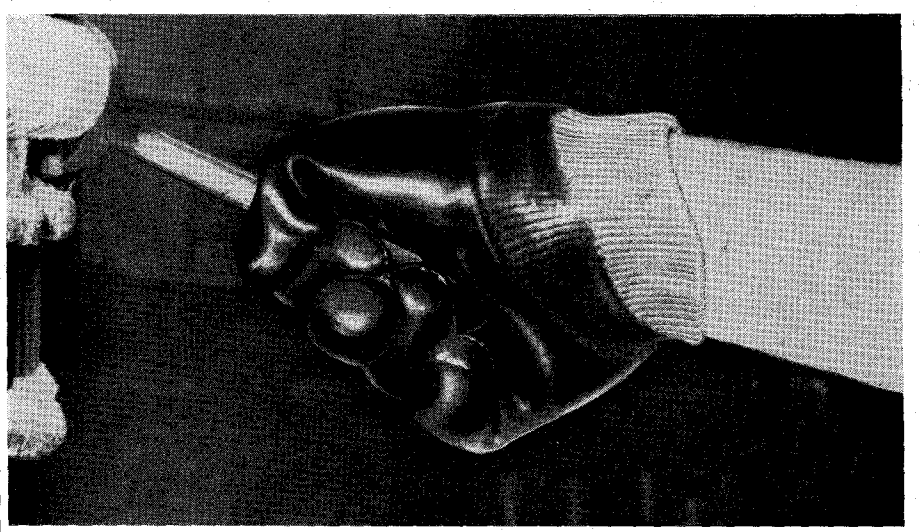

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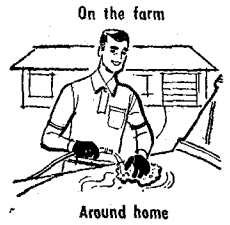
On the farm



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Moment of Emotion (Continued from Page 26)

over and past it. Matt had been part of it during his college years. He'd worked in Gottle Liefeldt's cabinetmaking shop to earn extra money, and when he'd garaged his car now he gave his own place a quick, self-assuring glance, but he turned toward the shop. It felt like coming home. Perhaps it always would.

Liefeldt had enlarged the place. The clutter remained the same, a hodgepodge of finished lumber waiting for the old German's hands to work their miracles. The lighting was inadequate; it always had been. The floor needed sweeping, and that was the same too. Two things were different, and one of them was Gottle's visibility. He wasn't immediately in sight, heavy, thick-lensed and voluble as he had been in the smaller shop. Stephanie was, however; and she was the other difference.

"Now you come," she said in exasperation. "Night before las' you go to this fine dinner and meet this blonde, an' las' night I wait to 'ear is this the one, is she beautiful. But you don' come. Tonight you bust the door open, and stan' there, letting the wind blow sawdus' into my eyes."

There were always immigrants in Gottle's shop. They were his hobby, his life. He'd never married. He was Uncle American Eagle to every alien who walked into the shop and claimed his concern. Stephanie was the latest, a Polish escapee, but she was different from some. She worked hard to earn her right to Gottle's occasional hospitality.

"Hi, Cricket," Matt said. She delighted him. She wore a caplike haircut, short in front, long in back, ragged at the edges, close to comic, but saved by the straight, emphatic line of her dark brows. And by her eyes. They were dark and wide-set and long-lashed, and their depths held slumbering embers like the liquid fire of opals.

"Do not stan' there staring," she said, at once childlike and imperious. "Tell me. This is the one, yes?"

Matt hung his raincoat where its drip wouldn't raise a welt on raw lumber. He found a place for his jacket and, jerking at his tie, strolled back to face Stephanie across the easel Gottle had devised for her.

She was perched on a tall stool, a pencil in her hand, her eyes intent and eager. Cinderella eyes, Matt called them; wanting to believe in fairy tales, hoping to have her drab existence charmed away.

He didn't know much about her. Gottle had forbidden questions; they disturbed her. But he knew she had set out for freedom at sixteen and it had taken her a year to reach West Germany, where she'd waited six years longer while the matters of her passport and the quota and a sponsor were being resolved. He knew she was presently employed by her sponsor as a maid in one of the houses up on the hill. He knew she had few evenings for herself, and that she always spent them here, but he didn't know why her questions sometimes stung him. The current one, for instance.

"The blonde was Eunice Weatherby," he said, "voted Queen this and Princess that and Miss Something or Other every six months since she learned to toddle. Of course, she's beautiful. And easy to talk to, and well-bred. I like her. Is that what you're asking?"

She looked down at her hands, a quick, abashed withdrawal. Matt knew she was readily rebuked. He didn't pretend to understand it. He hadn't known many girls and he certainly didn't know this one. Every time he was certain he'd got the signals straight he was downed behind the line of scrimmage. But let him get confused and fumble a response, and her laughter poured out in a golden shout, as though he'd crossed a goal line.

Tonight he was edgy. He turned away to look for Gottle, but the old man came shuffling into sight from the resiny caverns at the back of his shop. And he was edgy too.

"So?" he said. "Now I am also working for Murdock Sales and Service?" He took off his glasses. He cleaned them with a naked thumb and forefinger. He gave Matt a reproving glance. "It isn't enough that they take a craftsman from his tools which he loves, to use him like a monkey for the organ-grinder man. Now they want some dancing from the monkey's uncle. You will let them do this while you stand watching, Matt?"

Matt checked his temper, astonished that it could be triggered by a man he knew as well as he knew his father.

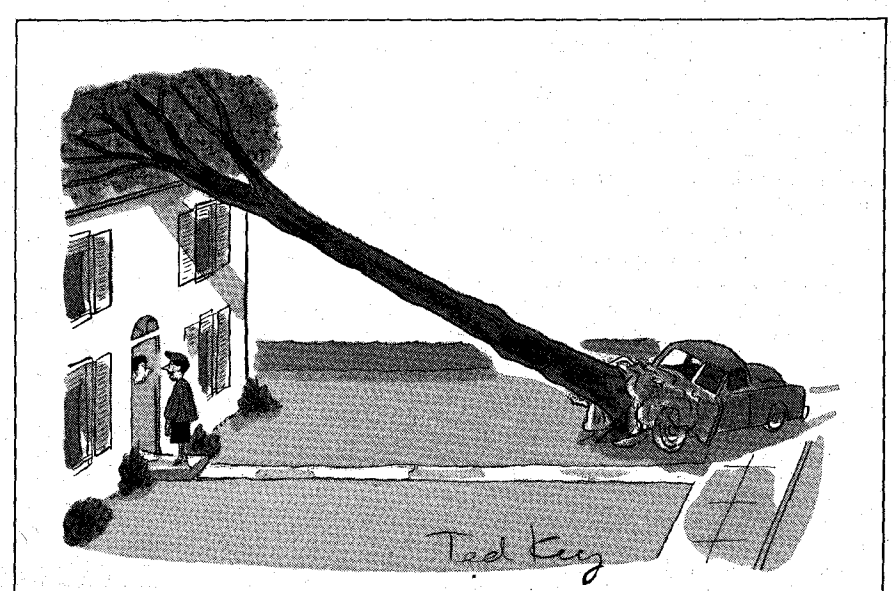
"You keep talking about how I'd like it better working for you instead of for Vic. Did I ever say I wouldn't? About these displays, you figure what the bill ought to be. I'll pay the difference. But don't keep telling me I'm selling my soul, working for Murdock. I'm doing what a man in my shoes should be doing. That's good enough for me."

"You have an artist's hands with wood," Gottle said sternly, "and when you are an old man people would buy what you have made because you made it, not because you played the football. You are like my son, Matt. I would say the same to him." His anger was all gone. He smiled, as placid as a cherub. "And maybe good will come of this. Who knows? The little Stephanie, she will maybe work a little faster and not chew so many pencils. Come now, we will look once at your mitered joinings."

The cabinets were waiting, and they were Matt's. He went at them in black silence, but the satin surface of a polished plane of wood had always brought him comfort, and presently he recalled the smug cracks sportswriters had made about him in college, crowds booing, a coach yapping when he'd pulled a boo-boo.

Gottle's dismay wasn't public anger; it was personal grief. For that, Matt forgave him, and when he left that night he stopped to speak to Stephanie. She sat on the tall stool, chewing a pencil.

"If you can make it tomorrow night I'd like you to take a look at my kitchen cupboards in the houseboat, see if you want to paint the designs I told you about. The white enamel is dry. You could start any time."



"May I use your phone?"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

She had a way of tipping her cropped head, of peering at him through a slanted eye.

"This blonde," she said. "You do not spend tomorrow night with her, no?"

He didn't have to answer, but after a moment he did. "She has a date for tomorrow night, but if you must know, snoopy, I'm buying her a cocktail first."

This time, unabashed, she lifted one slim shoulder. "One cocktail? With this you 'ope to win the love of this Miss Prune Pit?" She leaped from her perch and, lifting the other shoulder, left him with her curiously light and regal step.

Eunice Weatherby was regal, too, and her hands weren't calloused. Matt picked her up at the specialty shop where she bought her lingerie, and he drove beyond the city traffic to a quiet bar where they could talk. The word "love," flung at him by Stephanie, built itself to a brew by the time he was seated in a corner booth across a table from Eunice. Her eyes were lavishly blue and there was a flowing, predictable grace in every move she made, but she was unstudied and unspoiled. Matt said so.

"Unspoiled?" She thought about it. "If I understand you, it's not true. You and I, Matt, are lucky ones. Of course we're spoiled. We're Fortune's darlings. Isn't that the phrase? If you mean I'm not conceited, what have I done to deserve the good things that have come to me? I'm humbly grateful. But if you're asking me if I like washing dishes and scrubbing floors, the answer's no. I'm studying drama. I'm planning a career. I can't go on winning lush prizes all my life." She laughed, and it was graceful music. "I have to know where I'm going. I live by plan. And so do you, don't you? You did it all through college to give you time to play football, and you did it in football to have time and money to get through college."

He hadn't thought about it. It sounded right, but this afternoon he wanted to forget college. "What about marriage? Sketch your plan for that."

She lifted her glass and smiled at him. "I'm choosy about the men I date. Hadn't you noticed?"

"If you choose to have dinner with me soon, what will that mean?"

"That you attract me very much," she said.

Matt wasn't conceited. Stephanie called him oogly and nice, but not overwhelming, and Gottle's reproof of last night still hung in his thoughts, but now he felt as smooth and adept as Vic Chalmers, and as certain of his direction.

"Tomorrow night?"

"I'd love it," Eunice said.

She was in his mind when Stephanie came to his houseboat that night, eager and inquisitive. She strolled about from kitchen to living room to bedroom to bath. Even into his storage space before she returned to his big living-room window and stood staring out.

"'Ave I dream that when I am yo'ng," she said, "my governess 'ave taken me on a holiday trip to see the Danube, and it was like this at night, the fireflies drowning in the water? Then I am sad, but now it is beautiful, like fairyland."

It hurt Matt. "Governess?" he said gruffly. "Come off it, Cricket. Look who's here. Oogly me."

She gave him that slanted glance. "You think I am not 'appy mopping floors and changing beds and washing windows? I am not like you. I do not want the golden calf. I 'ave choose to be free."

She'd picked up several direct and some outrageous phrases from American GI's during her long stay in Bavaria, but Matt mulled that golden calf for several minutes. It tickled him and he brought it up again later, while she was sketching suggestions for the decorations of his kitchen cupboards.

"You do not 'ave ancestors, perhaps?" she said. "I 'ave. I am tol' be'ave like this, be'ave like that. They expect it. W'y should I care? They're dead. An' all this people w'ich 'ave made you be a football 'ero, 'ow many of them care w'at you do now? So you are crafty, no? You turn the symbol into gold."

"You've got it cockeyed," Matt said, but the Harbor Patrol boat went past, making a routine check on a windy night. It gave his living room a friendly salute, a startling glance from its strong searchlight.

Stephanie flattened like a filleted sparrow against the nearest wall.

"*Polizei,*" she whispered, and Matt had never seen such terror. It was a withering blight laid across her gay young face. She was pinned to the wall by fear.

He picked her up. He carried her to the nearest chair and rocked her in his arms. He explained about American police. He had them wearing small barrels of succor strapped to their necks like St. Bernards while Stephanie listened. When he had finished, she slid from his lap and stood up.

"I will go 'ome now." She snatched her coat and fled. The echo of her ebbing footsteps came to him as she crossed his gangplank, and they still held fright.

His heart held only pity. She came to his mind and left it again, come and go, in and out, all that next day, but he didn't know what to do for her. He had enough girl problem with Miss Eunice Weatherby. This was Wednesday.

She wore a dress that looked like gold leaf molded to her lovely body, and when they walked into the hotel dining room it pleased him that she drew attention.

"You're a display piece," he said.

"We both are, aren't we? I like it." The headwaiter liked it too. He gave them a good table and summoned an attentive subordinate. When they were alone again Eunice continued, "There's nothing new about my story. I grew up wanting things other girls could afford. I'll sketch the background." It took a while, and she was right, it wasn't new. With the dessert she said, "Display piece? It won't hurt us, will it, if we keep our heads?"

Matt liked her very much. He leaned toward her. "How do you feel about houseboats?"

She laughed with surprise. "How do you feel about yachts?"

"I've never been on one."

"That's how I feel about houseboats."

"Dance?" he said. A good salesman he remembered, (*Continued on Page 11*

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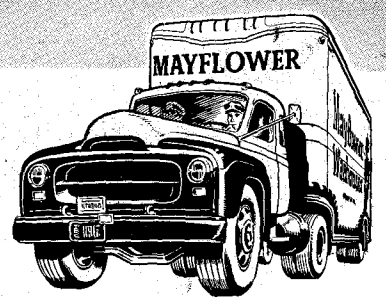

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(*Continued from Page 112*) sells himself before he starts his pitch, but he asked for a kiss at her door.

"Hold me lightly," she said. "The gown." Her kiss was sweet and swift, and she drew back, looking at him. "I can't understand it. You haven't said a word about Mr. Chalmers. I thought that's why we got gussied up. I thought this would be on your expense account. Didn't he send you to persuade me about Detroit?" His bewilderment bewildered her, and she went on, "He wants me to be hostess for the Murdock display in the national sales convention in January. . . . Don't look like that. Being used is part of what you and I pay for what we're getting. It isn't dishonest. I just like to know, that's all."

Matt wanted to know too. He would have called Vic that night, but it was midnight when he got home, and Vic was busy most of the next morning. At noon he led Matt into his office.

"Sit down," he said. He seated himself behind his desk and folded his hands. "If you're working for Murdock because you feel you owe me something, get it out of your mind. I bet on you to become a football great. You did. We're square. Now, this other thing. I didn't ask you to use your influence with Eunice. I would have. I should have. It isn't dishonest to make a pitch for something that will be mutually helpful. That's what I had in mind with Liefeldt, but you got sniffy over it, and I let this other ride. You're in business, Matt—an honest business, let me add. You can go a long way. You're likable, you're intelligent, you're hard-working."

"And I played football."

"It helps, to start. Five years from now only a handful of people will remember. No," Vic said. "You aren't quite ready to plan big, that's your trouble. It takes a while. This houseboat, spending your time making cabinets, that's not thinking big, Matt. Right now you're building a career. Later you'll have time for hobbies." He stood up. "And if you'll forgive me for intruding, a girl like Eunice Weatherby deserves a guy who'll want to put her in a proper setting. And keep her there."

It opened the door at the end of the football field. Matt was finally free to walk away.

"I should have talked to you before," he said.

"All first-year men get the quakes about something." Vic stood up. "I expect it. Now, will you get that girl at Liefeldt's to submit her preliminary drawings for the company-banquet display? I have to have them, Matt."

"I'll talk to her tonight," he said.

She came quietly, almost furtively to the houseboat, and when she stepped inside her eyes were wide with apprehension, but she drew a steadying breath and smiled at him.

"I reach the island," she said. The imps of fire began to dance in her dark eyes. "W'ere were you las' night? With the blonde, yes?" She didn't wait for his answer. It didn't matter. She was gay. Here was an island. She skimmed into the living room and tuned his radio to music and came back, humming. "Now we will get to work, and this is nice, yes, that you an' I shall make this boat'ouse beautiful?"

He said, "I bought the paints you wanted. They're right there." He went into the living room and laid a cedar board on his sawhorses, and he asked himself how you told a bird you were going to sell her nest. But she allowed him no time to think.

She interrupted, "W'at do you think, these color, these design? Bright? Red, blue, yellow, like an honest farm'ouse?" Again, later, "Maybe a little—come 'ere, Matt—a little—'ow you say?—obscure? To make people say, 'W'at does it mean?'" He joined her finally, and she leaned against him. "Or shall we be all nonsense—birds and people? W'y you look like that at me? W'at 'ave I say?"

It was his throat. His throat hurt. He didn't answer. He offered a gesture: *Suit yourself. Do what you like.* He went back to his cedar boards. When she followed him, he put down his saw and led her to a chair. He sat on the arm of it to bring his eyes level with hers where she stood beside him, but even now he didn't know where to start. He was in misery.

The liquid fire in her eyes spread wider, wider. She reached out and took his face in her hands. She kissed him. And his arms closed around her against his will.

"You did not tell me this," she said. "You did not know. I did not know." There were tears in her eyes. "It 'appens? Lof? Like this?"

He was sorry and he was ashamed. This small, plucked bird, so eager to be loved and to be wanted, but she wasn't in his plans. She never had been.

"I don't know how it happened, Stephanie," he said. "I didn't expect it and," he went on steadily, "I didn't want it. I won't lie to you. I was trying to think of some way to tell you I am going to sell this houseboat, but we got mixed up in the music and a mood and your loneliness, and maybe my loneliness, if I'm lonely. I didn't know it."

"You do not think this kiss was lof?"

He turned to avoid her dark eyes, and tried to explain their different viewpoints. "You're satisfied to be a maid. You don't want what you could have. After all, you're getting paid. You could afford to fix yourself up, and in time take a few art lessons, get your hand in again, and move on. You could be planning big, Cricket."

"Fix myself up. Lof concerns itself with this silliness?"

"It isn't love," he said roughly.

She was silent a long time. When he looked around, the outside door was closing after her.

In the morning he asked Vic to send him to Portland to clear up a confusion developing down there over distribution.

"And you'll call Liefeldt about those designs?" Matt said. "I forgot to ask. I'm sorry."

"Too much houseboat." Matt winced, but Vic didn't notice. "You're not going anywhere. I need you. Detroit called this morning. Their sales-convention chairman has quit, a real fracas, and I'm vice-chairman." Matt saw it as grief, but Vic was jubilant. "And now I will ask you to get Eunice for us, to spark our own exhibit. Meantime cancel any plans you have for this weekend. Promotion stuff will come in by air from Detroit tomorrow and we'll be here working on it."

Eunice was in Spokane, to return Tuesday.

"That'll be time enough," Vic said, "but get her."

He took a hotel suite and called in two of the other men and drafted Matt, and during the weekend he charted a convention from delegate to exhibit, from Maine to California, from corsage to ice water. Matt was one bubble in a bubble bath. Vic was the happy bather, emerging on Monday morning dapper, aglow, inspired.

"Great, isn't it?" he said. "How do you feel?"

"Like a safety man hit by four tackles and the head coach," Matt said.

Vic soothed him. "You'll get a fat sale this afternoon. Halsey Mitnam wants your autograph on his sales slip. The secret in this job," he said thoughtfully, "lies in keeping what's good for the company foremost in your mind; there's that, but learning to sidestep booby traps is almost as important." And that same afternoon he illustrated what he meant. At four o'clock, thereabouts, he called Matt into his office. "Liefeldt was on the phone." His voice was quiet. "Something about a girl being detained down at headquarters over a necklace she was trying to sell. He says you know her." He was neither disturbed nor curious. "We'll forget it. I told Liefeldt that. The name of one of our salesmen, mixed up in a thing of this kind, splashed all over the papers ——"

Matt left. He went back through the service department and took a company car. His own was parked five minutes away and he had no time to waste. He remembered Stephanie, her frightened face, her terrified whisper, "*Polizei.*"

When he walked into the police station she was standing at the desk, facing the sergeant behind it. There were two reporters nearby, and Stephanie wasn't frightened. She looked up as Matt walked in. She recognized him and denied the recognition in the same glance, standing slim and straight, her head held regally high, but she wasn't frightened. He went to her and took her arm to let her know she wasn't alone. She drew away.

"You 'ave tol' me right," she said. "These police, they are kin'. I am sorry you 'ave come. There is this matter of my necklace w'ich 'as brought some questions w'en I try to sell it, but the Immigration man will be 'ere. I 'ave my papers. They are in order an' the jewel was declare'."

One of the reporters spoke to her. "Do I have this right? This necklace was given to you (*Continued on Page 117*)

... ...

October Robbers

By Elijah L. Jacobs

The sable flock comes down
in the cornfield rows;
Daylight robbers, they
pillage the plumpest ears
That show in the splitting
husks. One jester goes
To post himself in the nearest
tree and peers
Over the countryside,
watches the field
And all its approaches,
willing enough for a man
Without a gun to pass. But
let one shield
A weapon ever so well, the
sentry will scan
His speed and distance,
reckon with cynical eyes
A gunshot's range, and slip
from his treetop, sailing,
Derisively cawing a warning.
The thieves will rise,
Gay and insolent scoundrels,
their black wings flailing.
All crows are genial
reprobates, no doubt,
But they have their fun, and
they put their pickets out.

... ...

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(*Continued from Page 114*) by your family when you left Poland, your share of what remained of the family inheritance? And your full name is Stephanie Alexandra Katerina Maria Pulaski? The Countess Stephanie, right?"

She lifted one careless shoulder. She turned to Matt. "I do not need you. You do not min'? If you please?"

He didn't go back to the office. He went home. He drew a chair to his big window and sat there watching fireflies drowning while he recalled her simple wish to escape from the tedious and restrictive burden of too many ancestors. He thought of her in friendly freedom talking to American soldiers in Bavaria. He saw what it had meant to her, and why she had wanted no one to question her, here in this country where drudgery was no burden because it was still daring and defiant, from her point of view.

Her picture in the paper the next morning told him more. It showed her, slim and elegant in velvet and the necklace, photographed in the home of the relative with whom she had stayed in Bavaria, staring at him from a rigid face; the captive countess.

Vic was waiting for him at the office. He had the paper in his hands.

... ...

Political Agreement

The candidates in our home
town,
According to my notes,
Are in agreement on one
point—
They both like votes.

By Philip Lazarus

... ...

"I didn't realize who she was," he said. "This is the girl who is doing the display designs for us? If Eunice says no, what about this girl? She'll want publicity. We can work out something of help to her and worth to us." He was a dedicated, honest, busy, inspired little man.

"No," Matt said. His flat rejection surprised Vic. He added to it, hoping to explain Stephanie, "She isn't for display." It was as far as he could go concerning her, but he went on in some astonishment about himself. "Neither am I, Vic. I was awake most of the night, and I didn't know I had reached this conclusion, but I have. Maybe the past weekend did it to me. All that hassle, all that gibberish. Maybe I was already breaking with Murdock's when I bought the houseboat, breaking with doing what I felt people had the right to expect from me. If you can follow that." He paused a moment. He'd thought of something else. "I liked playing football. I don't like selling cars."

It was remarkably simple, but he felt tremendous relief at having got it said—a sense of freedom.

"I have to be at the airport to meet Eunice," he added, but he waited for Vic's response. It was quiet, friendly, sincere.

"You're right to keep on looking till you find work you enjoy. Any time you need my help," Vic said, "I'm here."

It wasn't so easy to state the facts to Eunice. She came from the plane wrapped in furs and glances, and she was pleased to find Matt waiting.

"We probably look beautiful together," she said, with the touch of wry humor inherent in her. "Cinderella and the prince."

It jarred Matt. He didn't answer. When they were in the car and he was driving toward her house, he tried to lead into what he wanted to say, but it came out without preamble.

"I've decided against selling the houseboat," he said. "I'm leaving Murdock's. I'm going back to work for Gottle Liefeldt, and I've discovered I'm in love with someone else—a girl named Stephanie Pulaski. It doesn't really trouble you to hear that, does it?" *Don't say what you think people would expect you to say this time*, he thought. *Be you.*

She was. "You mean that countess? One of the men had a newspaper on the plane." She was silent a moment. "Do you have any idea which designer made that dress, Matt? I'd love to know."

"I like you very much," he said. "If I ever get the chance, I'll ask her."

He had no hope that Stephanie would come to him this time. He saw again the lift of her slim shoulder when she was canceling her attention. He heard again her crisp, dismissing, "I do not need you."

It was up to him to go to her, but when he tried, he learned she had left her job, taking her few possessions with her, and even Gottle couldn't say where. He knew she had sold the necklace, and he supposed she was looking for a new place to live, with the intention of studying art. She had mentioned something of the sort to him.

"Why she did this thing I do not know," he said, "but here she will come again. The display drawings, those she had not finished." Matt moved in with him. He set up a cot in one of the resiny caverns at the back of Gottle's shop. He was tailoring a slab of birch when she opened the shop door the second night and entered with her quick and regal step.

She saw him and stopped. "I 'ave been to your 'ouseboat," she said. "You were not there."

She was dressed as Eunice Weatherby might have been, to arrest and fascinate the casual glance. She was pretty. She was chic. She was a countess. She was everything Matt hadn't known she could be, and he didn't like it. He wanted Cricket.

"I was wrong," he said. "You taught me several things. You taught me that I should do what I do best and what makes me happy instead of what I thought people would expect from me. But you couldn't have taught me anything in this getup."

She brought her purse to attention in her hands. "I 'ave the money now to buy your 'ouseboat," she said briskly. "W'at you think? W'at is fair?"

"You can have it for a kiss," he said.

She slanted one of those long glances at him. "You 'ave change your mind again? An' w'at 'ave you done with Miss Potato Pancake, please?"

"I told her I was in love with you."

"This word 'lof,'" she said. She paused. "This is a getup? This w'ich I am wearing?"

Tenderness built to a pain in his throat. He wanted the liquid fire to spring up in her eyes, to bring her to him.

"I love Cricket," he said.

She lifted one slim shoulder. "I 'ave not come 'ere to be tol' wear this, wear that, be'ave like this, be'ave like that. I am come 'ere to be jus' me."

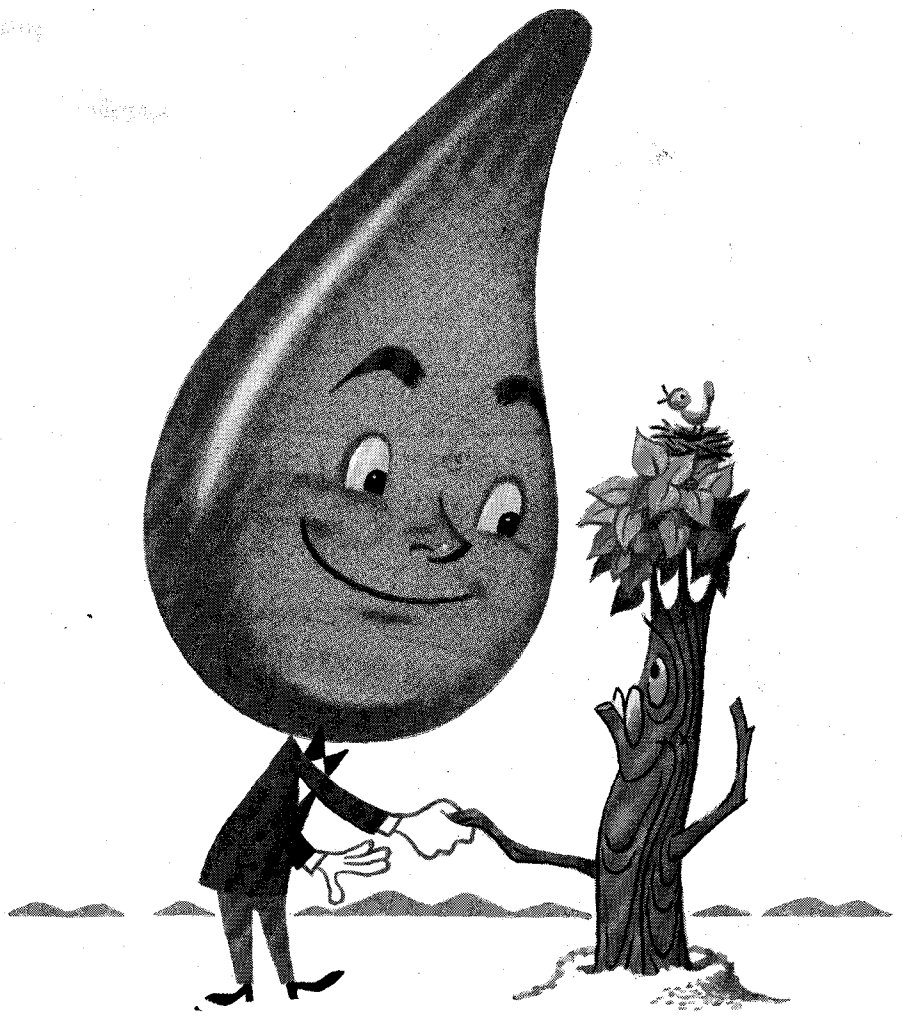
"Come three steps farther," Matt said, "to let me know you have forgiven me."

She started. She stopped again. Those fires began to smolder in her eyes.

"This is a free countree," she said. "Nobody orders nobody. You come 'ere."

He recognized a signal when he heard one. A huddle was familiar to him too.

THE END



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Three Days to Live (Continued from Page 37)

"Don't be silly, darling," she said briskly. "Everything's done. We'll be on our way in an hour."

He made a wry face. "I'll be there by then."

They looked at each other for a moment and laughed. They liked each other. She was an attractive woman, dark-haired, dark-eyed, with the deep look of concern that came from many years of caring—and caring very much—for a family. There were times when she wished he had been a bank clerk or an insurance salesman or a certified public accountant—someone who would always be home in the evening and always be safe—but she was old enough to know that no blessing was ever entirely unmixed.

Still, she kissed him good-by with a little pang. She had the queer feeling that something was wrong.

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"I might call you from Prescott tonight," she said. "If you'll be back."

"I'll be back," he said. "I might be at the club."

She gave him a sly little look. "Behave yourself, now."

Jamie, who was eight, tugged at his sleeve. "Can I go with you, dad? Can I go with you?"

"Someday," he said, ruffling the boy's hair.

"You'll have fun with us, Jamie," said Margaret. "Won't you?"

"Women," said Jamie disgustedly.

Thinking about it, six miles above the earth, Owen grinned. Women indeed! . . .

He had left the command set tuned to Channel 5. Above the music from KTAR the air was filled with voices:

"Air Force Jet Two-one-one-seven-four. This is a B-Twenty-four-type bomber, requesting to use Ajo Bombing ——"

"—— Luke Tower. This is Navy Two-five-one. I've got smoke in cockpit. Request emergency landing instructions."

Poor devil, he thought; *he's in a spot.*

"Air Force Jet Seven-eight-one-oh-two. This is Gila Bend Radio. Do you read me? Do you read me?"

Those were the voices of the sky. In times of trouble, coming in through fog or with a crippled plane, they were the calm, confident voices of the angels. In a very real sense, he thought, they were the twentieth-century brotherhood of man.

But they were more than just the brotherhood of men; they were the brotherhood of men and women both—of the men who flew and of the wives and families who stayed behind.

He listened to the voices for a moment longer and then switched the radio compass back to the Needles Range. To his surprise, he was a little off course. Banking, he watched the needle climb back to 360 degrees. Suddenly it jumped wildly, wavered, fell off. All sounds in his headset died.

Shocked violently into attention, he looked around. It was an electrical-power failure. The voltage indicator by his right hand was at zero. Outside, the level plains of Eastern Arizona had given way to tumbled, craggy hills, scarcely perceptible from six miles up. He tried vainly to reset the generators. His heart was pounding a little. In a plane that was 95 per cent electronic, a power failure was a crisis. The radio tubes had blown. He had lost all his radio navigational aids. The fuel system was automatically on emergency. He was losing altitude and air speed.

He dropped down to 28,000 feet and unfolded the map. If he was anywhere near on course, then the closest base was Nellis at Las Vegas.

Taking up the navigational computer, he said a little prayer for Margaret and the children.

She was driving along U. S. 66 through the wide, flat, brilliant plains west of Albuquerque. She'd given the children a new game and they were quiet together on the back seat. Very far off in the sky, high up and perhaps fifty miles away, she could see the contrail of a jet. She knew it wasn't Owen's, but it might just as well have been—that was the direction he had gone. She tried to picture him in the cabin of the plane at that great altitude, masked and wired and strange. For the first time in many years she felt a little touch of fear. It had to do with the little pang in heart when she kissed him good-by—and the strange feeling she would never see him again.

He flew so high, so far, so fast. And always higher and always farther and always faster. What were they looking for, up there in the sky? What was it that drove them on?

"It's a feeling," he had said once.

They were at Selfridge Field. It was an evening in early spring and there was a scent of lilacs on the air.

"What kind of a feeling?" she said.

He had to think a moment. "Have you ever wanted to climb a mountain?"

She laughed. "I don't believe so."

"Well, a man does," he said. "He sees the mountain. It towers over him. But something inside of him tells him it shouldn't. So he begins to climb. He climbs and climbs and climbs. And maybe he makes it and maybe he doesn't. But someday a man stands on that mountain."

"And then?"

"He looks up at the stars."

In spite of herself, she felt a little thrill of pride. She repudiated it at once. "But what of his wife and children?"

"They help him to go."

She laughed again. "I'm afraid I'll never understand that."

"You will," he said, "someday."

"When you're on the moon?"

"Yes"—grinning. "When I'm on the moon."

Now she gazed at the distant trail. Which was it going to be—March Field or the moon? . . . (*Continued on Page 120*)

"I've discovered why he's listless and sluggish . . . he's asleep."

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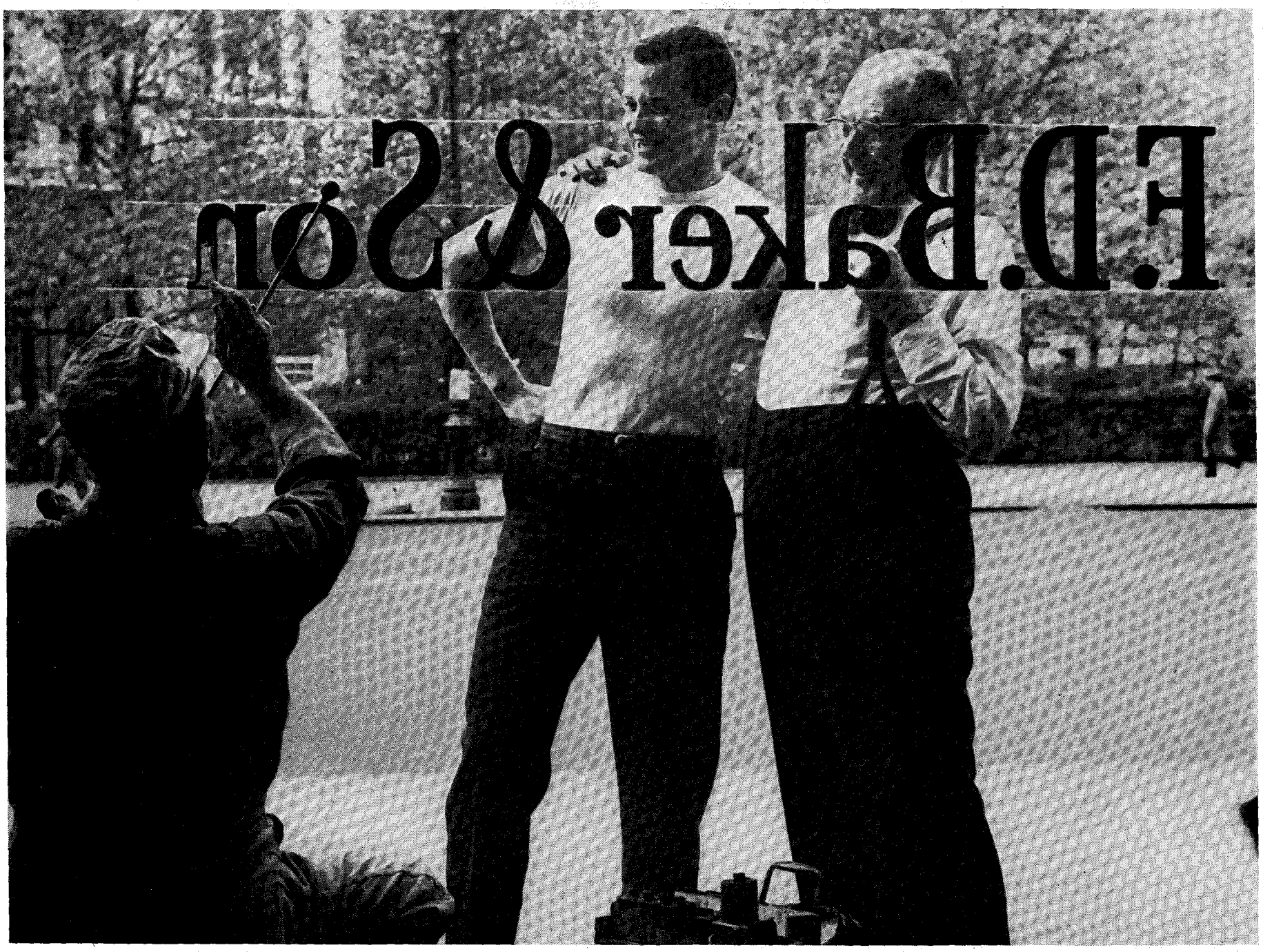

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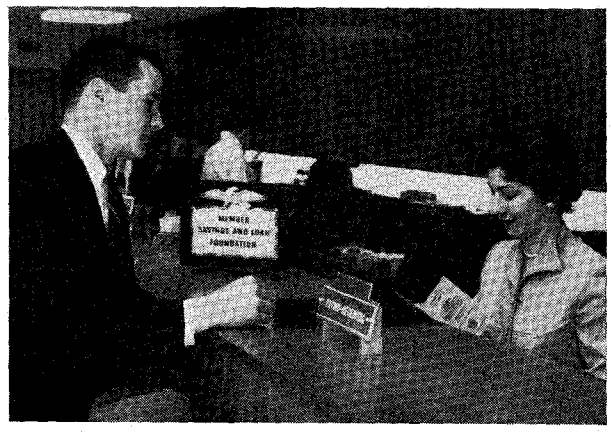

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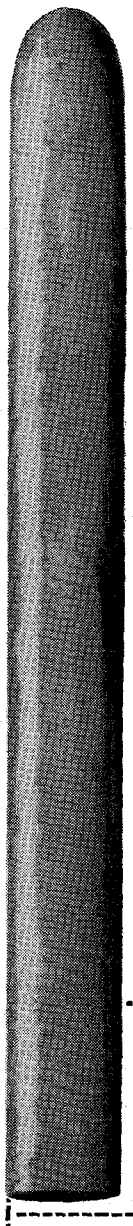

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Send me the sample box of 7 Tampa Palmas on your money-back guarantee as described above. Enclosed find one dollar. (Please print name and address below)

(*Continued from Page 118*) "Mom, will we see daddy in California?" said Sue, who was four.

"Of course not, stupe," said Jamie. "He'll be back home tonight."

"I wish he'd come with us," said Sue. There was, Margaret thought, a little touch of anxiety in her voice.

"Women," said Jamie disgustedly. "I wish I'd gone with him."

"He's up there ahead of us," she said, pretending.

"Where? Where?" both children cried.

"See the trail?" she said, pointing. "Way up there in the sky?"

There was a moment's silence. "Gosh," said Jamie, awed. But little Sue, for reasons known only to her, began to cry. Margaret took her up in the front seat with her. Jamie was right, after all, she reflected sadly. They were two women—and their man was gone.

That instant, miles around the curve of the earth ahead of them, the sound of a jet plane died.

It was a flame-out.

He had known it to happen only once before, in North Korea, over Wonsan Harbor, and that had been to someone else. The whole silver plane seemed to fall away beneath him. All instrument needles—fuel flow, oil pressure, tailpipe temperature gauge, RPM—were falling to zero. The cabin lost its pressurization; he felt an inner bloating as the gases within his body expanded. There was a mild rush of air from his lungs. The cabin cooled, turned freezing cold. He was wearing only coveralls, and he began to shiver uncontrollably. Closing the throttle, he put the jet into a shallow dive. He would try for an air start.

At 20,000 feet he pulled up abruptly. That would drain any excess fuel that might have accumulated in the engines. Then he nosed down gently until the speed came to 185 knots; flipped the air-start switch and opened the throttle slightly. Slowly the fuel-flow indicator crept up to six hundred pounds per hour. At the same time the tailpipe temperature gauge began to rise. He almost shouted with relief. But to his dismay the needle went on up—up, up, up, up—past the danger point, past 1000 degrees Centigrade, which was the maximum readable indication. He knew what had happened: in the difference between the outer cold and the inner heat the turbine wheel had seized on the shrouding. He pulled the throttle back to closed. Behind him he heard a series of small explosions. The engines set up a terrific vibration. *Thrown a bucket*, he thought. Instinctively, he glanced at the fire-warning lights. Then he remembered—the electrical-power failure. Racking the F-86 over in a turn, he twisted around in the seat and stared back. No smoke trail. But beginning at the lower level of the canopy and creeping slowly up was an opaque blur of frost.

Leveling off, he jettisoned the canopy. The external drop tanks followed. Too late, he realized he had armed the seat ejector; he was sitting on a pile of high explosives. Setting a glide of 185 knots, he looked around for a place to land. The world from that height had a deceptive flatness; actually it was rough and hilly. In the far distance, however, he could see a wide expanse of dry borax lakes. He turned the plane in that direction. The air made a whistling sound. Minutes passed. He was getting closer and closer to the earth. Then he saw that before he could reach the flatland he would have to pass over an expanse of jagged rock and chasms. By then it was too late to change course. The plane was dropping rapidly. He flattened the glide as far as he dared. He had one last decision to make, and his life might depend on it: if he was going to hit the rocks, he should go in wheels up; if he was going to reach the dry lakes, he should go in wheels down. For just an instant he hesitated, sensing the distance between. Then, with a sudden movement, he put the landing-gear handle in the down position and pulled the emergency gear retraction lanyard.

The gears fell of their own weight. To make them lock, however, he had to rock the plane back and forth. He was down, now, within a score of feet of the rocks. They were flashing by underneath the plane. Scarcely aware of what he was doing, he strained forward. His air speed was 135 knots—almost at stalling. The hot wind of the desert whistled past. More rocks flashed by—a gully—a ravine. He cut all switches. And then suddenly he was over the flat, billowed up for a moment by the waves of heat, blinded by the glare of light; and the wheels hovered, touched—and the plane rolled and bounced and rolled and bounced—and stopped. He was down.

The first thing that struck him was the stillness. He had forgotten the world could be so still. The only sound was the little fretting of the wind at the edge of the cockpit. Removing his helmet and mask, he climbed to the ground and looked around. He was in a vast wasteland of scrub and salt. In the far distance to the west were a few low hills; behind him was the rise where the rocks were. And that was all. He could see no roads, no trails, no sign of life. There was not even a cactus. Far off to the north was the contrail of a jet, but as he watched, it broke up. It was gone.

The heat was intense. It burned up at him from the flat white borax lake in all directions. Sweat poured from his body. His first impulse was to strip off his coveralls and shirt. Then something he had learned in the lectures at Kirkland came back to him: he was supposed to keep his body covered. Spilling the parachute onto the ground, he cut himself a silk headdress, like an Arab's. The ends trailed in the wind, so he tucked them under his collar. Using lengths of shroud line, he bound his ankles to his trousers. That would keep out the sand fleas—assuming any living creatures could long survive this heat. Feeling a blaze of fire come up through his shoes, he bound silk around them. Then he walked into the shadow of the wing and sat down to think.

He was not greatly worried. His estimated time of arrival at March was 10:20. It was now 10:08. In twelve minutes he would be overdue at March. They would wait until his extra fuel was expended. That would mean forty minutes more. In about an hour, then, the alarm would go out. It would begin, he knew, as a communications search. March would call all the bases along and around his route, to find out if he had landed there. That would take perhaps another thirty minutes—a total, say, of an hour and a half. Then Riverside Flight Service would alert the Air Rescue Service. Search aircraft, probably SA-16's, would start retracing his route. He would have to wait three hours—maybe four.

Unless he'd been way off course —— He decided not to think of that. He made himself comfortable under the wing. Presently something else he had learned at Kirkland came back to him. With difficulty, he tore a hatch cover from the plane. Using this as a shovel, he dug down to cooler sand. Then he stretched out again. He knew he should improvise a shelter. But the important thing was to conserve his strength. He had no water. His only food was a candy bar, which he had left to melt in the cabin of the plane; he knew that without water he shouldn't eat. He thought of lighting a cigarette, but he remembered that smoking increased thirst. So he just lay there. The hot wind whistled by. Once a ball of tumbleweed rolled over his legs. The glare was intense. He closed his eyes.

"Well, Margaret," he said with a sigh, "I guess you'll get there first."

She had stopped for lunch at Winslow. She still had the feeling that something was wrong. She couldn't remember having felt like this in all the years of her marriage. She waited until the children had placed their orders; then asked the waitress if there was a phone.

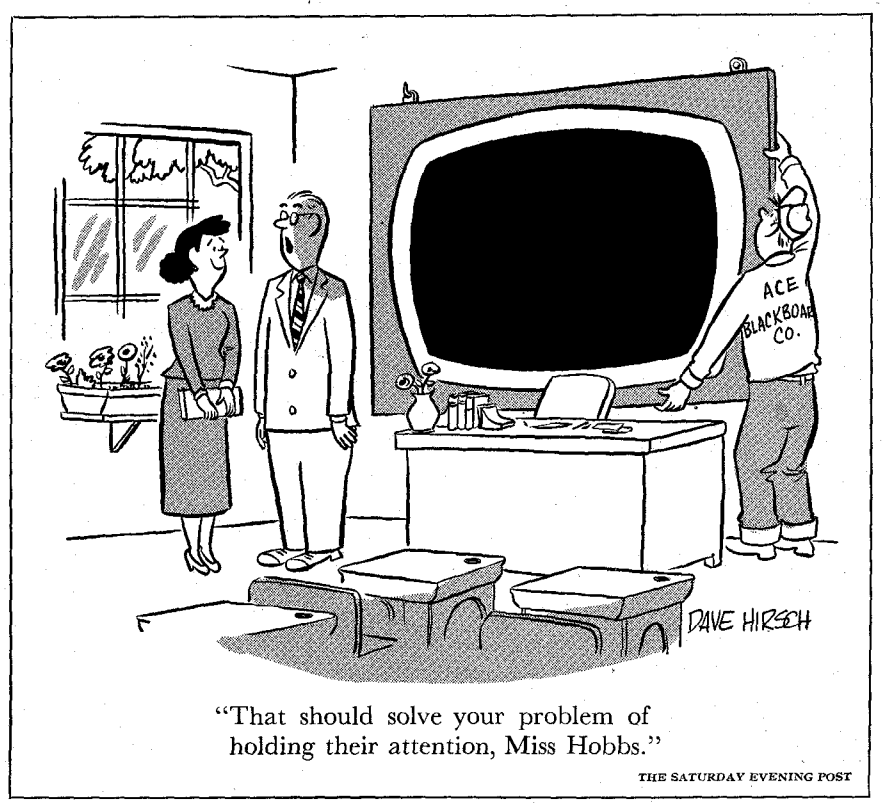
"It's in the back," said the girl. She was thin, brown-haired and plain. "You'll see it. It's a booth."

"Thank you," she said. To Jamie "You sit quietly now. Both of you. I want you to be very grown up."

"Who're you telephoning?" said Jamie

"March Field," she said. "Now you just sit there."

She asked for five dollars' worth of quarters. The girl at the cashier's cage was plump and good-humored and rather pretty. She (*Continued on Page 12*



"That should solve your problem of holding their attention, Miss Hobbs."

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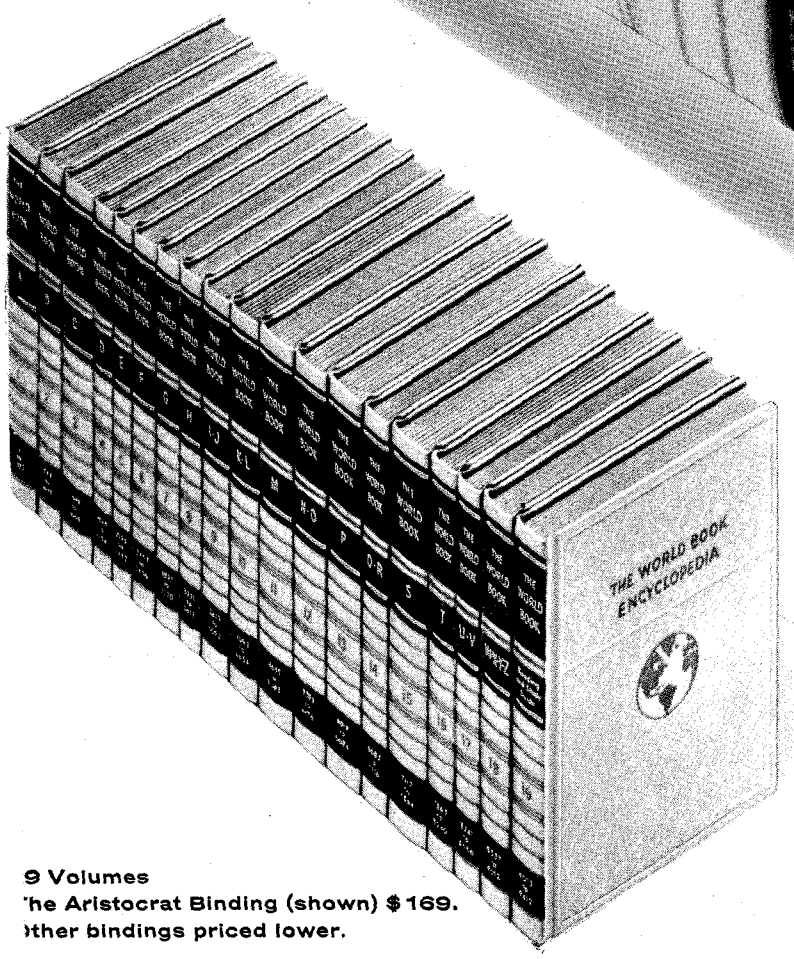

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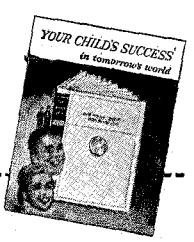

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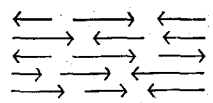

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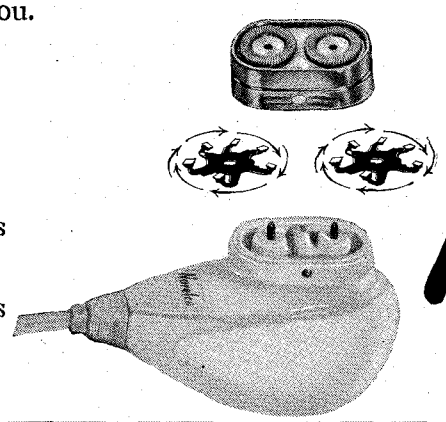

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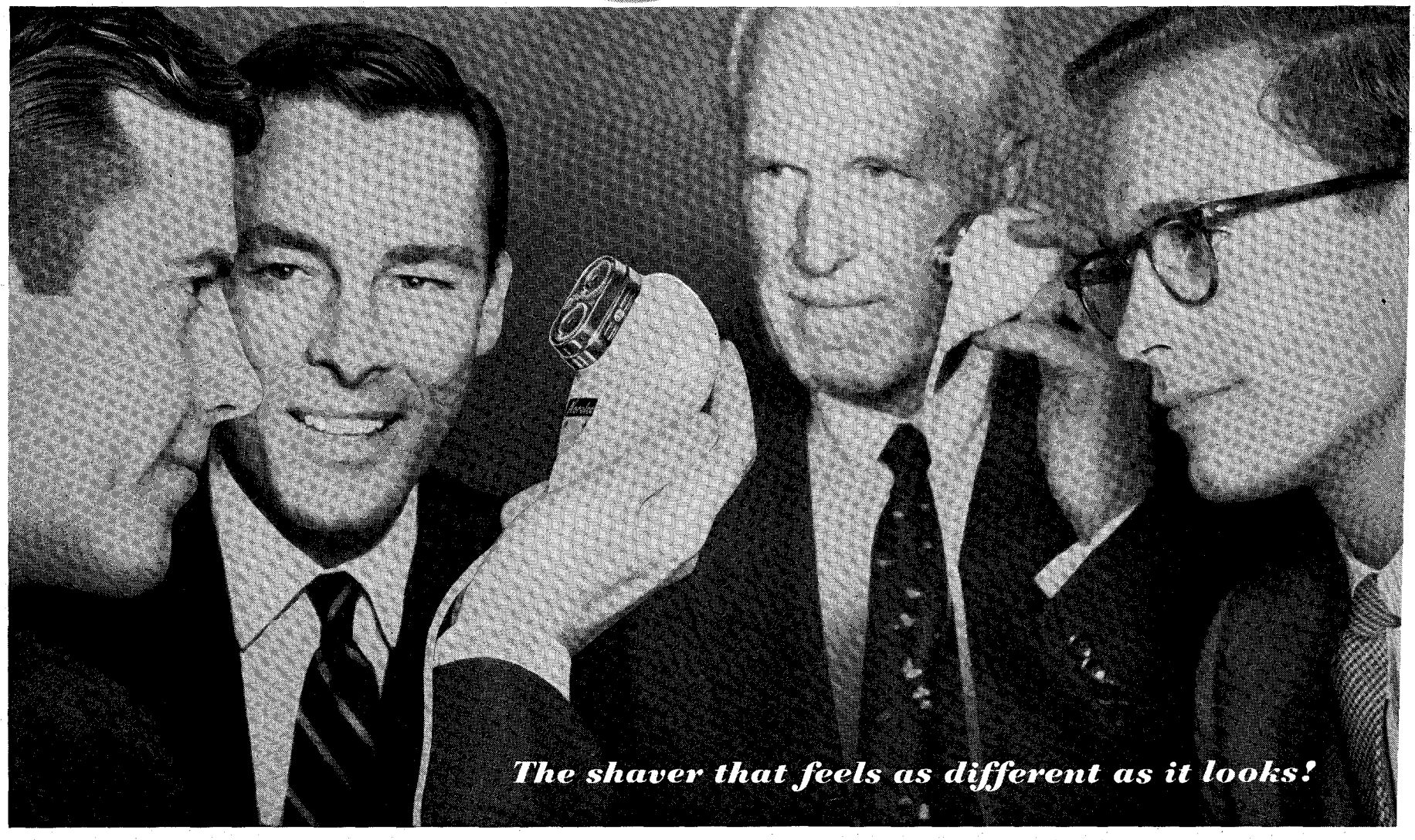

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(*Continued from Page 120*) didn't have enough change and had to call the owner. He dug in his pocket and brought up a fistful.

"Didn't count on this," he said. "We may run short."

"I'm just calling March Field," she said. "I'll give you back what I don't use."

He glanced at the little pin she was wearing. "Jets?"

"Yes."

"Don't worry about the change."

She was an endless time getting through. The voices at the other end of the line were cruelly military and impersonal. But when at last she had the Base Operations officer on the line, and she identified herself, the tone of his voice changed.

"He hasn't come in yet, Mrs. Hughes. But we've started a check. There's nothing to worry about."

She glanced at her watch. "Please don't hide anything from me," she said, her voice level and calm. "It will be much easier for me if I know the truth. He left Kirkland nearly five hours ago. I know he had only two hours of fuel. They must have finished the communications check. Have they started a search?"

This time there was real respect in his voice; she knew her husband's business. "Yes, ma'am. The planes are already out."

"Thank you,"—gratefully. Then: "I'm at Winslow, Arizona. Would you tell me the nearest Air Force base?"

Again that note of respect. "Williams, ma'am. Are you going there?"

"Yes."

"We'll keep in touch."

"Thank you."

She hung up. She had expected to feel fear. Instead, she felt an almost overwhelming sense of strength. For a moment, in the darkness of the booth, she bowed her head. Then she went quickly back to the children.

It was after nightfall when they reached Williams. The base lay outside the town: a great sprinkling of stars, like an inverted heaven, topped by a distant tower. How much it was like Kirkland, she thought, and Selfridge, and Craig, and all the other bases they had lived on!

"Are we home?" said Susan, waking up.

"No, dear. This is Williams."

"Is this where we're going to see daddy?"

"No." She felt a little pang. "This is where we're going to find out about him."

She gazed at the distant lights. And suddenly she was back at Craig Field, Alabama, a long, long time ago. It was a hot summer dusk. Owen was in shorts; she was in shorts and a halter. He was sitting out on the front steps, and after a while she joined him. The twilight was golden and soft. In the west where the sun had died was a great pile of thunderheads. The lights of the field had just come on. And as they watched, not speaking, not moving, a plane came winging home.

"How beautiful," she said softly.

"Yes," he said.

She knew they were thinking about the same thing. "Is that the way you feel? Coming home?"

"Always."

"Is it worth it to you?"

"It's the only reason I can leave."

She thought about that for a moment. It seemed to make sense and yet it didn't. "I guess I don't understand that," she said at last.

He laughed. "Neither do I."

They were quiet then. But as they sat there, not moving, not speaking, another plane winged home, and another, and another. And suddenly he put his arm around her. Moved to the depths of her being—though by what she could never afterward say—she put her head down on his shoulder. And as they sat there, silent, together, the lights of home came on around them. . . .

The Air Police stopped her at the gate. She showed her I.D. card. "I'm Mrs. Hughes," she said. "I'd like to go to Base Operations."

For a moment she thought they were going to make her fill out the form for a visitor's pass. Instead, one of the young airmen went around to the other side of the car.

"I'll show you the way, ma'am," he said, opening the door. "But you're not going to Base Ops. You're going to Colonel Eckhardt's."

"Who's Colonel Eckhardt?"

"Base commander, ma'am."

"But how ——"

"March called in."

"Oh." She was overwhelmed. "Is there any news?"

"They haven't found him yet, ma'am. But they will."

In that moment Margaret almost broke down. She had never known that so many people cared. . . .

The desert night was ablaze with stars. In the vague half-light the far-off hills seemed to glow, as if from some inner luminosity of their own. He had never seen so many stars. They pressed down upon him, until by and by he was unconscious of the earth beneath him; he seemed to be floating in space. Nowhere were there any earthly lights, any earthly sounds. He felt a deep sense of loneliness. It was so profound that for a moment, looking off to the west where the light had died, he felt as if he were the last man on earth. The others had gone. Even Margaret and the children had gone. He was alone.

He had done everything he could think to do. In the distance was the little pile of brush he had been able to gather. Closer by was a hatch cover in which he'd mixed sand and J.P. 4—the kerosene fuel. He'd wanted to make more flares, but the effort was too great. He was surprised at how weak he was. Even in the cold night air his skin was feverish. His mouth was like

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By FRANKLIN P. JONES

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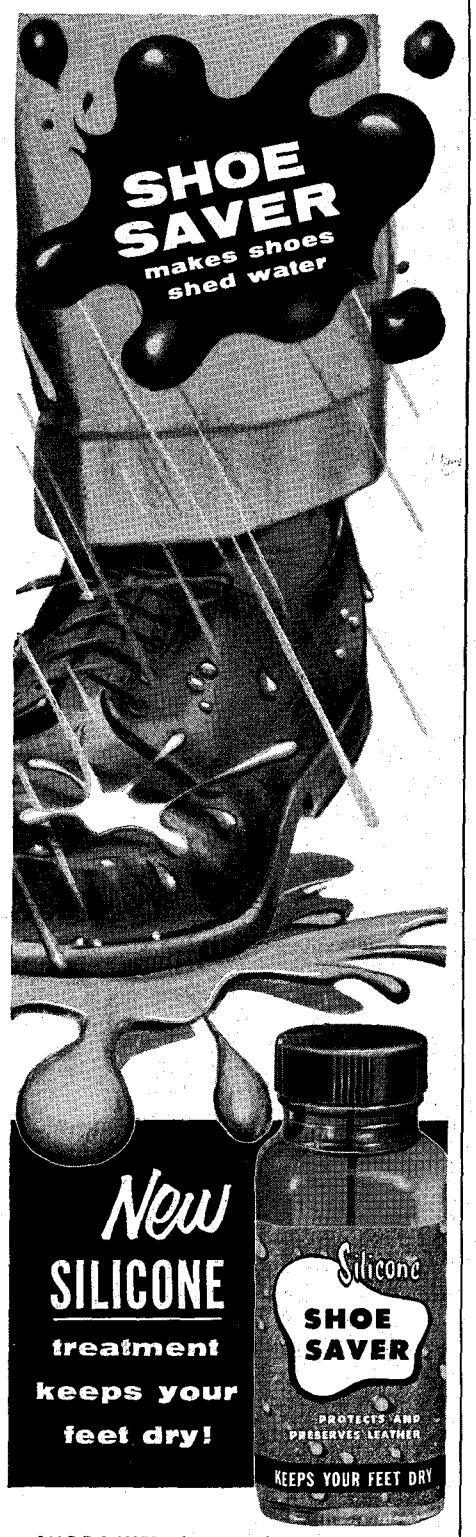

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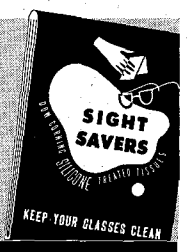

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cotton, his tongue was swollen, his lips were cracked and dry. Over and over in his mind's eye he saw the little table in the manual of survival: "High temperature; no water—one to three days, resting in the shade." That was how long a man could last in the desert.

He gazed at the stars. He was thinking of how many times as a boy he had crept to the window of his bedroom, after everybody was asleep, and gazed up at them. Even then he had known what he wanted to do. But he didn't just want to go up there in the night sky and fly. He wanted to go to the moon, to the stars; he wanted to go as far as man had ever gone, and then beyond that, on and on and on and on, until he found—what?

He didn't know. He only knew that he had to go. For there was some yearning in the heart of man—born, who could say how, or when?—that drew him on. And if one man failed, another would take his place, and another, and another, until the first light of the first fire of the first man became a light that illumined the universe. Then man would know what he had been looking for—and sometimes as a boy, turning back to the old familiar room, and the great, comfortable bed, and the calico fragrance of home, he had thought he had known. . . .

Meanwhile, what of the failure? What of the man in the desert? For man always failed. A frayed line, a broken circuit, a forgotten wrench in the accessory section, and he was brought low—he was brought low as surely as a boy on his first pair of skates. And when that happened he needed a place to go. He needed a place where his bruises could be healed, and his confidence restored, and his spirit set to rights, so he could go back out into the darkness of man's world and try again. He needed a home.

Home was where man started from. Home was where he learned to stand, and walk, and leave. And home was where, in the end, he returned. For repairs—or forever.

He gazed at the stars. He was thinking of that day in Korea, over Wonsan Harbor, when Hal Brooks had gone down. That had been a flame-out just like this, only Hal had gone down into enemy fire. And he had said just one thing as he went, but he said it in the tone of a man who had found the truth, and the truth had made him free—"Tell Mary I'll see her later." That was the heart of it, and it was not invalidated by the fact that Hal had survived, or that he, Owen, had saved his life. For they were all in it together, men and women both, and they made some great pattern that was visible, he thought, from heaven itself.

"ATC has a correction for you."

"This is Gila Bend."

"I might call you from Prescott tonight."

He stared around him. It was night! She had called! She knew!

At once the quality of the darkness changed. The stars that had pressed so closely upon him receded; they became part of the night sky again, friendly as the stars of home. The darkness in the west where the sun had died was no longer hollow and dead; it held the promise of a distant town. And in the night sky, heard and yet not heard, known and yet not known, was the thunder of the engines of those who were out there in the darkness, looking for the little spark of light that would be him.

He clasped his hands across his chest. He was not going to die.

She was standing by the window of the base commander's house, looking out at the lights of the field. The children were in bed upstairs. Colonel Eckhardt had gone to Base Operations. The only other person in the room was Helen Eckhardt. She was a tall, slender, attractive woman with a tailored figure and a beautiful complexion. She was in evening slacks and a blouse.

"Worrying won't do you any good, Margaret," said the woman, sitting down on the couch. "Come and have some coffee with me. This is the parents' hour."

Margaret laughed. "Your daughter is lovely," she said, returning to the couch. "You must be very proud of her."

"We have two boys too," said the woman, pouring the coffee. "They're away at school. I'll show you their pictures before you leave."

Margaret sighed. "I wonder when I'll be leaving?"

"Oh, they'll find him before long," said Helen. "They always do." She leaned back and crossed her legs. "This happened to Harry once. That was years and years ago—I was a young bride." She smiled. "He went down at sea. We were

... ...

Recital

By Herbert Merrill

Little ballerina, stop
Spinning like a scarlet top.
Let me look at you to see
How you could belong to
me.

Here am I as heavy-footed
As an oak tree iron-rooted.
While you point *en relevé*
Or flicker in a *fouetté*.

Firefly in red tutu,
Miracles may well be true
Since it's fact that I became
Father to a candle flame.

... ...

at March at the time. He had a P-thirty-eight. You remember those things—used mostly for patrol. I thought he was gone for sure. But you know"—smiling—"they found him. I don't know how they did it, but they did. He didn't have anything but a Mae West. And he was in the water two days."

Margaret smiled. "It's a funny life."

"It's a good life," said the older woman. Getting to her feet, she walked over to the window and gazed out. "I don't think we ever really discover it until something happens—something like this." She gazed out at the green lights of the tower. "We have to give up a lot of things that other women have. We can't always be sure where our husbands are. We can't even know for certain that they're safe. But there's one thing we do know, and it makes a great deal of difference. Everybody cares."

"Yes," said Margaret.

"It's that kind of business," said the woman, returning to the couch. "People are always saying it's so new. It's old as the hills. It goes back to the beginning of time. I came from New England—Gloucester. I can still remember the faces of the women whose husbands went away to sea. I can still remember the toll of the buoys, and the sea mist, and the storms." She smiled. "I can remember the widows' walks. But I can remember something else. Those women whose husbands went away to sea—they always seemed to me, when I was a little girl, to be stronger and wiser and deeper and more beautiful than any other women in the world. For a long time I wondered what it was. At first I thought it was their courage. And then I thought it was their faith. But finally I realized it was both of those things and something else besides—something that had to do with getting the supper, and putting the children to bed, and mending clothes for a man who wasn't there."

"What was it?" said Margaret.

The woman smiled. "They knew the meaning of home," she said.

He saw the plane coming down from the west. He heard the roar of the engines. Instantly he was on his feet. In his excitement he forgot his weakness, his fever, his thirst. Running, stumbling, gasping, he lighted the fuel-soaked sand and the shrub. Then he stood by the flames and waved a great torn sheet from the parachute. But it wasn't needed. They had seen him.

The plane made one pass across the flat. Then it pulled up—up, up, up—until he thought it was going away. For a moment there was only a droning sound. The next instant one—two—three flares burst, and under the man-made glare of three million candlepower the desert night turned day.

He stood there. As weak as he was, he was awed. The flares drifted down. The plane swept around. The landing lights came on. The great, lumbering, batlike amphibian swept in across the valley. Closer and closer it came, until the thunder of its engines was like the roaring of a thousand voices. Then the roaring died; it hovered—touched—bounced—and finally came to a stop.

"Hey, there, Owie!" shouted a breezy voice. "What do you think you're doing—pulling a Brooks?"

Not until the man had run up did Owen see who it was: it was Hal Brooks. "Water!"

"Sure," said Hal, putting the container down. "We got water. We got everything."

A few minutes later Owen sat back and gasped. He felt as if he had drunk, not water, but life itself. "What are you doing here? In that thing?"

"Let's have no cracks about 'that thing,' now," said Hal. "'That thing' saved your life."

"But you ——"

"Hell, man, who didn't know you were lost? I saw your ETA on the board at March. Now there's one helluva late guy, I says to myself. And look who it is!"

Owen's cracked lips grinned. "Where's the pilot? Or are you ——"

"Not me, boy," said Hal, taking the water away. "The pilot's up there in the cockpit. Trying to finish The Caine Mutiny."

"Don't let him give you any of that guff," shouted a voice. "I'm calling off the hounds."

"Tell 'em to find his wife," called Hal

"Don't need to," said the pilot. "She's at Williams."

"Come on, old boy," said Hal, putting his arm around Owen's waist. "Let's get out of this fire trap."

"You old devil," said Owen. His voice broke. "You old devil. All of you."

Margaret stood by the telephone. Her eyes were shining. Helen cupped her hand over the mouthpiece.

"Harry wants to know if you've got any message for your husband," she said. "They're talking to the pilot."

There were tears in Margaret's eyes. But she laughed. "Tell the old goof he knew he'd be back," she said.

Outside in the darkness, in the starlight, they heard a plane wing home.

THE END

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I Fought All the Way (Continued from Page 43)

Allie. At the hotel, just before laying down for my rest, I reminded Allie to get him a couple.

Allie said he didn't have any and couldn't get any from my manager, Al Weill, so I told him to go down to see Herman Taylor, who co-promoted the fight with the International Boxing Club.

Only later on, after I'd K.O.'d Walcott, did Allie tell me what he ran into at Taylor's office. Everybody was busy down there. Allie asked a couple of secretaries about tickets, but nobody knew anything, so Allie busted right into Taylor's private office without knocking. And what he saw almost knocked him over. Taylor was at a desk, and with him were Bocchicchio, Walcott's manager, and Ox DaGrosa, the Philadelphia member of the Pennsylvania

The champ's emotional mamma: Mrs. Pasqualina Marchegiano learns that her son has knocked out Joe Walcott to win the heavyweight crown. She refused to watch or listen to the fight.

Boxing Commission. They were all huddled together around a desk. They had their heads together like in a football huddle. Maybe it didn't mean anything, but it was funny to find the three of them together just before the fight. Allie says they looked as much surprised to see him as he was to see them. They stopped talking and seemed to freeze up when Allie broke in on them. Allie was suspicious that Bocchicchio was trying to find out who the officials would be, something which nobody is supposed to know until fight time.

Taylor gave Allie the tickets, and all Allie told me back at the hotel was that he'd taken care of my friend. I thought he was mighty excited, but I figured, *Well, this is a big night for him the same as it is for me.*

Just before we left for the Stadium, Allie had a chance to be alone with me for a minute. "You got to get this one over with quick," he said. "It don't look good to me from what I've seen. I don't think you're going to get the best of it if it goes to a decision."

As it turned out, Allie didn't have to worry about the officiating. Nobody could kick about the way the fight was scored. All three of the officials had Walcott ahead, but so did most of the newspapermen and other experts.

Well, when we left the dressing room and were walking down the aisle toward the ring, my bodyguard saw that DaGrosa, the commissioner, was sitting right in my corner, and he thought that was strange too. "I don't like the smell of this whole thing, Rock," he said. "The price has been coming down fast all week. Be ready for anything."

I never concern myself with odds. My worry is the man I'm in there with. I don't bet, but I'd hear the talk. For this fight I opened maybe a 2½ to 3 to 1 favorite. By fight time I was no better than 8 to 5. A load of Walcott money was coming in from Camden, New Jersey, and Philly, which were Walcott's and Bocchicchio's home towns. I guess the only thing that kept Walcott from becoming the favorite was that my gang from Brockton came into Philly ready to mortgage everything they owned to back me. I didn't intend to let them down.

Right away in that fight Walcott hit me a short left hook to the jaw, and for the first time in my whole career I hit the deck. It was my own fault. I made a bad mistake. I wanted to hit him in the body real quick. We figured he might try to put the pressure on me, being older than me, and I figured I'd have to bully him quick—knock any ideas out of his head that he could take charge of me.

You usually don't have a plan in a fight. You feel the other guy out and see how the fight develops. But it's always a good idea to show who's boss, and with my better condition I figured I could get away with it. Only I let my guard down—my right-hand guard—and he hit me that left hook high on the head and it rocked me.

I wasn't hurt. I wasn't even dazed. Once before, when Carmine Vingo hit me a terrible belt, it was like somebody pulled down the shade and darkened a room. That was the only time I ever really blacked out for a second in the ring. This time I was just mad and embarrassed.

My fists were still clenched when I hit the deck, and I looked up at him and said to myself, *You S.O.B. I got to get you.*

When I got hit I always fought better. Always, in or out of the ring, when I'm humiliated before a crowd, I go wild. And there was 40,379 in the house that night—more people than ever saw me fight before.

I only took a count of four—some say three—because I was in good condition. I didn't need more rest. I wanted to start punching right away. I had him in the corner at the end of the round.

By the end of the fifth I thought I was going to be able to get Walcott in another round or two. I had him against the ropes and was banging him good in the belly. Then, in the sixth, we bumped heads and blood started streaming down my forehead and into my eyes. I was cut, but I didn't know where. When we came out of that collision, which was an accident, Walcott's left eye was cut too. I wanted to make that a target, but all of a sudden I couldn't see good. Both my eyes started to burn. I didn't know what the heck it was. I think now that some of that capsicum had been collecting around my eyes, and the blood from my head cut began to wash the stuff in.

There was an awful lot of excitement and confusion in my corner. For one thing, Al Weill had picked up Freddy Brown for a cut man just before we left the dressing room. He had never worked with us before, and that made four guys to work on me. For another thing, Al himself was more excited than I ever saw him. It was the first time he ever worked in my corner since an early fight of mine with Johnny Pretzie in 1949. But Weill was taking command. When I came back from that round, he grabbed a cold sponge and put it on top of my head, and the water and the blood ran down into my eyes. Nobody knew what was happening. Freddy and Charley Goldman had to wipe the blood away until they found the cut and worked on it.

They used a medication—thromboplastin, I think it was—and a salve over that to keep the medicine in the cut and stop the bleeding.

Usually I never talk in the corner. Once I even fought with a broken hand and never complained, but this time I said, "I can't see. My eyes are burning. Do something."

My bleeding was stopped temporarily and Walcott had a big greasy yellow patch over his cut when we came out for the seventh. I was still blinking my eyes when the ref, Charley Daggert, warned me about butting. I was having such a hard time seeing, I backed off.

Meanwhile, Weill had been chasing around the ring apron and yelling at the ref. I figured he wanted them to get that stuff off Walcott's eye, but the ref chased him back to our corner and off the apron.

I wasn't paying much attention to those things then. I had trouble enough of my own not being able to see. I was just trying to fake it, anything to kill time until my eyes cleared. I was throwing a left jab as quick as I could, just trying to keep Walcott away from me.

Afterwards I learned that other funny things were going on while I was stumbling around out there. DaGrosa, the commissioner, was in my corner, and when Al chased the ref, the commissioner got up and told Al to shut up and sit down or he'd have a cop remove him.

They tell me that at one point a cop did come over to Al on DaGrosa's orders, but Al talked the cop into giving him another chance. Then Al said to my bodyguard, who was next to him, "You yell the instructions. I'll tell you what to yell."

My bodyguard started yelling, and DaGrosa himself ran over and told him to shut up. "I'm rooting for the guy, and nobody can tell me to stop rooting for him," my bodyguard said.

But that was later on. Meantime it's the seventh round, and instead of getting better, my eyes kept getting worse. It was a tough job trying to see for even a few seconds at a time. I remember pawing at my eyes with my gloves, and at one point I even tried to hold my eyelids open with my thumb. The lids were so heavy I kept lifting my head, which was almost like asking Walcott to take a clean shot at my chin. I knew I shouldn't be doing it. I always fight with my chin tucked in my shoulder, but I had to do something to see my man.

At the end of the seventh, Al's yelling again for the commission inspectors to examine Walcott's corner. He's yelling to the inspector in our corner to get over to the other side and check the gloves, check anything. And he's yelling across the ring to his stepson, Marty, who was in Walcott's corner and was supposed to be watching out for anything wrong.

As for me, this time my corner was better prepared because they saw me blinking the whole seventh round. They had three big sponges soaking in ice water. Freddy Brown was in the center when I got on the stool. Allie handed him one of those sponges. Freddy held my head back, squeezed the whole sponge into one eye, then handed it to Allie, who had another sponge ready for the other eye. They kept doing that until the bell.

In the eighth I thought my eyes were clearing. I figured whatever it was got into them was being washed out. But very early in the round the burning started again. By this time I'm figuring Walcott's got something between his shoulder and neck, where I always rest my head when I'm in close. It seemed to me that the first time we came into contact with each other and we broke away, it started again.

I don't know how long this thing will go on. I'm still trying to keep him off balance and keep myself from being tagged, and at the same time maybe get in a lucky punch. I'm praying while I'm doing it. I'm saying, *Please, God, let me get my eyes clear. This is important for me. Please do that for me, and I can handle the rest.*

In my corner, between the eighth and ninth, while they're squeezing the ice water in my eyes again, I hear one of them say, "Jeeze, his eyes are all red. They're all irritated." But the burning started to go away.

I guess all the protests from my corner had caused the people in the other corner to get cautious by now. In the ninth my eyes seemed to be clearer. I started getting my confidence back. I was saying to myself, *Let them stay that way and I'll get to him.*

I knew I was behind on points, although I thought it might be close. Anyway, now that I could see again, I knew I had a chance.

I could feel Walcott wasn't so strong any more. He was getting in some good punches, landing some terrific blows to the body that hurt me, but I was keeping on top of him and didn't have to use up a lot of strength doing it. I was hoping he'd start to slug with me, but he was cute, and in the eleventh he gave it to me good. He caught me one under the heart, and then he volleyed with me and opened up a gash between my eyebrows. In the twelfth he mixed up defense with some good smashes.

When I got back to the corner, I asked, "How'm I doing?"

All four of them yelled, "You got to knock him out!"

I took a deep breath and I lifted both my fists under my chin. I seemed to feel springier going out for the thirteenth. I was going after him a lot quicker. It looked to me like Walcott figured if he could stay away from me the rest of the fight, he'd get the decision. He was trying to keep from getting pinned against the ropes.

It happened quick. The good punches always do, almost automatic, like the right hand knew just what to do. He was starting to throw his left hook, and my right hand was on the inside of it. I saw the punching room, and that's all I needed. It was no more than ten inches. It got him square on the side of the chin. I threw a left after that, but it just brushed him. He was out and on the way down after the right. He kind of crumbled. His knees buckled and his chin fell onto his chest. His left arm caught in between the second and third ropes and held his knees above the canvas. That's when I brushed him with the left hook.

I felt that right hand in the sole of my foot, I had so much leverage in the punch I got all my weight behind it. Before the ref reached ten, I knew he was out. I kissed my right glove and I said, "Thanks God, for letting me see."

All hell broke loose then. The whole city of Brockton seemed to be trying to jump into the ring to congratulate me. They got Walcott out of there first. I was fifteen (Continued on Page 12

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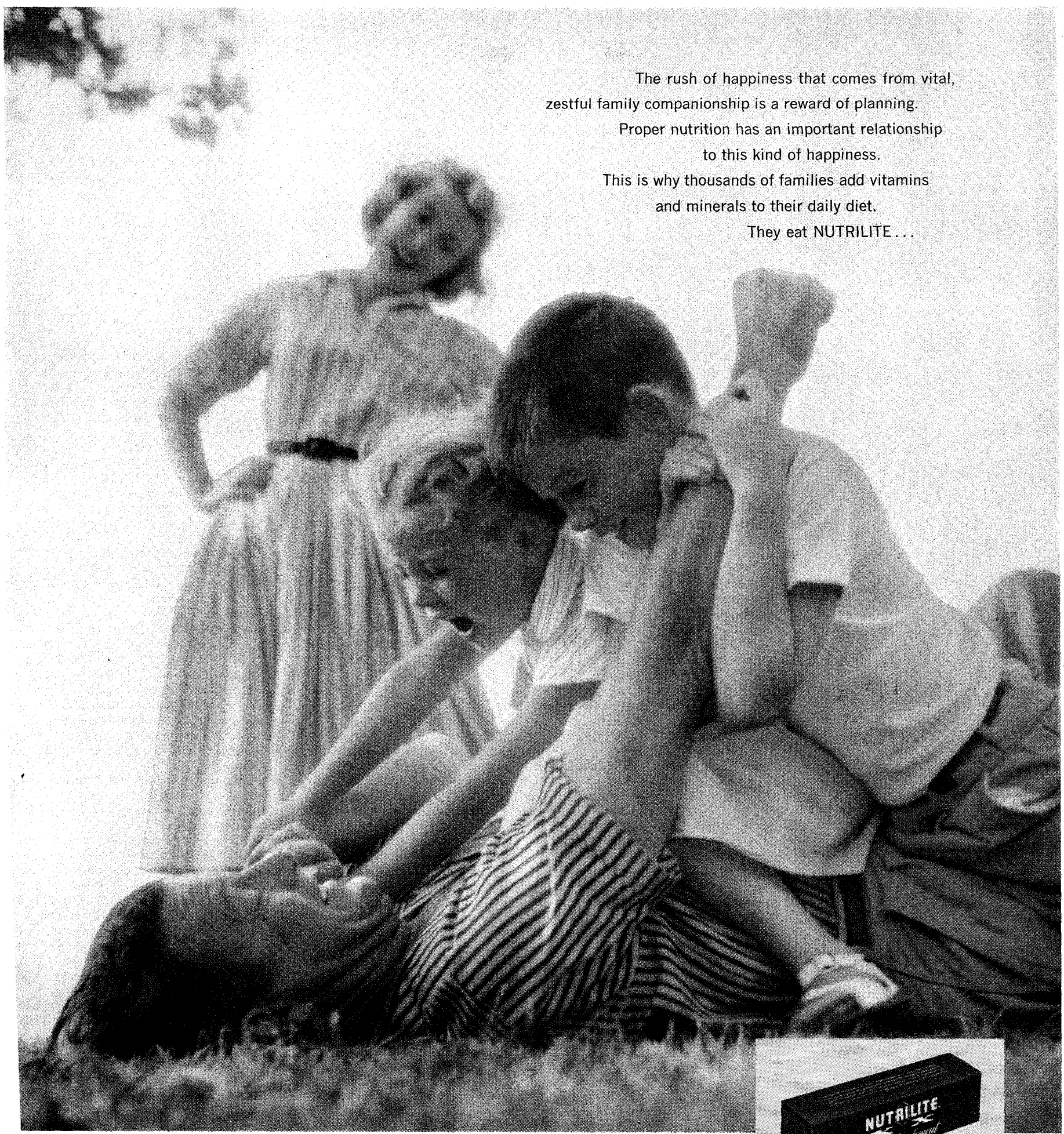

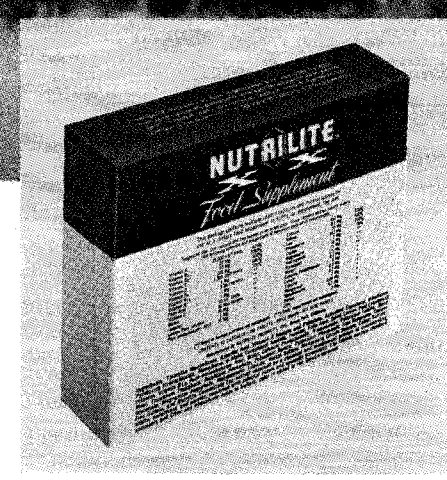

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REQUA'S CHARCOAL TABLETS

(*Continued from Page 126*) minutes, at least, before the cops could get me out and through the crowd. Even then I couldn't walk down the steps through the crush. I had to be carried out.

When I got to the corridor outside my dressing room, the first one I saw was my kid sister, Betty. "Well, champ," she said, "will you talk to us now?"

I was the champ—the champ of the whole world—but I sure was a mess. My left eye was closed, the cut on my head needed eight stitches, the one between my eyebrows needed seven stitches. Even after I had a couple of nights' sleep, my eyes were all irritated looking. They were feeling so bad that when I went home to Brockton for the parade and the celebration honoring me, I went to see my personal physician, Dr. Michael Del Colliano.

Like I said, we didn't know the full Philadelphia story then. The doc asked me to find out from my handlers just what medicine they used in my corner that would make a fellow's eyes so red.

When I asked Allie, he told me all our medications were open to inspection by the boxing commission, that we had nothing which would do that. All of a sudden, Allie and me started thinking the same thing. Maybe what burned my eyes didn't come from our corner. We never did say this to the doc, even though people kept remarking on the redness of my eyes for six, eight weeks.

We weren't sure until we got the inside story from the Philadelphia policeman, and by then, what was the use of squawking? Besides, by a strange coincidence, Daggert, the ref, got a heart attack and died sometime after I won the title. The same thing happened to commissioner DaGrosa.

Even Bocchicchio got some heart trouble. Him, I can understand why. The way I hear it, the Walcott crowd came out of the fight with no money at all. They'd bet their bundle on Jersey Joe to take me. The Philly cop told me this later, but we already had a pretty good idea of it from something that happened the day after the fight.

I was having a press conference. A lot of guys were coming up the elevators to our floor in the Warwick Hotel in Philly, when three guys who weren't newspapermen came up too. One guy carried a satchel. The other two walked beside him. They walked into another suite on the same floor.

I heard about this from a fellow who told me he had placed some bets on me, and was in that suite waiting to collect. He said these three guys walked into the bedroom, opened the satchel and dumped what was in it right on the bed. There was almost a quarter of a million dollars in that satchel, and it was all betting money—the losers paying off the winners. A lot of the losing money came from Camden and Philly.

We kind of forgot about it all until the second fight with Walcott was signed, and I went into training at Holland, Michigan. Somebody brought down a kinescope of the first fight, and they ran it off for us in a Holland theater. I'd seen the pictures once before with my wife, but never like this. It was much bigger and clearer than the ordinary movies. There were seven or eight boxing guys around me commenting on the action because I was going to fight him again.

You could see everything plain. You could see both corners, and you could see Bocchicchio in the rest period before three early rounds. He seemed to be rubbing something on his man's left glove with his finger tips just before the bell rang.

He'd be right in front of his man, so that he was blocking the view from my corner during the actual fight. Here, though, the cameras got him from different angles, and we could see him working. We kept saying to each other, "What's he doing?" This was before I'd heard the policeman's story about the capsicum Vaseline, but we all remembered that in the dressing room after the fight Marty Weill had said something about Bocchicchio fooling around with Walcott's gloves just before the bell rang in those early rounds.

Now we had something more than our suspicions to go on, but in the meantime there was serious training to do. Nobody thought Walcott would be easy for me the second time. In fact, later I learned that before the matched was signed, Charley Goldman advised against it. He thought I should have a softer fight, a tune-up like, before the rematch.

I think I trained maybe 225 rounds for this first defense of the title. It happened that the fight also had to be postponed a month because my nose was cut in sparring and bled terrible, and Weill didn't want to take any chance on it.

Meantime, Walcott and Bocchicchio are putting on quite a campaign. They're accusing me in the papers of being a dirty fighter. One night they went on television with a billy goat, which was supposed to be me. I knew it was part of the publicity build-up, but still nobody likes to be made fun of or accused of being dirty.

Relatively Speaking

Blood's thicker than water,
but then that's true
Of sarsaparilla, ink and glue.

By Georgie Starbuck Galbraith

Anyway, as the fight gets closer I'm getting edgy again. Training camp is like that. After a while you get to hate all the guys around you. You get to hate the sight of their faces and the sound of their voices. But something happened which gave me a laugh, sort of, and also made me appreciate just how much the guys around a fighter mean to him. Guys like Allie and Charley and my pop, I mean, and Capt. Lou Capparelli, of the Chicago Police Department, who was my bodyguard for this fight.

Allie and me were out taking our usual walk in the dark after supper when something bumps me in the leg. First I can't see what it is. The next thing I hear is a growl, and I look down and there is this big boxer dog lunging at me. As I jumped away, frightened, the dog's teeth bit me behind my right knee, right in the muscle. The dog ran away, and there I was bleeding six days before the fight.

Allie was worried that I'd get rabies or something. I said to him, "Rabies? Don't that mean you go mad?"

"Yeah."

I started laughing. "Is that bad for a fighter?" I said.

Allie couldn't see the joke. "I was just as close to that damn mutt as you were," he said. "Why did it have to be you? Why didn't he bite me? It's so close to the fight."

We got back to the camp and called a doctor. He wanted to give me an injection, but I wouldn't let him. Once before, just before the Lee Savold fight in 1952, I had the virus and got an injection. It broke me up. I was terrible in that fight. I said I'd rather take my chances.

Meanwhile Allie located the people who owned the dog, and found out that it wasn't sick—just scared when it bumped into me.

That dog gave me more trouble than Jersey Joe. I expected another tough fight. The time before, he gave me the hardest scrap of my career. If he had avoided that one right hand in the thirteenth round, he might have beat me that night. This second time, though, guys kept saying to me, "Did you notice Walcott at the weigh-in? Didn't he look funny, kind of gray-looking in the face?"

I didn't know what he looked like then. I never try to watch my man's face at a weigh-in or even during the instructions in the ring before a fight. I look down at their chests. I know a lot of guys try to stare you down and maybe get you a little jittery before the bell, but I don't believe in that.

Only once did I look at my man—and that was in my last fight, with Archie Moore. In the ring he kept glaring into my eyes, like we were two kids playing a staring game, and it finally got so obvious to me that it got funny, and I had to laugh at him a little.

With Walcott I wouldn't believe he looked scared at the weigh-in, and I didn't get a chance to see much of his face when the fight started. My plan was to hit him quick—really hurt him with my first and second punches. I figured maybe he'd remember the last time I hit him, and these would be good reminders.

Well, I didn't get to hit him two hard punches. The first one did it—a right-hand uppercut. He was a moving target from the opening bell. He jabbed me a couple of times—I guess he was trying for the nose to test it out—but the jabs were high. I threw a left hook at him, which missed. I tried a right hand and he ducked. Then I threw another left and he blocked it, but as his head went down in defense, or maybe he was trying to go into a crouch, I let go with a right uppercut and caught him good on the side of the head with it.

I put in almost five months training for this fight, and in two minutes and twenty-five seconds it was all over. At first I couldn't believe it. After he went down, he was sort of squatting on the canvas and I was waiting for him to get up. I had hit him with better punches in the first fight and he had stood up.

I heard the count. I kept looking at Walcott, but he's not looking at the ref counting. He's looking straight ahead. When the count got to eight, it hit me I said to myself, *This guy's not getting up*. I was the most surprised guy in the house.

Just as Frank Sikora, the ref, reached ten, Walcott pushed himself up with his gloves still on the deck. But the ref signaled he was counted out. My guy started jumping into the ring. The Bocchicchio comes through the ropes and begins to act like he got a fast shuffle, fast count. I started across the ring like you always do after a fight, to congratulate the other guy, and Walcott turns back on me, like he suddenly got the idea it was a fast count.

I said to him, "Joe, you wouldn't want to try it again, would you?" And he turned around to me with a little more courtesy and he shook hands.

Nobody stole anything from him that night, like almost happened to me the night I won it. I kept the title and defended it five more times. I was the world's heavyweight champion, just like my manager, Al Weill, had promised my wife I would be at our wedding. It was a great thing to have. But it turned out not to be all happiness.

Editors' Note—The fifth article this series will appear next w

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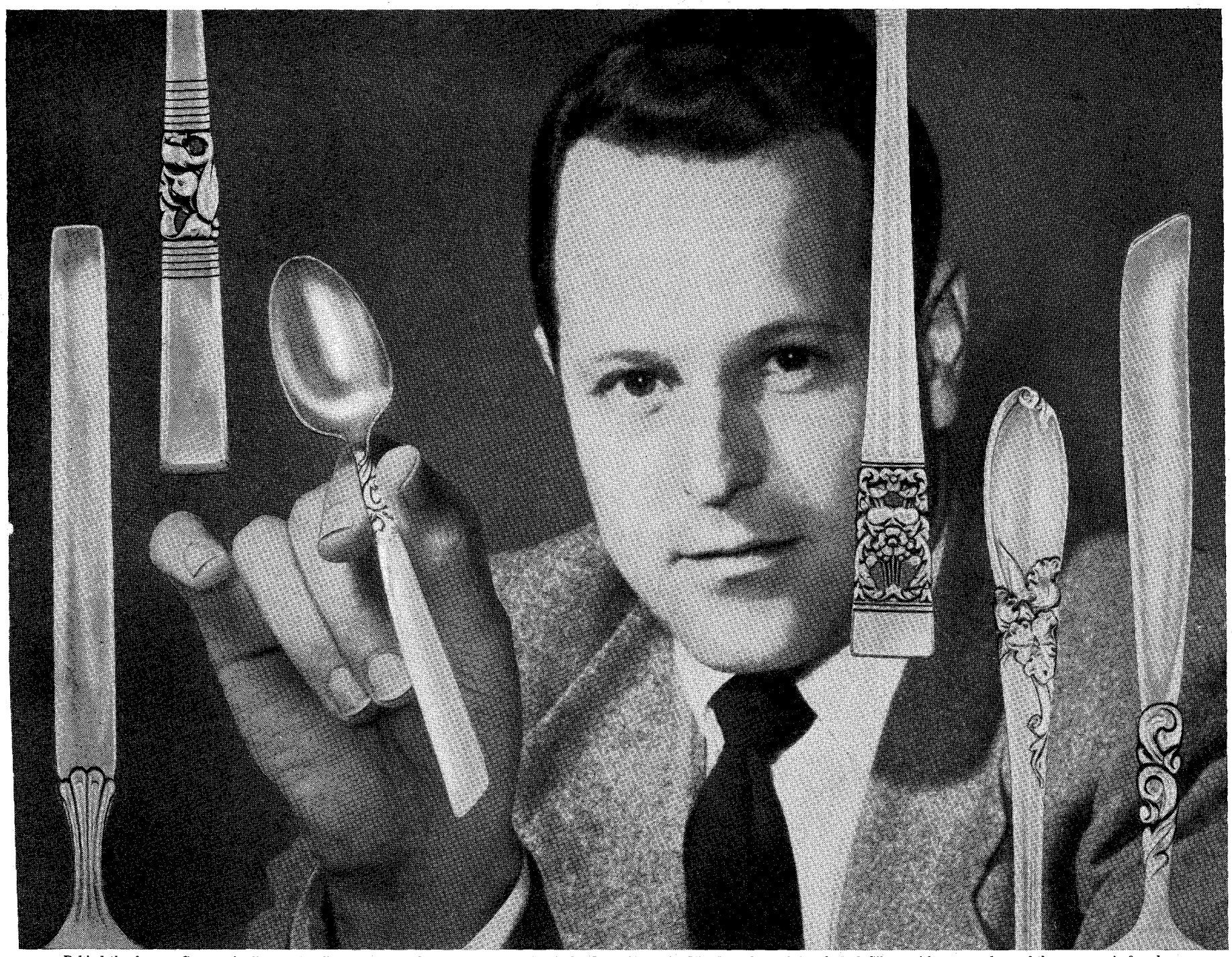

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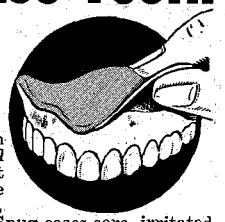

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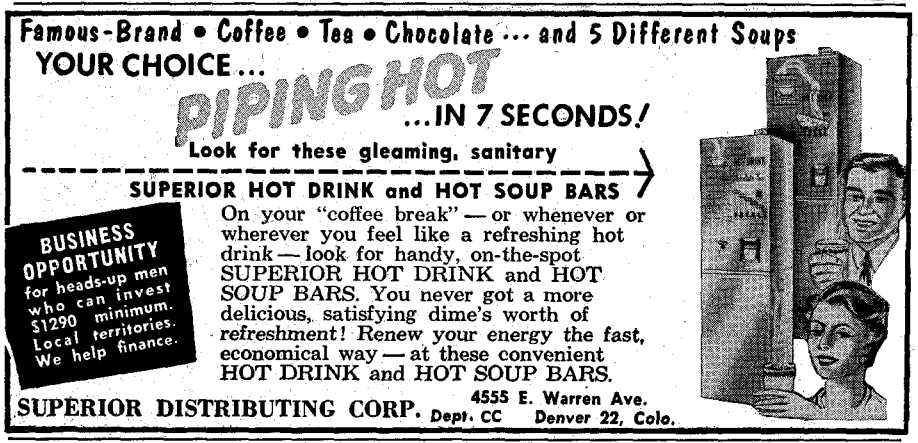
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I'm Through With Football

(Continued from Page 36)

runs it. He does a simple weave or bend and heads where he's supposed to go. A pro receiver works out his own special maneuvers. He practices by the hour to perfect his faking and his steps. He walks through the play in slow motion, analyzing every move. He gets it down to a fine point.

The contrast between professional and college receivers is tremendous. We've had more than one boy come up to the Browns who was considered a star pass catcher in college. He'd be big and fast and have a good pair of hands. But by our standards he wouldn't know anything about how to get open. He'd learn eventually, if he had what it takes. Until he did, he wouldn't be much help. You can't throw the ball to somebody who has a defensive man looking over his shoulder. Your receiver has to be open. In accomplishing this, the way he runs his pass patterns is more important than the patterns themselves.

It's an art for a receiver just to maneuver past the linebackers in pro football, because a favorite defensive stunt is to hold up the receivers at the line of scrimmage. The Philadelphia Eagles, who were the defending champions in the National Football League when we moved over there in 1950 from the old All-America Conference had great success with a five-four defense. They had five men on the line of scrimmage, then four linebackers. Those linebackers would clamp down on the offensive ends and other receivers, and many times the receivers couldn't move at all.

The defensive men can't literally "hold" the receivers. However, they're allowed to use their hands, and on any given play they have no way of knowing whether an end or a halfback is going to block or go out for a pass. They can try to knock him down. They can push him around and get in his way.

That's why pro teams generally have their ends split out four or five yards nowadays, instead of lining up in a conventional tight T formation. When the ends are split out like that, they have a two-way go. They can fake and cut inside or fake and cut outside. In a tight T they can't cut inside very well because they run into too much congestion.

Once a receiver gets under way, if he has only one man covering him he can always get a one-step lead on him. He can do this even if the defensive man is faster than he is. I could do it myself, and I run the 100-yard dash in about two days. The point is that the receiver knows where he's going and the defensive man doesn't.

The pro receivers figure out different ways to fool the defenders. They go down the field, and they'll be weaving back and forth. The defensive man doesn't know what's going to happen. He'll just backtrack at first, but pretty soon he has to commit himself. He has to turn around and run because when he's running backward he can't keep up with a man who is running forward.

The receiver tries to get the defender running as quickly as possible—and running the wrong way. He watches the other fellow's feet. Once the defensive man gets his feet crossed the wrong way, the receiver cuts on him and gets that jump.

Of course, the passer has to throw the ball to the receiver quickly and accurately. Otherwise the defensive man may have time to catch up. But if you throw the moment your receiver makes his break, and lead the ball right in front of him, then the pass can't be stopped.

When you play with a receiver long enough, you get so you can generally tell what he's going to do. You watch him going downfield, and from the way he wiggles his hips you know he's about to make his move.

You throw to the man, as a rule, and not to some prearranged spot, although I always did set an approximate course for a receiver to follow. As an example—using our terminology for cutting out to the side line—I'd tell him in the huddle, "Z out shallow at ten yards."

Many quarterbacks don't bother to specify the yardage like that, which is something I never could understand. They'll just say, "Z out shallow." Now that could mean anything from five yards to fifteen yards. When I said ten yards, I didn't expect it to be right on the nose every time, but I did want it to be no worse than nine yards or eleven yards. If you have a general idea of where your receiver is going to make his break, your chances of hitting him are certainly better than when you have no idea at all.

Under special circumstances I sometimes would throw what you might call a spot pass, before my receiver had even started to cut. Say we had third down and seven yards to go, and the play called for Dante Lavelli, our right end, to Z out to the side line at ten yards. Maybe my pass protection would break down and I'd have to get rid of the ball in a hurry or be thrown for a loss. In a case like that I'd loop the ball over to the side line just about where Lavelli was due to arrive. I'd throw it a little higher than usual, to give him a chance to get under it. Sometimes he did catch up to the ball. If he couldn't, then the defensive men couldn't, either, so no harm would be done.

In specifying the yardage for my receivers, I'd try to space them out—or stagger them, to express it another way. I might tell one man to cut to the right at ten yards and another to cut to the left at fifteen yards. Then, when I dropped back to pass, I'd look first for the man on the right, and if he was covered, I'd look for the man on my left, and about that time he should be making his break. If he was open I'd be able to hit him, whereas if they'd both cut at ten yards—well, the man on the left might have been open, but by the time I could throw, the defensive halfback would have him covered again.

You try to eliminate the guesswork as much as possible, but naturally these things won't always go according to plan. There are eleven men over on the other side of the line being paid to stop you and they're pretty good football players the same as your fellows. It's like in practice. The coach will stand behind the defensive team for a while, giving them hell for not stopping the offense. Then he'll come around behind the offensive team and give you all kinds of hell for not ripping through the defense. Well you can't both do it every time.

You have to be able to improvise and adjust to the unexpected on the spur of the moment. In a game with the San Francisco Forty Niners some years ago we were using a particular pass play. The right end, Lavelli, was supposed to go down ten yards and hook—which means to wheel back around to take a short pass. The right halfback was to swing out wide in the right flat. The left halfback was to go down deep and Z in—a post, as it is called some places. The left end didn't go out on this play; he just blocked.

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So we called the play. As Lavelli went downfield, Norm Standlee, of the Forty-Niners, was all over him. He kept harassing him and forcing him over to the left, until finally Lavelli was about where the left end would have gone if he had been running. It so happened that I was getting such good protection that I had all day to throw the football. I saw Lavelli was going to break into the clear way over on the left. So I waited and threw him the ball. He made a nice run, dodged a couple of guys and went about thirty yards for a touchdown.

Later in the game the same thing happened, and this time he made about a twenty-yard touchdown run. In one of the Cleveland papers the next day there was a headline, BROWNS' NEW PASS PATTERNS BEAT 49ERS. That pattern was new to everybody—including us.

In another game—I forget who the opponent was—Marion Motley and Edgar (Special Delivery) Jones were both supposed to go to the right on a pass play. Motley got confused and went the wrong way, and he and Jones banged heads. Each was a little groggy. The other team saw that, and forgot about them. And about the time they were closing in on me, Jones was coming out of it not far away from me. I flipped the ball over to him and he ran eighty yards to score.

For any of these things to work, the T quarterback has to be able to hit the target with his forward passes. That's his biggest responsibility and the one that makes T-quarterbacking such a pressure job in pro football.

The pros want pinpoint accuracy. When one of your receivers gets a step on a defender, you don't merely throw the ball to him. You should throw it so that he can catch it in the most advantageous position. On hook passes, for instance, I always tried to get the ball in there at waist height. Your receiver would have his back to the man who was guarding him, so the defensive man couldn't very well reach over to break up that kind of pass, whereas if the ball were up over your receiver's head, the defender might be able to get to it. Similarly, if the defensive man is on your receiver's left side, then you steer the ball over to the right, and vice versa.

Those are short passes. To take a long-pass situation, if our man and a defender were running shoulder to shoulder down the right side line and our man was on the inside, then I'd throw the ball a little short and a little to the left, so that our man would have to come back to catch it. That way he'd always have the defensive man blocked off from the football.

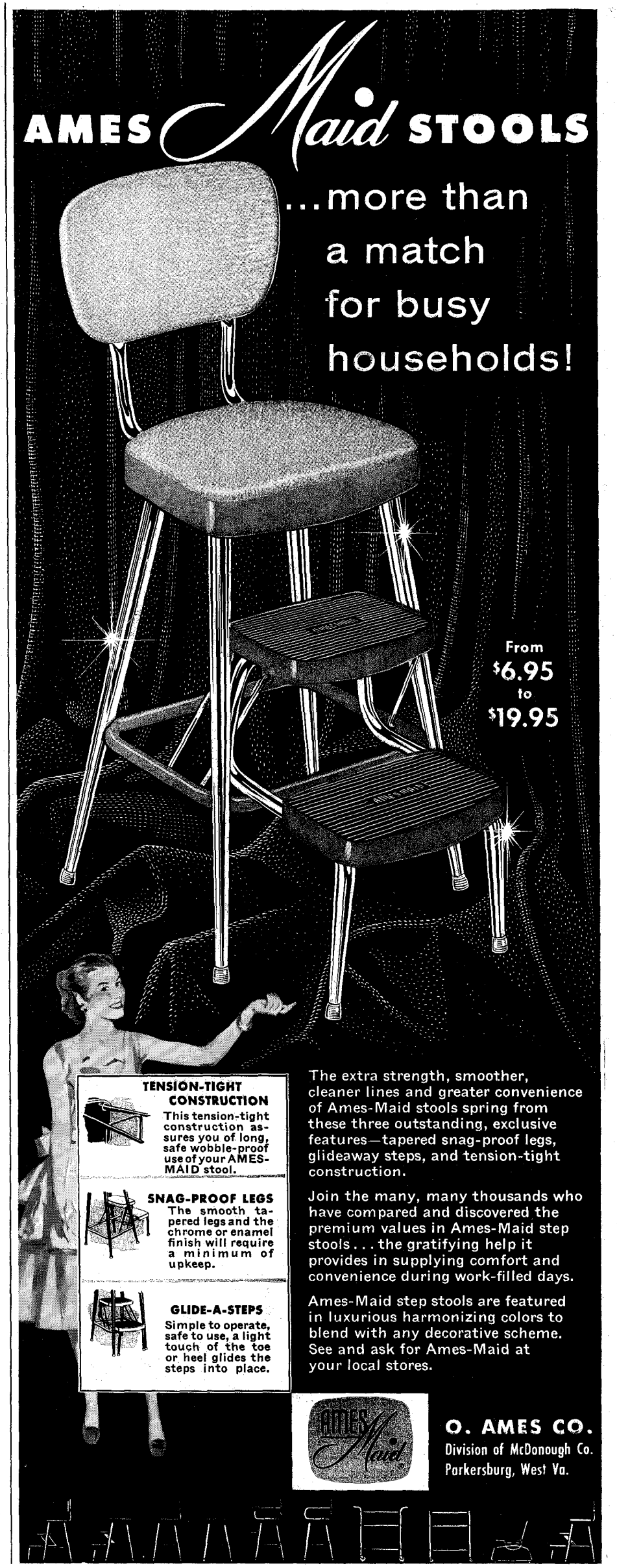
When you're throwing forty and fifty yards downfield, nobody can hit a dime consistently, but at short and medium ranges, any good pro passer can put the ball where he wants it just about every time. That is, he could do it if nobody ever bothered him. The real test is whether you can still hit the target when you're being rushed—when you're backtracking and side-stepping, and having to throw off balance.

As far as the actual mechanics of passing are concerned, that's something I never had to worry about. It all came to me instinctively. It has to be pretty much of a reflex action. When a receiver is running down the field, you don't have time to think consciously about adjusting your throw to the speed of the man and the velocity of the wind and things like that. Your brain and your arm must make these calculations automatically.

As a kid, I didn't give any thought to how I should grip the ball or how I should stand or what my arm motion should be. I just developed my own natural style.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"Whoops! Excuse me! I thought I heard screams."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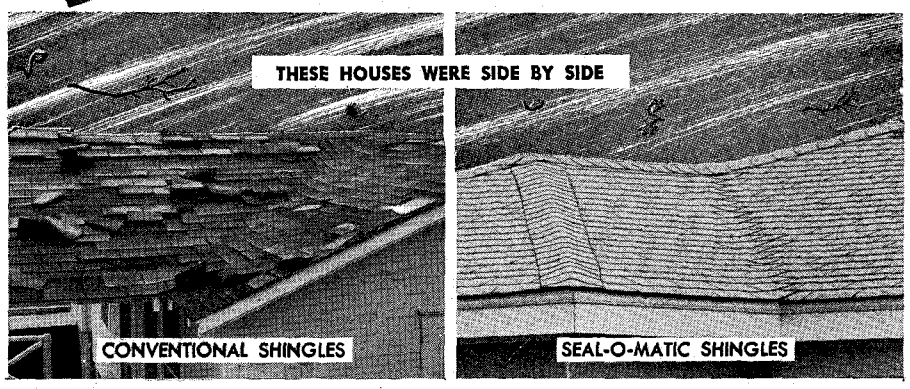

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A lot of coaches make a mistake in taking a kid with good natural passing ability and trying to change his form. There's no one best way to throw a football. I gripped it with my fingers on the laces of the ball, and held it about two thirds of the way back. Sammy Baugh, I believe, put his forefinger over the point of the ball. Bobby Thomason, of the Philadelphia Eagles, holds his thumb over the laces. There are similar variations in arm motion and everything else.

In pro football I had a reputation for throwing "soft" passes. That meant that I'd loft the ball down the field, and my receiver would run under it and the ball would settle right in his hands. Well, that was another thing that came naturally to me. It seemed only common sense to me that a soft pass would be easier to catch than a hard pass.

So that's the way I threw my longer passes. On short passes, when a receiver might be open only momentarily before the linebackers converged on him, then I'd rifle the ball in there like anybody else. But when a man was in the clear downfield, I always felt that the first thing to do was make sure he got the ball.

Most fans don't realize that it's a tough thing to catch a football when you're running at full speed. The harder the ball is thrown, the more difficult it is to hold onto it. Also, the hard pass has to be perfect. With a soft pass there's some margin for error. If it's a little short or a little wide, the receiver has a chance to turn around for it.

Some passers just can't throw a soft pass. They throw everything hard. This can be a disadvantage in some situations. When there's a defensive man directly between you and an open receiver, then you want to loop the ball over the defensive man's head. If you fire it on a line, he's going to be able to intercept it or knock it down.

According to some sports writers, one of my assets as a passer was that I had extraordinary, wide-angle vision. In other words, I was supposed to be able to stand back there and see the whole field at once. I'd call that a myth. Maybe I did have a little more peripheral vision than the average person. I could be looking at a receiver on my right and see another man over to the left out of the corner of my eye. But to throw to that other man—or even to make sure whether he was open—I'd have to turn my eyes and look at him.

Spotting your receivers is to a considerable extent a matter of luck. In some ball games your view always seems to be blocked. There's a hand in front of your face, or one of your own men happens to be standing in your line of vision, or something else. Other days it all opens up. There are spaces between the linemen through which you can see and throw.

Luck enters into forward passing in other ways. In one All-America Conference game with Buffalo back in 1947, we took the ball on downs on our one-foot line. I gambled on throwing a screen pass to Mac Speedie from behind our own goal line. He ran the ball the entire length of the field for a touchdown. I was credited with a ninety-nine-yard pass completion, yet all I'd done was just flip a short one over to Speedie. Other times you may do a grand job of getting the ball off as you're being tackled, and whip a bull's-eye to an end just before a linebacker closes in on him—and get only a five-yard completion out of it.

So I never placed too much stock in the passing statistics, with one exception. That was the column headed "Interceptions." A lot of things the passer can't help, but when a pass is intercepted, it's usually his own fault. Either his arm was off or his judgment was. Nothing is more damaging than for you to throw the ball and have the other side bring it back for six points. I always tried to hold those interceptions down. In the course of throwing some 2626 passes in professional football—and completing 55 per cent—I succeeded in limiting the number intercepted to 135, or about 5 per cent.

In line with this, some of my incompletions were deliberate. If a receiver was so well covered that it would be risky to pass to him, then I'd purposely throw the ball out of the reach of both him and the defensive man. This was better than ha

"I find you can always get a table if you tip enough."

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ing it intercepted, better than being tackled for a loss—and better than being penalized for grounding the ball.

When all is said and done, a passer is only as good as his receivers—and his pass protection. No passer throws well when he's flat on his back. I had the benefit of superior pass protection on the Browns. It was no accident, because Paul Brown has his offensive linemen work on this more than any other single thing. As consistently as was humanly possible, they'd maintain a protective pocket around me until I could get the ball away. I'd never have hung up any passing records without them.

They'd generally have their hands full trying to protect me, because those other teams really wanted to beat us. There are no soft touches in the National Football League, especially since the best of the All-America Conference talent was merged into it in 1950. However, to be realistic about it, we had more good ballplayers than some of the other teams. We knew we should be able to beat them. So it was a problem for Paul Brown and his staff to get us "up" emotionally week after week. For the opposing coach there was no problem. The Browns had been on top for so long—winners or runners-up for ten straight years—that we were a big game to every team we played.

This all added to the mental pressure of my T-quarterback job—and it was the mental pressure, rather than physical wear and tear, that had the most to do with my decision to retire. If I'd been with a less successful team than the Browns—and naturally I'm glad I wasn't—I don't believe the pressure would have been as great. Fellows who have played on losing teams tell me that you go out each week and try to win, but if you lose—well, too bad, but that's that.

When we lost one on the Browns, though—if I were to say that Paul Brown took it hard, that would be the understatement of the century. He just doesn't tolerate anything but winning. Actually, these past three or four years he's begun to mellow a bit and recognize that you can't win them all. Don't get me wrong. He still tries like mad to win them all. But if you lose and play good football, he doesn't say too much any more. When you lose and play lousy football, then he really gets on you.

When we lost, it generally was because we played lousy football. And the answer usually would be that we didn't have the necessary desire. To win football games, you have to block and tackle as hard as you can. You're liable to get your head knocked off. Actually, you're a lot less likely to get hurt if you do play hard. But if you're not worked up for it—if you're not emotionally prepared to pay the price—you don't really crash into them.

It was that way when the Browns got upset in August of 1955 by the College All-Stars. I was still in my first retirement then. Some writers said that if I'd been playing, the Browns would have won. I watched the game, and I know that isn't true. George Ratterman played a good ball game at T quarterback that night. It wasn't because I felt the team had to have me that I came back a few weeks later, but rather, as I explained last week, because Paul Brown suddenly lost his No. 2 quarterback.

Now that was no ordinary bunch of college boys who beat the Browns. They were drilled by pro coaches, and they weren't selected through any popularity contest; their coaches had hand-picked them at the league draft meeting the winter before. So they were more like a pro team than most of the previous All-Star squads. Still, the Browns should have taken them. But the College All-Stars had that tremendous desire to win the game, and our fellows didn't.

I had a hunch that it would be a different story in 1956. It was more than a hunch—I knew Paul Brown wouldn't take two lickings like that in a row if he could help it. This past August he did have the team "up" for the College All-Stars, and things worked out the way you'd expect. The Browns won the game, 26–0.

To win in football, you have to give it everything you've got. At the same time, I don't believe you should ever get mean or vicious about it. You can hit a fellow just as hard, and be just as effective a player, without ever resorting to your fists or knees or elbows.

This leads me to the subject of dirty play, on which I've frequently been quoted—and sometimes misquoted—during the past couple of years. Maybe I can straighten this out once and for all. The whole business got more muddled than ever last fall as a result of stories that were printed after an appearance I made at the Quarterback Club in Atlanta, Georgia, during the 1955 season.

I was called upon to answer questions at that Atlanta affair, and somebody asked me whether they ever played dirty football in the pro league. I said that sure, there was some dirty playing. But the way it came out in a newspaper-wire-service story was that I'd said the National Football League was dirty, period. That was a complete misinterpretation of my position.

The story also implied that I was putting the rap on the New York Giants, against whom I'd suffered a slight concussion the preceding Sunday. That was

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another bad misinterpretation, because the Giants are a very clean football team. There was no fouling involved when I got shaken up in that game.

It's rare for a T quarterback to get hurt anyway, with the rules they have against roughing the passer. The only real damage I sustained as a pro was in a game with the San Francisco Forty Niners in 1953. During the first half I got a mouth injury requiring twelve stitches. Wearing a protective mask, I was able to play the second half, and we pulled out the game, 23–21.

The pro league as a whole is a clean one. However, there are some dirty players, just as there are in college and high-school football. There are dirty players in every business. Why not be frank enough to admit it? This is where I can't agree with Commissioner Bert Bell, who has done an otherwise fine job. He takes the position that no player in the league is ever deliberately dirty. I know this is not true because I have seen it happen.

A lot of the unnecessary roughness has been eliminated this year by a rule change which declares the ball dead once a runner is brought down, much as in college football. Previously a runner could keep on crawling, or even get up and start going again, which led to a lot of piling on. That's been reduced, but there still is a need for stricter enforcement of the rules against slugging and that sort of thing.

I believe that a rule similar to the one in ice hockey should be used to penalize the obvious dirty stuff. I would have the man put out of the game for a few plays and make his team play with ten men. This would stop the deliberate fouls in a hurry, because a player's own teammates would get after him. They wouldn't stand for his hurting their chances in this way.

It's been said of me that I lack the killer instinct. I suppose it's true. Now, I'm very competitive—I play to win. Even if it's a game of croquet with my wife, I'll do my darnedest to clean up on her. However, I believe in going according to the rules. In football, I never could see this stuff of intentionally trying to put a man out of commission—clipping him from behind or ramming an elbow into his face. Once in a game is once too often.

I very seldom get mad at anybody. When a guy slugged me in a football game—which didn't happen very often—my reaction wasn't to do the same thing to him when I got the chance. I'd just tell him, "Don't play the game like that. Play it right. Hit me as hard as you want, but do it legally." And with most fellows, you could shame them out of it. Of course, there are a few who'll play dirty regardless.

The best players aren't dirty. They just play hard, clean football. I saw a lot of great ones in my ten years as a pro. I couldn't begin to list them all, but among our opponents there are a few who stand out especially in my mind. The three best T quarterbacks I competed against were Bob Waterfield, of the Los Angeles Rams; Frankie Albert, of the San Francisco Forty Niners; and Bobby Layne, of the Detroit Lions. The greatest all-round end was Pete Pihos, of the Philadelphia Eagles. The best defensive lineman was Arnie Weinmeister, who played with the New York Yankees in the All-America Conference and then with the New York Giants in the National Football League.

I probably have as many reasons to be grateful to professional football as any man who ever played the game. It not only gave me a good living for ten years, but it also was a steppingstone to other things. Everything I have today came directly or indirectly from my football career.

My principal occupation now is selling life insurance. I started on it in the off season half a dozen years ago, and my football "name" unquestionably helped me get established. I own an appliance store in Cleveland with Jim Hegan, the Cleveland Indians' catcher. I've also invested in a packaging business, and in a firm that puts up gift boxes of jams and jellies. And I recently signed a contract to do promotional work for an electronics company, Motorola, Inc.

Then I do a certain amount of television work. I did the weekend dugout interviews before the Indians' baseball games this season, and I'm now assisting the play-by-play announcer on the Browns' football telecasts. All in all, I expect to continue providing a pretty fair living for my wife, Beverly, and our three children.

"Now today, because your den mother's indisposed I . . ."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Bev and I met and got engaged at Northwestern in 1943, when we both were in the School of Education. I was a senior and she was a sophomore from Wabash, Indiana. I remember when our engagement was temporarily interrupted. Bev was taking a minor in music. She'd had voice lessons for about eight years, and she sang at some of the college recitals. I went to hear her one day, and her very last note came across to me as sharp. I'm no real musician myself, but I do claim to have an excellent ear for music.

Anyway, I believe in speaking my mind. I've also learned that there's such a thing as being diplomatic about it, and this was one experience that helped to teach me that lesson. When I saw Bev after the recital, I remarked, "Your last note was sharp."

Bang! Back came my fraternity pin. Back came the engagement ring. She wouldn't even speak to me for days after that. The whole episode is just a family joke now, but even today, when I tell that story, her smile seems a little strained.

Like any man in a pressure job, a T quarterback in pro football has to pay a price for success. And his family has to pay a price too. I'd be away from them for six or seven solid weeks during the summer training period, and Bev and I wouldn't have much of a social life during the season itself.

As one small example, my theory was that the time when it was most important to get a good sleep was two nights before a game. If you don't sleep much on the eve of the game—well, anybody can stand one bad night. Nervous energy could carry you through the next day. So on Friday night I made a special point of getting to bed at a reasonable hour. Sometimes there'd be a dance at the club, and I'd drag Bev away promptly at eleven o'clock, just when the party was really getting good.

As for our kids, the situation sometimes got ironic. I'd make a lot of speaking appearances, and many times I'd talk about how important it was for fathers to be buddies to their children. And here I often was away so much that I wasn't able to practice what I was preaching.

I've been cutting down on the speaking and other outside stuff, and now I can have a more normal life. We moved in July to a beautiful six-and-a-half-acre place in Willoughby, on the east side of Cleveland. The house was originally owned by Bev's parents, who have moved back to Indiana.

Our children are Duane, or Duey, who was nine in March; Sandra Lee, or Sandy, who just turned eight; and David, five and a half. We had the misfortune of losing another son. He died in babyhood late in 1952. If my boys turn out to be naturally inclined toward football, fine. If not, I won't force the game on them. The only thing I'm forcing at this stage is piano lessons.

I do think, though, that sports can be valuable for boys. I'm doing what I can to spread this message for a new organization I'm proud to be associated with, the Fellowship of Christian Athletes. A number of well-known athletes are in this. We give talks to groups of youngsters. We try to tell them that you can be a nice guy and still get along in this world, and that there's nothing sissy about going to church, and so forth. The idea is that some kids may pay more attention to us than they would to a regular preacher.

Among the things my sports career gave me are a whole lot of wonderful memories. What were the biggest high lights? The list is long, but I'll mention a few. First of all, no game ever was more satisfying to me than our 56–10 victory over the Detroit Lions in the 1954 championship play-off. They'd won four straight from us, including the 1952 and 1953 title games, and yet we continued to feel that we had a better football team. Finally we were able to prove it.

Another tremendously satisfying game was our first one in the National Football League in 1950 against the Philadelphia Eagles, who had been league champs two years in a row. Some of the old-line owners, scoffing at our previous success in the All-America Conference, had said we wouldn't give the Eagles any trouble at all. So we went out there with all sorts of desire and ran circles around them, 35–10.

However, those one-sided triumphs aren't the kind that send you off the field whooping and hollering. It's the close ones that really thrill you. For me, the all-time thriller was our championship play-off with the Los Angeles Rams in 1950. It was a seesaw proposition every step of the way. With less than three minutes to go, they had a 28–27 lead and possession of the football. We forced them to punt, and marched from our thirty-one-yard line to their sixteen. Then, with twenty-eight seconds left, Lou Groza booted a field goal that won us the ball game, 30–28.

Now my playing days are done. I'm up in the broadcasting booth, giving the Browns my moral support and trying hard not to second-guess Paul Brown's play calls. I didn't always agree with him when I was out there on the field, I must admit, particularly the last three or four years, when he took to sending in practically all the plays. Before that I called a majority of them myself.

Paul thought his way was better because his calls were based on information from the spotters and all that. I thought his system wasn't fast enough. For instance, if we had Ray Renfro, who is one of the fastest men in the league, out as a flanker, and the other team had only one man covering him, then I wanted to capitalize on this by throwing to Renfro on the very next play. Sometimes I'd go ahead and do it anyhow, but when I pulled that kind of stuff, it pretty well had to work or Paul wouldn't like it. I can't blame him. If I had been the coach I wouldn't have liked it either.

In any event, there never was any doubt in my mind about Paul's all-round qualifications as a coach. He was the best I ever saw. People were asking me this summer—when the Browns were losing exhibition games—how well I thought they'd do this season without me, and my answer was that any team coached by Paul Brown is going to do all right. His record was just as good with other teams before I came along.

Now I'm out of the picture, but the Browns have two fine T quarterbacks this year—George Ratterman, the veteran; and Babe Parilli, a great young prospect just back from the service. The Browns will manage very well in the years to come. They were never any one-man show when we won all those championships. They were a great football team. It was a privilege for me to be a part of it.

Editors' Note—This is the second of two articles.

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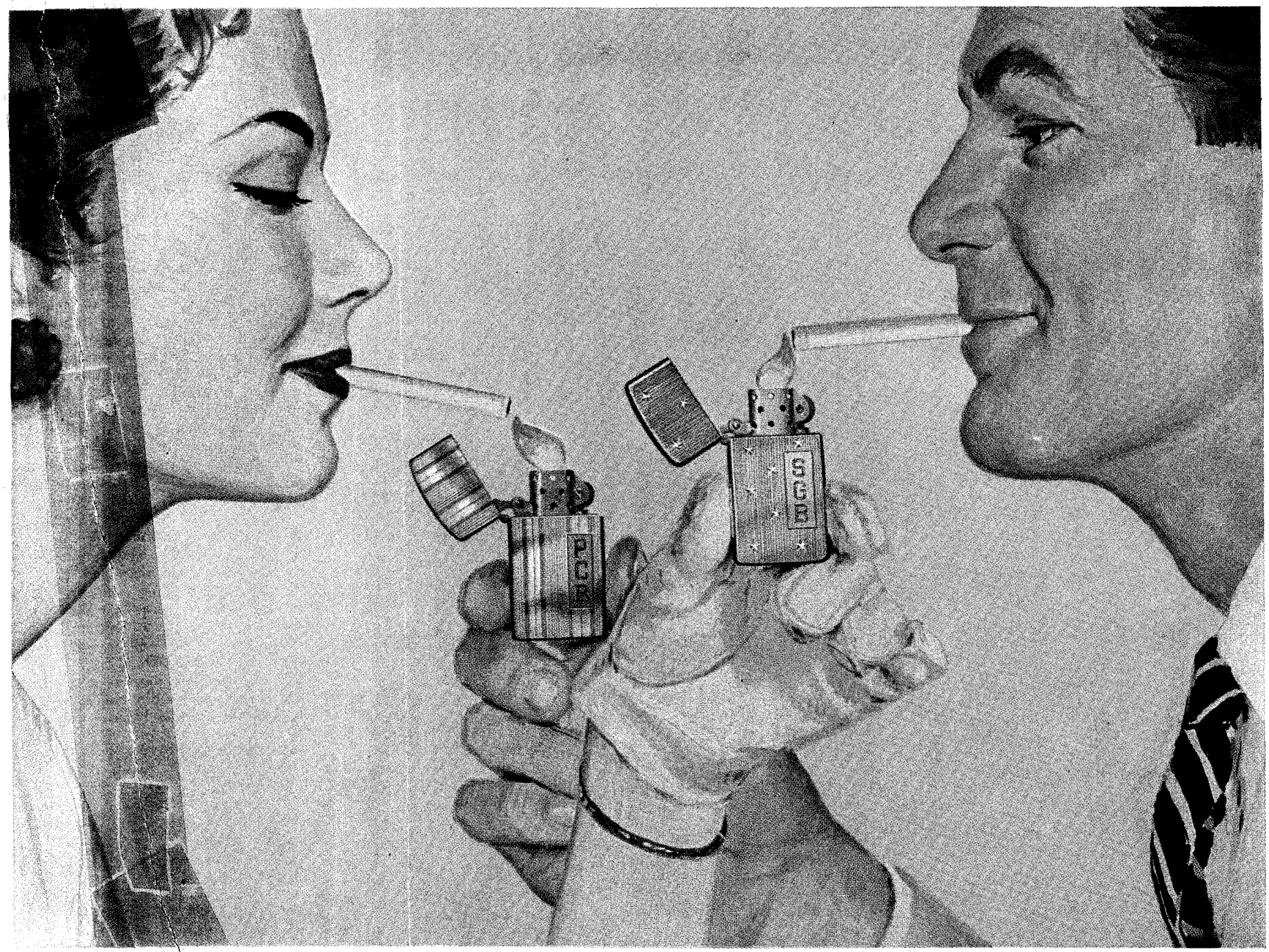

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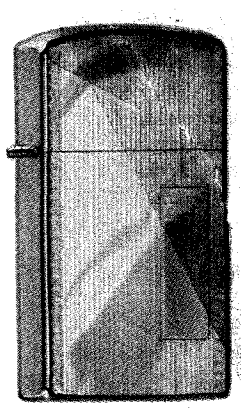

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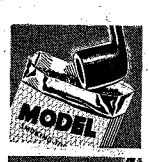
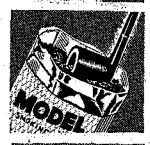
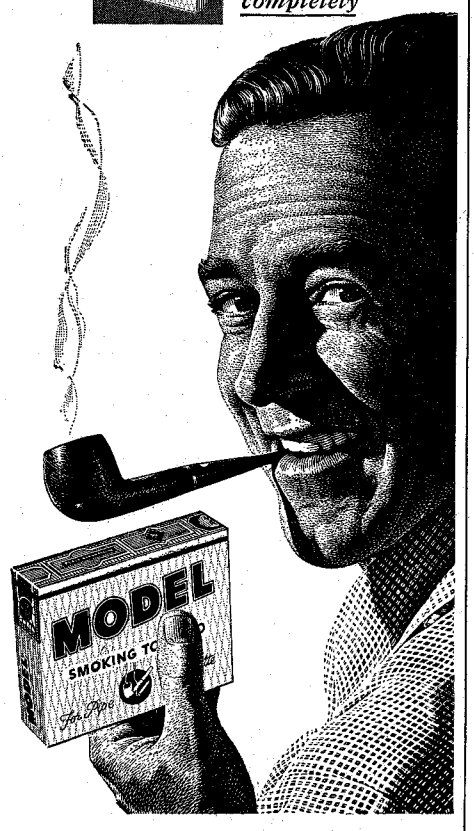


Opens wide to let you dip



Fills without a single slip

Folds down neatly till smoked completely



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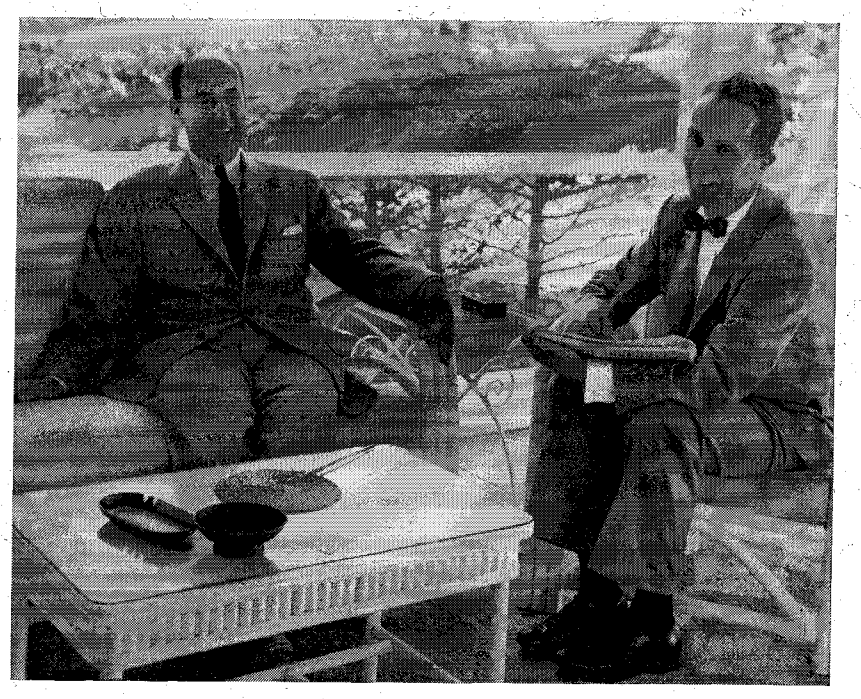
Keeping Posted

Norman Rockwell Down on the Stevenson Farm



Norman Rockwell has magic in his brush, but he can't just wave it like a wand and have a painting spring presto! upon his canvas. A portrait like the one on the cover takes a spot of time. So in midsummer Rockwell managed to pin down for color sketching the busy front-runners for the Democratic presidential nomination, Kefauver in Washington, Harriman in Albany, Stevenson while snatching a breather on his Illinois farm. Then he paused for the convention delegates to make up their minds which one he should paint.

When Rockwell and his wife, Mary, went to the Stevenson farm, they found him being put through the works by a photographer who wanted homey poses, such as the farmer smelling a rose on a bush. No doubt Stevenson likes to smell a rose, but he seemed to be finding this sort of thing pretty tough going for publication. He was graciously trying hard to "give"—perspiring hard too.

After the photographer was dispensed with, Rockwell asked the nominee-to-be if he didn't want to take a shower bath; well, no, he actually said "freshen up," but both had a shower in mind, and the bath was gratefully taken. Then Stevenson and his family and the Rockwells sat around, chatted about this and that, quaffed root beer, and had a swell, relaxed time together. "Mr. Stevenson is so likable," says the painter; he uses the adjectives: amiable, kind, unpretentious, quietly charming.

Rockwell, when sketching, must have charmed the candidate by telling him not to pose or mug, but just tilt back and be Adlai Stevenson. However, Norman found him on the hard side to draw and paint, for Stevenson is generally round-featured—it's difficult to "get hold of" the anatomical details of a face whose lines are mostly turning regularly. The opposite is a craggy face, like that of Lincoln, which is easy to portray. Features with little quirks, especially angular ones, which a layman doesn't usually notice, are get-hold-of material for painters. Rockwell hastens to emphasize that how paintable a man is has nothing to do with his qualifications for the presidency. Besides, though he didn't say so, he seems pleased with the way the portrait turned out. A similar feeling is held by Art Editor Ken Stuart, and, politics aside, no doubt will be held by just about everybody else. Next week in this space: Mr. Rockwell at the White House.

Fat Man, Thin Man, Fat Man, Thin Man

Speaking of eating incredible amounts and species of food, as page 28 does, author Will Grimsley was born and reared in the Cornbread Belt (Nashville, Tennessee); and as he always batted well in the country ham, red gravy and biscuit

league, he grew up into a 200-pound man. Time went on, with the result that last year, after returning from covering the Davis Cup matches in Australia for the Associated Press, he discovered that he had turned into a 235-pound man. This weight mass, though rather handsomely distributed on a large frame, was too much for Grimsley to lug around; so he starved himself down to skin and bones, which weighed 204 pounds. Then for some obscure reason, or maybe for a perfectly obvious reason, he decided to do that story on Leone's restaurant, where people eat five-hour dinners or depart in disgrace. Weight at conclusion of research: 232. He is now taking small doses of cottage cheese and peaches, thrice daily, and his next Post piece will be about football. He wouldn't think of eating a football.

How to Have a Mid-Air Adventure on the Ground

One Saturday morning, Larry Critchell, who calls himself a domesticated ex-parachutist, was wheeling Baby Peter around the block in his pram when a jet plane went by—"silver, low and fast." This was in Ann Arbor, Michigan; papa Critchell does writing work for the Ford Motor Company in Dearborn. Baby Pete's conversation, so far, consists of small noises, but his dad understands him perfectly, and they talked out a story plot before they had circumnavigated the block. Then the father, a pilot, though not of jets, hustled over to nearby Selfridge Air Force Base to seek some technical assistance; but he found the base almost deserted—"I presume the jet pilots were home wheeling their babies around the block."

Eventually a friendly PIO dug up Capt. Harry Shumate, USAF, a Korean veteran now with the 94th Fighter Interceptor Squadron, who was willing to help Critchell crash-land a Sabrejet—in imagination. Says Critchell gratefully, "Harry mapped my route, calculated time, gave me a mid-air flame-out, put me down on the Arizona desert, and got the Air-Sea Rescue Service busy." Later, Shumate (whose home, wife and three youngsters are in Utica, New York) had the entire flight line at Selfridge check the manuscript for bobbles, and when they pronounced it O.K., Critchell "had all the sensations of just having soloed." Later he had all the sensations of just having sold, the story being on page 37.

Larry Critchell, Capt. Shumate.

The author now regards himself as the only theoretical jet pilot in the United States. When the Critchells are out motoring and some company is along, he is apt to grab the car's cigarette lighter and cry into it a line from his story: "Winslow Radio, this is Air Force Jet 68752 over Winslow; 35,000; instrument flight rules; estimate March Radio at three-six. Over." He says serenely that this is driving his wife crazy.

NEXT WEEK'S POST:

"The Case for the Republicans"

A Republican spokesman reasons that peace and prosperity are more apt to continue under his party than under the "socialistic dogma" of the Democrats. By Rep. Joseph W. Martin, Jr., Minority Leader of the House of Representatives.

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